

HOME TOWN IN THE CORN BELT

A Source History of Bloomington, Illinois

1900 - 1950

In Five Volumes

Compiled by

Clara Louise Kessler

Volume II

Bloomington, Illinois

1950

MCLEAN CTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME II

HOME TOWN ENTERTAINMENTS AND PASTIMES

Old Concerts, Programs and Exercises	Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett, Contributor.....	1
Dedication Program of Academy of Music, 1868	Mrs. Karl L. Schaeffer, Contributor.....	9
Bloomington Chautauqua	Oscar J. Hall.....	11
List of Plays Presented in the Chatterton Opera House	Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett, Contributor.....	21
Illini Theater (poem)	James Hart.....	24
Gallery Gods of Early Theater Days	Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett, Contributor.....	25
Margaret Illington (poem)	James Hart.....	29
Writing an Opera	Clark Emerson Stewart.....	30
Castle Theater	Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett, Contributor.....	36
 Moving Pictures, Early Days	Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett, Contributor.....	43
 My First Ride in an Automobile	Charles Wesley Hamand.....	47
Bands and Orchestras of Bloomington	Clark Emerson Stewart.....	52
Fifty Years of Handwork	Clara Louise Kessler.....	60
When Nordica Came	Clark Emerson Stewart.....	66
The Man on the Flying Trapeze	Clyde V. Noble.....	74
Football	Fred Muhl.....	87
Football at Bloomington High School	Fred Muhl.....	91
Football at Trinity High School	Fred Muhl.....	94
Two Baseball Heroes	James Hart.....	96
Baseball History	Fred Young.....	97
Basketball	Fred Young.....	102
Bloomington Centennial, September 15-23, 1950; Schedule of Events	Program.....	108

HOME TOWN PERSONALITIES - PAST

Grace Jewett Austin	Elizabeth Austin Miller... 115
A Kindly Philosopher (poem)	
Sylvester Ballard	James Hart..... 134
Abram Brokaw (poem)	James Hart..... 135
When Bryan Came (poem)	James Hart..... 136
Fred B. Capen	Henry W. Capen..... 137
David Davis House (poem)	James Hart..... 141

The Golden Bowl; or the Life of Charles Edward Dimmett, 1896-1926	142
'Twas Long Ago (poem)	179
Dr. Richard Edwards	180
James S. Ewing (poem)	185
A Family Physician (poem) Dr. J. H. Fenelon	186
Joseph W. Fifer (poem)	187
Louis FitzHenry	188
Back When in Bloomington (poem)	198
Memories of My Mother, Mrs. A.B. Funk (Saphronia Jose- phine Van de Vender) and Our Home at 307 E. Grove St.	200
Will Gibbons (poem)	229
They Saw Grant (poem)	230
General Harbord (poem)	231
Dr. Edson B. Hart	232
Jacob Louis Hasbrouck	237
Hovey's Birthplace (poem)	241
Harry Lee Howell, M.D.	242
Elbert Hubbard (poem)	246
A Bloomington Roll Call (poem)	247
C. W. Klemm	249
Joe Landis-Liberal (poem)	254
Lincoln at Major's Hall (The "Lost Speech" Delivered May 29, 1856) (poem)	255
After the "Lost Speech" (poem)	265
Alfred Montgomery (poem)	271
James O'Donnell of the Bulletin	272
A Bloomington Reminiscence (poem)	279
Miss Nellie E. Parham	282
Stepping Stones Toward a Career	288
Matthew T. Scott: One of the Makers of Illinois	294
Mrs. Matthew T. Scott: De- corated by the French Government	299
Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. Matthew T. Scott	302
Old Time Bloomington (poem)	305
Edwin Plummer Sloan, M.D.	307
Sidney Smith (poem)	310
Adlai E. Stevenson (poem)	311
Stevenson Family Letters	312
Courtroom Portraits (poem)	325
AUTHOR AND SUBJECT INDEX	326

VOLUME II

HOME TOWN
ENTERTAINMENTS AND PASTIMES

OLD CONCERTS, PROGRAMS, AND EXERCISES

CONTRIBUTED BY

MRS. WYLIE R. DIMMETT

Your attendance is especially urged on that evening, that the arrangement may be made unanimously and without further delay.

C. P. Herriman, Pres't.

J. L. Elder, Sec'y.

Illinois Statesman Print.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
ORDER OF EXERCISES.
OF
Prof. J. B. Haywood's
MASTER and MUSICAL CLASS
in Dancing.

OLD CONCERTS, PROGRAMS, AND EXERCISES

Contributed by MARCH

Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett

West Side Library Concert - Mrs. L.B. Humphreys, Director
Programme

1. Overture - "Crown of Gold,"	Hermann
Prof. Menzendorf's Orchestra	
2. Vocal Solo - "Who Cares,"	Mora
Mr. W. S. Smith	
3. Reading,	Mrs. Hartman
4. Vocal Solo - "Bunch of Violets,"	Pinsuti
Addie Burk	
5. Piano Solo - "Music on the Water,"	Wyman
Miss Ella Sargent	
6. Vocal Solo - Serenade,	Gounod
Miss Ada Smith	
7. Piano Duet - Symphony	Haydn
Miss Lufkin and Miss Steel	
8. Vocal Solo - "What Shall I Do,"	Bischoff
Miss Edith VanSchoick	
9. Violin Solo - Opys 89,	Dancia
Miss Sadie Thompson	
10. Vocal Solo - "Flower Girl,"	Bivigini
Miss Nellie VanSchoick	
11. Reading,	Miss Ada Smith
12. Vocal Duet	Duickon

PRAYER

MISS CHARLOTTE LUFKIN, ACCOMPANIST

SALUTATORY DECLARATION

Annie B. Rogers

President of Poverty.

PANHARMONIC SOCIETY

Bloomington, Dec. 4, 1858

Mr. F. A. Packard

At the Rehearsal of the Panharmonic Society on next Monday Evening, Dec. 6th, a plan will be submitted whereby it is confidently expected that the services of Prof. C. M. Cady, can be secured to conduct the Musical Exercises of the Society for the coming winter. The name of Prof. Cady is a sufficient guarantee that the exercises will be interesting.

Your attendance is especially urged on that evening, that the arrangement may be made unanimously and without further delay.

C. P. Merriman, Pres't.

C. L. Elder, Sec'y.

Illinois Statesman Print

Dance ACADEMY OF MUSIC
ORDER OF EXERCISES.

OF

Prof. J. E. Heywood's
MASTER and MISSES CLASS
in Dancing,

on

Tuesday Eve'g, Feb. 23, 1869.

Jennie M. INTRODUCTORY MARCH

- DEBATE. - Resolved 1.- VARSOUVIERNE. 13 exhibited by Explor-
2.- POLKA QUADRILLE. 14. Fagel'song.
3.- SCHOTTISCHE. 15. Mazepa.
4.- SPANISH WALTZ. 16. Macmillan.
5.- POLKA MAZOURKA. 17. Her Children.
6.- REDOWA QUADRILLE. 18. A Choice.
7.- DANISH POLKA. 19. Bosca.
8.- LA VARSOUVIERNE QUADRILLE. 20. Others.
9.- POLKA. 21. Activity.
10.- LA ZINGARELLA. 22. Marie Miller.
11.- ESMERALDA. 23. Vienna Waltzes.
12.- LES SCHOTTISCHE QUADRILLE. 24. Fish.
13.- HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE. 25. GALLERIES.
14.- POLKA-DEROUNDE. 26. Lassie.
LA MILITAIRE.

The Mayor Music - Dan. Kadel's Band Chief
Sir Walter Daily Leader Print.

HIGH SCHOOL EXHIBITION
Durley Hall

Friday Evening, June 5th, 1874.

PROGRAMME

FULL CHORUS

America

PRAYER

Rev. R.M. Barns

1. Festive Song

2. Hours of Sunshine

Annie M. Regan

FULL CHORUS

The Good Goddess of Poverty.

SALUTATORY

Fred L. Miller

Declaration

Caliph of Bagdad

INSTRUMENTAL DUETT

Ida Bateman and Tina Niergarth.

THE SEASONS.

TABLEAU

Aunt Hettie's Advice to Girls

RECITATION

Ella Hickey

ORATION

Gather the Fragments

Katie Post

NINTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT
Law Department

CHORUS	Boatman's Song		
DECLAMATION	Unity of our Country		
MILITARY DRILL	Harry C. Gaylord	TABLEAU	
	A Brush with the Enemy.		
CHORUS	Our Native Land		
RECITATION	What a Woman Can Do		
	Sara Packard		
ESSAY	Aaron G. Hart	Night Shows forth the Stars	
	Carrie Wolcott		
George W. Ball THAT THAT COMES NEXT," Barnes, M.B., William			
SOLO AND CHORUS	Bird of the North		
	Manie Dodson and others		
RECITATION	The Italian Minstrel Boy		
	Jennie Merritt		
DEBATE.-	Resolved, That more Courage is exhibited by Explorers than by Warriors.		
Af., John Spencer	Neg., Emma Fogelsong		
INSTRUMENTAL DUETT	Mazeppa		
	Carrie Barnes and Lottie McDougal		
STATUARY	Niobe and her Children		
RECITATION	The Widow's Choice		
	Anna Gilchrist		
SOLO AND CHORUS	Now, Moses!		
	Hattie Morehouse and others		
ORATION	Activity		
	Frank Read		
POEM	Angie Milner		
INSTRUMENTAL DUETT	New Vienna Waltzes		
	Frank Mueller and Frank Fisk		
TABLEAU	THE PORTRAIT GALLERY		
	The Flower Queen	Indian Chief	
Sir Walter Raleigh	Mary, Queen of Scots	Queen Elizabeth	Sister of High-land
Pocohontas	Native of Barraboolagh	Charity	Lassie
FULL CHORUS	THE RUSTIC FESTIVAL		
to attend a FESTIVAL AND BALL, for the benefit of the Rev. Briggs. To be held at COLLEGE HALL, on NEW YEAR'S EVE, Wednesday, December 31st, 1856.			
COMMITTEE			
Wm. Scott, Chas. S. Jones, O. Waters, R. Thompson, J. Baker, J. Richardson, F.A. Packard, R.W. Fleming, W.W. Luck, A.C. Spence. Floor Managers - A.S. Lamb, J. De Conville.			
Music by Jones & Co.			
Tickets for Gentleman and Lady \$2.00 - including Supper - to be had at May's Jewelry Store, Waters' Drug Store, and at the door.			
Pantograph Print			

NINTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT
Law Department
of the
Illinois Wesleyan University
Amie Chapel Wednesday, June 13 at 10 A. M. Bloomington
Illinois. 1883

A.H.H. Adams, D.D., President of University
Professors and Instructors - Judge R. M. Benjamin, LL.D., Dean
of Law Faculty. Judge C.T. Reeves, LL.D., Hon. Lawrence Weldon,
Aaron G. Karr, LL.B., E.M. Prince, A.M., C.D. Myers, LL.
B., J.J. Morrissey, LL.B.

Class of 1883

George W. Ballance, LL.B., Richard M. Barnes, LL.B., William
H. Harnsberger, LL.B., Martin A. Chambers, LL.B., Manford E.
Kinnan, LL.B., Jacob P. Lindley, LL.B., John J. Pitts, LL.B.,
Eben A. Richardson, LL.B. J. Walter Ransdell, LL.B., Oscar L.R.
Silliman, LL.B.

PROGRAM

PRAYER

Music - Violin, Cornet and Piano Trio: "Arnasyllis" Ghys
Profs. Menzendorf, Mueller and Mr. R. Hurst

Securing Right, M.A. Chambers
Constitutional Government John J. Pitts

Music - Male Quartet, Waltz Song, Vogel
Prof. Mueller and Male Quartette

Political Progress O.R. Silliman

The Jury System, J.P. Lindley

Music - Trio, Violin, Cornet and Piano,: "Daisy Polka" Arditi
Annual Address, Hon. Lawrence Weldon

Music - Male Quartette, "Bugle Song" Caio
Prof. Mueller and Male Quartette.

Conferring Degrees

Music - Trio, Violin, Cornet and Piano,
"Bells of Corneville," Planquette
Profs. Mueller, Menzendorf and Mr. Hurst

FESTIVAL AND BALL

The Company of yourself and lady is most respectfully solicited
to attend a FESTIVAL AND BALL, for the benefit of the Rev. F.J.
Briggs. To be held at COLLEGE HALL, ON "NEW YEAR'S EVE,"
Wednesday, December 31st, 1856.

COMMITTEE

Wm. Keats, Chas. S. Jones, O. Waters, R. Thompson, C. Baker,
J. Richardson, F.A. Packard, H.M. Fleming, W.W. Lusk, Jno.
Spence. Floor Managers - A.A. Lamb, J. De Conville.

Music by Jones & Co.

Tickets for Gentleman and Lady \$2.00 - including Supper - to
be had at Keay's Jewelry Store, Waters' Drug Store, and at
the door. Pantagraph Print

COLLEGE BALL.

The opening Soiree of the Season will be given at College Hall, on Wednesday Evening, November 29th, 1854. The undersigned, Committee of Arrangements and Invitation, respectfully solicit your company, with ladies, to attend, at the time and place above named.

COMMITTEE.

Dr. J.R. Freese, A.A. Lamb, C.S. Abbott, A.D. Abbott, H.D. Keays,
Robert Thompson, John Dawson, H.J. Eager, R.M. Lander, Henry L.
Hamilton, Samuel H. Knight, J. H. Cummings, Dr. A. Luce, Samuel
Magill, William McCullough, E.H. Landon, H.P. Merriman, Samuel
Johnson, John W. Irwin, George Parke, James D. Conville, E.
Road, Howard Livingston, E.B. Jones, J.P. Healey, W.W. Orme,
W.W. Lusk, H.M. Fleming, C.C. Holmes, William Keays, R.R. Lan-
don, Harry Clark, W.F. Hance, Henry G. Ferree, William Marmon,
Capt. S.A. Adams.

COMMITTEE OF RECEPTION

H.M. Fleming H.L. Hamilton J.W. Irwin

HALL COMMITTEE

J.H. Cummings, James D. Comville, A.A. Lamb, C.S. Abbott
Reception Committee may be designated by blue rosettes, and
the Hall Committee by white rosettes.

Tickets, including carriage and refreshments, three dollars.
Music - Piano, two Violins, Violincello, Clarinet, Flute, and
Picelo. Dancing to commence at eight o'clock.

GRAND UNION BALL

Now that the National Capital is safe, and the call of Government for Volunteers nobly and patriotically responded to, well may this be a season of rejoicing for all who love and honor the old STAR SPANGLED BANNER!

In pursuance of the above, there will be given a
SELECT SOCIAL DANCE:::

On Thursday Evening, May 16th, 1861, at Phoenix Hall.
Company of Yourself and Ladies respectfully solicited.

To Mr. T. R. Packard

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

Thos. F. Mitchell, Orrin Waters, A.A. Lamb
Floor Managers.

Ira Lackey Amos Kemp C.S. Jones. J. Baker. L.L. Arnold

Tickets of Admission, 50 cents, Supper Tickets, 50 cents.
Supper at 11 o'clock, at the Nicoll's House,
for all who desire.

Music by Kadel's String Band. J. H. Cummings,
Prompter.

Daily Advertiser Print

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT and PUBLIC EXAMINATION
of the Graduating Class of the Evergreen City Business College,
at Durley Hall, Wednesday Evening, September 5, 1883.
Board of Examiners - Commercial Department: Alonzo Burr, John
R. Stone, L.B. Thomas, W.H. Wentz, J.A. Thomas, I.P. Fell,
C.R. Stacy. Commercial Law Department: Hon. A.E. Stevenson,
Capt. J.H. Rowell, Jas. S. Ewing, Esq., Gen. Ira J. Bloomfield,
John E. Pollock. Shorthand: C.C. Herr.

PROGRAM

Overture, Von Elsner's Orchestra
Faculty, Board of Examiners, Graduates and Guests enter.

Prayer, Rev. W.N. McElroy.

Remarks by the President.

Bass Solo, The Warrior Bold - Adams	W.B. Van Volkenburg
Salutatory,	Maggie Hollister
Oration, A Maiden's Caveat (To Board of Examiners) for a Bachelor's Degree;	Dora Collins
Examination	By Board of Examiners
Twilight Hours, Orchestra	
Oration, Bookkeepers and Bookkeeping	Gilman Waltmire
Exercise in Addition and Rapid Calculation	
Graduating Class	
Oration, Success	Harry Robertshaw
Splinters Orchestra	
Exercise in Short Hand,	Classes A and B.
Essay, Shorthand, and Women as Short Hand Writers	
Cora Eastman	
Vocal Solo, Frolicsome	Nellie VanSchoick
Valedictory,	Effie Best
Selection	Hill's Glee Club
Awarding of Examiner's Certificates	Hon. A.E. Stevenson
Awarding Diplomas,	President C.E. Baker
Address to Graduating Class,	William Duff Haynie
Selection,	Orchestra

MCVICKER'S THEATRE
GRAND ITALIAN OPERA
This Saturday Evening, November 16, 1878,
Sixth Opera Night

On which occasion Mr. Strakosch will have the pleasure of presenting the distinguished Artiste,

M'LLIE MARIE LITTA,

In her great role of Lucia, in Donizett's charming Opera in Three Acts, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR

First appearance in America of M'LLIE. MARIA LITTA, Prima Donna Assoluta of the Theatre Italiens, Paris, and Imperial Opera House, Vienna, as Lucia. And first appearance this season of the Famous American Tenor, MR. CHARLES ADAMS.

Edgardo - Mr. Charles Adams; Ashton - L.G. Gottschalk; Raymondo - G.A. Conly; Normon - Sig. Reichardt; Arthur - Sig. Barberes; Aliza - Miss Lancaster.

Musical Director, S. Behrens Chorus Master, Sig. D. Movellis

FOURTEENTH COMMENCEMENT
of the
Bloomington High School
at Durley Hall
Thursday Evening, June 7,
1883.

PROGRAMME

Prayer	Rev. Frank Stouf
Duet,	"On the Mountain, Life is Free"
	Fannie Bloomfield and Gussie Parke
Salutatory and Oration,	"Bricks and Brains,"
	Annie May Christian
Essay,	"Benefits of Agitation."
	Julia A. Theis
Essay,	"The Man from Thermopylae"
	Grace V. Nutt
Essay, "There is No Shadow that the Sunshine Hath not Made."	Emma F. Eastman
Piano Solo,	Allegro Sonata, Opus 2, No. 3. - Beethoven
	Miss Emma Loving
Essay,	"Bric-a-Brac."
	Josephine B. Rugg
Oration,	"Communism."
Essay,	James E. Fisher
	"Under a Juniper Tree,"
Solo,	Frances Eversole
	"The Flower Girl,"
Essay,	Nellie Van Schoick
	"Patience and Perseverence."
Oration,	Mary E. O'Neil
	"Mirage."
Essay,	Almira L. Morehouse
	"Circles Within Circles."
Essay,	Emma Riegger
	"Failures."
Piano Duet,	Kate P. Clancy
	Military March, Schubert
Essay,	Nettie Loudon and Kittie Holmes
	"The Most Beautiful Hand."
Oration,	Jennie M. Young
	"Light Bearers."
Essay and Valedictory,	Eva B. Loehr
	"Servant and Master."
Awarding Diplomas,	Margaret H.J. Lampe
	Hon. J. Jacoby, President Board of
Parting Song,	Education.
Benefiction,	Rev. F.S. Brush
	Class

DEDICATION PROGRAM OF ACADEMY OF MUSIC
April 8th, 1868

Contributed by

Mrs. Karl L. Schaeffer

DEDICATION PROGRAM OF ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Built in 1868 by Frederick W. Niergarth. It was
located in the 400 block of North Main Street and burned
in 1871.

Program contributed by

Mrs. Karl L. Schaeffer (Tina Niergarth)

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT AND DEDICATION BALL
OF BLOOMINGTON AMPHITHEATRE,

Wednesday Evening, April 8th, 1868.

The company of yourself and lady is respectfully solicited.

HONORARY COMMITTEE

Gen. A. Gridley	A. A. Lamb, Esq.
Hon. L. Weldon	H. G. Bateman, Esq.
Hon. W. H. Hanna	Gen. I. J. Bloomfield
A. H. Moore, Esq.	Gen. John McNulta
Al. C. Sweetser, Esq.	S. Smith, Esq.
Gen. G. A. Smith	W. F. Baird, Esq.
W. H. Temple, Esq.	Dr. C. R. Parke
C. Weed, Esq.	

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

A. B. Gillett	L. B. Thomas
W. W. Marmon	Ed. Esprey
C. S. Roe	E. L. Nason

COMMITTEE - RECEPTION

J. O. Davis	P. B. Elkins
H. S. Eddy, Jr.	D. Warnecke

FLOOR MANAGERS

Col. G. W. Lackey	I. M. Pearson
G. W. Johnsonbaugh	J. A. Thomas
G. D. Elder	

The Amphitheatre will be Brilliantly Illuminated and Dec-
orated for the occasion.

MUSIC BY KADEL'S FULL BAND

Tickets, admitting Gent and Lady, \$3.00

BLOOMINGTON CHAUTAUQUA

by

J. OSCAR HALL

BLOOMINGTON CHAUTAUQUA

Theodore Roosevelt said of Chautauqua that it was "The most American thing in America". Sam Jones characterized it as "A cross between a camp-meeting and a county fair", and it was frequently referred to as "The Peoples Institute". The American Chautauqua, of which the Bloomington Chautauqua was typical, was truly "an experiment in Democracy and Culture". The chautauqua was the outgrowth of the Lyceum, but it was more democratic both in the programs offered and in the people who attended it. Like the camp-meetings of that day the assemblies were held out under the trees in the open air. It was truly "An adventure in adult education for the masses instead of for the few" and it exerted a tremendous influence on American life.

The word "Chautauqua" is an Indian name for a beautiful lake in western New York. The first chautauqua was founded in 1874 by John Vincent, later Bishop Vincent of the Methodist Church, at Chautauqua Lake, N.Y. He was ably assisted in this work by Lewis Miller, father-in-law of Thomas A. Edison; Mr. Miller was a prominent business man and religious leader of Akron, Ohio. The "Mother Chautauqua", as the Chautauqua at Chautauqua Lake, N. Y. is known, was organized primarily for the study of the Bible and was essentially a religious institution. Later, lectures, music, entertainment, boating, swimming and out-door games were provided, thus for the first time, blending religion, education, entertainment and recreation in one institution. The fame and popularity of the "Mother

"Chautauqua" spread rapidly and soon chautauquas sprung up all over the country, until in its hey-dey there were more than 8000 chautauqua assemblies, attended by more than forty million Americans in one season.

The first Bloomington Chautauqua was known as "Houghton Lake Chautauqua" and was held just south of the city limits of Bloomington at Houghton Lake in 1901. This site was later known as Bongo Park and is now used by the State Farm Insurance Company and is known as the State Farm Insurance Company Park. Houghton Lake Chautauqua was a typical American Chautauqua. It was organized by James H. Shaw, a resident of Bloomington, Illinois. On the opening night program William Jennings Bryan was the speaker. A big parade formed near the court house and, led by the Bloomington Band, moved down South Main Street to the chautauqua grounds at Houghton Lake. The attendance exceeded expectations and the chautauqua proved to be very popular and a success financially and otherwise. The first year the chautauqua was held in a large tent and there were many campers on the grounds and the chautauqua was referred to as the "White City". The second year the chautauqua was held in a frame auditorium built by the Bloomington Street Railway Co. at Houghton Lake. The first day of the second Houghton Lake Chautauqua was Democratic Day and the speaker was the Hon. A. E. Stevenson; the auditorium which seated two-thousand was full and there was an overflow crowd; the attendance was estimated at twenty-five hundred. Space will not permit even an outline of

the various years and the programs of the Houghton Lake Chautauqua, but in 1903 we find listed among the speakers such well-known names as Richard Henry Little, Rev. Sam Jones, Ballington Booth and Judge Lawrence Weldon, together with many other speakers of note and various musical organizations.

It seems that almost everybody went to the chautauqua; farmers came in their buggies and farm wagons, - the rich and poor, the educated and uneducated, the old men and elderly ladies, the boys with their girl friends, and mothers with babes in their arms, all flocked to the chautauqua. It was truly "A Peoples' Chautauqua".

Later Mr. Shaw was joined by James L. Loar, a resident of Bloomington, Illinois, and together they promoted many chautauquas, large and small, in the central west. After a few years Mr. Shaw and Mr. Loar dissolved partnership and divided the towns between them. The writer became associated with Mr. Loar and under the name of The Loar Independent Chautauqua we continued to promote chautauquas until The Loar Independent Chautauqua Co. was supplying talent for more than one-hundred large chautauquas in the central west. Both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Loar became and were well-known chautauqua promoters.

Bloomington produced some well-known chautauqua talent, the best known of which was probably George Goforths Black and Gold Band and the Vera Pearl Kemp Ensemble. We should mention here that "Bachman's Million Dollar Band" was a headline chautauqua attraction and appeared on the Bloomington Chautauqua held on the Illinois Wesleyan campus. The band was organized

and directed by Mr. Harold Bachman who, with many other members of the band, came from Minier, Illinois, and might well be called a Bloomington attraction. Other organizations and lecturers from Bloomington appeared on many of the chautauquas, and Bloomington became widely known as a chautauqua center.

To compile a list of the chautauqua talent, as those on the programs were known, would require the entire space allotted to this article. The programs consisted of bands, orchestras, singing organizations, play companies, jubilee singers, Swiss bell ringers, lecturers, impersonators, readers, magicians, and many other features. Religious services on Sunday, story hours for the children, nature study sessions, cooking demonstrations and health talks were featured on many programs. A list of the chautauqua headliners, as the nationally known speakers and artists were called is almost synonymous with "Who's Who in America" of that day. We shall not attempt to give even a partial list of talent but we might call attention to the fact that at least seven of the Presidents of the United States lectured on the chautauqua platform; Presidents Mays, Grant and Garfield appeared on the early chautauquas. Later the chautauqua platform was graced by the appearance of William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Warren G. Harding and William H. Taft. Of course, the premier of all chautauqua lecturers was William Jennings Bryan. It is said that he spoke to more people from the American platform than any other man in history. It is known that he spoke on more than 3000 chautauqua platforms and earned as much as \$25,000.00 a season and could have earned

much more, but he is said to have refused as many chautauqua engagements as he accepted.

A typical ten day chautauqua program consisted of a concert in the afternoon, a 30 or 45 minute musical prelude on the evening program followed by a prominent lecturer or entertainer; thus, on a ten day chautauqua there would be two programs, the evening program being a so-called "double-header". One of the best known features of the Houghton Lake Chautauqua was "a nature study program" conducted in the forenoon by James Speed. Mr. Speed and his program were very popular and he returned year after year to the Houghton Lake Chautauqua.

There were two kinds of chautauquas, the Independent Chautauqua and the Circuit Chautauqua. Under the circuit chautauqua plan each chautauqua had the same program; the talent that appeared in one town on Monday would go to the next town on Tuesday, and the next town on Wednesday, and so on. The local committee had little or no voice in the selection of the program. In the purely independent chautauquas the local chautauqua committee selected the program from a long list of talent submitted by one or more bureaus, and the final program had to meet the approval of the local committee. The larger chautauquas operated by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Loar, including the Houghton Lake Chautauqua and the Bloomington Chautauqua, were somewhat of a cross between a circuit chautauqua and a independent chautauqua. The bureau submitted to the local committee a list of talent, more than could be used by a single chautauqua and the local committee selected their program from the talent submitted. The routing of the talent so as to keep each attraction busy, was

left to the bureau.

There were individual season tickets and family tickets which were usually non-transferable, as well as single admission tickets. In the Houghton Lake Chautauqua as well as in most of the chautauquas the season tickets or family tickets were pledged a year in advance. This was necessary to assure the financial success of the chautauqua, and when enough tickets were not pledged in advance to assure the financial success of the coming year's chautauqua, that particular chautauqua ceased to exist. Season tickets usually cost from \$1.50 to \$2.50 each and single admissions from .25¢ to .50¢. Thus it will be seen that on a ten day chautauqua furnishing twenty different programs, one-half of them being double-headers, that the chautauqua patron paid from ten to fifteen cents a program. For this insignificant sum the patron was able to hear and see some of the large bands and other musical organizations as well as to see and hear some of the best known lecturers of their day.

One of the most important features of any chautauqua was the chautauqua superintendent. James H. Shaw not only founded the Houghton Lake Chautauqua but was the chautauqua superintendent, also known as The Platform Manager. Like all chautauqua superintendents he was not only master of ceremonies but it was his job to meet the talent, see to it that they arrived on time, and have general supervision of the entire chautauqua grounds, as well as of the program. He introduced the talent or had some well-known local man introduce the headline attraction. The success of the chautauqua depended to a very large extent upon the superintendent and it was his job to see that enough

guarantors were secured or enough tickets pledged in advance to insure the chautauqua for the next season. Should he fail to do this the chautauqua ceased to exist. Many chautauquas died for want of financial support.

The Houghton Lake Chautauqua was not a large chautauqua. It operated for a few years and then ceased to exist for lack of financial support. Following that for several years Bloomington had no chautauqua. Later another Bloomington Chautauqua was organized by James L. Loar and sponsored by the Bloomington Kiwanis Club. This chautauqua was held on the Illinois Wesleyan Campus under a large tent. There was no camping at this chautauqua. It operated for a few years and then like the Houghton Lake Chautauqua and chautauquas generally, it died for want of support.

The objective of chautauqua generally and of the Houghton Lake Chautauqua and the Bloomington Chautauqua in particular, was cultural and religious, and the chautauqua maintained these objectives for many years. The fact remains, however, that the "Cultural Chautauqua" could not compete with the glamourous movie stars, radio artists and the automobile. With the coming of hard roads, the colored movies, the radio and the automobile, chautauquas generally, including the Houghton Lake Chautauqua and the Bloomington Chautauqua, went the way of the camp-meeting and the Lyceum; in fact the chautauqua supplanted the Lyceum, but finally was forced to yield to a more popular form of entertainment. Only a few chautauquas such as Winona Lake, Indiana, Lakeside, Ohio, Chautauqua, New York, and a few others now exist.

In most of these assemblies, the chautauqua is more or less incidental; it is combined with other features and institutions which help to keep it alive.

Frequently some former patron of the Houghton Lake or the Bloomington Chautauqua bemoan their passing. They ask "Why another chautauqua cannot be organized in Bloomington?" In many places throughout the country attempts have been made to reorganize and revitalize the chautauqua but such efforts invariably have failed. The day of the Chautauqua is definitely past, but its influence for good in the communities where they were held, still survives. When chautauquas were in full bloom there were fewer other attractions and institutions claiming the attention of the public generally, but that is now reversed. Such, in brief, is the story of the Houghton Lake and Bloomington Chautauquas which were links in a very large system of chautauquas. While practically all chautauquas have ceased to exist, they left many happy and pleasant memories. The inspiration of the chautauqua was wholesome, its entertainment was clean and uplifting, and its message was timely and dynamic as well as being highly informative.



J. Oscar Hall

December 1, 1949

J. Oscar Hall, writer of the above and foregoing article, was born on a hill farm in southern Ohio. He taught school in the rural schools of Lawrence County, Ohio, and in Douglas, County, Illinois. He graduated from Northern Indiana Law School at Valparaiso, Indiana in 1905, and began the practice of law in Shelbyville, Indiana, soon thereafter, and became the senior member of the law firm of Hall, Williams and Pell. He enjoyed a lucrative practice there for approximately 15 years, when, on account of his health, he entered the chautauqua field, and became Assistant Manager of the Loar Independent Chautauquas at Bloomington, Illinois; on the death of Mr. James L. Loar he became manager of that bureau. When chautauquas ceased to exist generally Mr. Hall was admitted to the bar in the State of Illinois, and entered the practice of law in Bloomington in 1933. For some years he was associated with Wayne C. Townley, Attorney, and later opened a separate office; he is still engaged in the active practice of law in Bloomington.

After the death of his wife he married Mrs. Amelia Scholer of Bloomington. He has one daughter, Mrs. Ruth Donaldson who is teaching in the High School at Oregon, Illinois, and one son, Emerson E. Hall who is a general contractor in Bloomington, under the name of Central Construction Co. Mr. Hall has been active most of his life in church work and is a member of Wesley Methodist Church at Bloomington. He is a member of the Bloomington Kiwanis Club, and served as its President in 1936; he is also a member of the Commercial Law League of America, the McLean County Bar Association, the Illinois State Bar Association, and the American Bar Association.

LIST OF PLAYS
PRESENTED IN
THE CHATTERTON OPERA HOUSE
Contributed By
Mrs. Wyllie R. Dimmett

LIST OF PLAYS PRESENTED IN
THE CHATTERTON OPERA HOUSE

Contributed by

Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett

Date of Year Not Given

- Tuesday, April 2 F. Stuart Whyte presents "Robinson Crusoe"
- Wednesday, Sept. 15 Henry W. Savage offers "Sari"
F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest
presents "The Wanderer"
"Abie's Irish Rose"
- May, 1918 Jane Cowl in "Lilac Time"
- April 22 David Warfield in "The Return of
of Peter Grimm"
- April 17 Laura Hope Crews in "Mr. Pim Passes By"
- February 9 Henry W. Savage offers "Have a Heart"
- January 27, 28, 29 "The Birth of a Nation"
- November 6, 7 "Experience"
- April 13 "The New Henrietta" - Mabel Taliaferro
- March 15, 16, 17 "A Daughter of the Gods" with Annette
Kellermann
- November 27 "Lady Luxury"
- Friday, June 30 MAUDE ADAMS in "The Little Minister"
and in "Peter Pan"

November 13 Miss Billie Burke in "Jerry"
September 10, 1915 Joseph Santley in "All Over Town"
April 11, 1916 David Warfield in "Van Der Decken"
January 27, 1917 Arthur Hammerstein presents "Kalinka"
March 13, 1917 William Hodge in "Fixing Sister"
October 5, 1917 David Warfield in "The Music Master"
October 17, 1917 Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in "La Mort De Cleopatre"
November 23, 1917 The Mrsrs. Shubert present "The Knife"
December 26, 1917 Arthur Hammerstein presents "You're in Love"
March 29, 1918 Harry Lauder
1918 "Chin Chin"
1918 Maude Adams in "A Kiss for Cinderella"
January 6, 1918 D.W. Griffith presents "Hearts of the World"
January 12, 1919 "The Boomerang" by David Belasco
January 24, 1919 "Friendly Enemies"
January 29, 1919 Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead"
April 21, 1919 DeWolf Hopper in "The Better 'Ole"
April 22, 1919 Ethel Barrymore in "The Off Chance"
April 26, 1919 "Everywoman"
November 26, 1919 "The Boomerang"
October 22, 1920 Sousa and His Band
January 27, 1921 Guy Bates Post in "The Masquerader"
February 7, 8, 1922 "The Bat"
April 22, 1922 David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm
October 11, 1922 "The Widow's Veil"

ILLINI THEATER

The theater stays dark, gloomy, apart,
Once gay with its illumination bright;
When on its stage flourished dramatic art,
And playgoers enjoyed pleasurable night;
Now sadly missed by those recalling it,
The curtain with "Readings From Homer" scene;
Soft music swelling from orchestra pit,
In brief intermissions the acts between.

How Maude Adams and John Drew were encored!
And Chauncey Olcott's singing, what a treat!
How gorgeous Lillian Russell was adored!
How minstrel George Primrose shuffled his feet!
In boxes jeweled hands clapped rapturously,
And shrill whistles swept topmost gallery.

James Hart

GALLERY GODS OF EARLY THEATER DAYS

(Taken from the Daily Pantagraph
November 25, 1925)

Contributed by Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett

GALLERY GODS OF EARLY THEATER DAYS

(Taken from the Daily Pantagraph
November 25, 1925)

Contributed by Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett

What's become of the "gallery gods" of former days? This question was put to Harney Collins, former treasurer of the old Durley theater when these habitues of the amusement houses were a noisy, if not an attractive feature. Collins found it impossible to answer, but he conceded that the type had become obsolete.

The Illini theater management, realizing that the upper balcony individual of other days has disappeared, has removed the benches that were the accustomed seats of the patrons in years that have gone and substituted folding chairs, similar to those on the two lower floors. Now, the top balcony or "sweat" as it was known when father was a boy, has all seats reserved, just the same as those of the lower floors and the new dignity, has driven the gallery god out of existence. There are now more women than men or boys in the upper balconies and they find that the lower prices enable them to see more attractions than if they paid the higher rates on the lower floors.

The old time gallery god was a character. Supplied with a bag of peanuts or popcorn or perhaps more often with a huge quid of tobacco, the youth would dig up his dime or quarter, the latter being the usual maximum fee for admission to the

"sweat" thirty to forty years ago, and be happy. His noisy approval, catcalls, whistling and other demonstrations became a nuisance, and it was necessary to have a strong armed officer with a cane handy to check the too overly obstreperous. It was a regular thing to smash an unruly youth over the head and then throw him down the stairway. Rough handling was necessary, or the gallery would have become a bedlam, sufficient to make the performance impossible.

There are doubtless scores of men in Bloomington right now who recall stamping their feet and their hands buried deep in their overcoat pockets, the overcoat collar turned up, as they stood on many a cold wintry night waiting for the gallery doors to the old Durley or Schroeder to open.

In those "good old days" there was a show every night in the week except perhaps on Sundays, a regular stage production. Often it was the "ten-twenty-thirty," occasionally a wild burlesque, and frequently--perhaps every week or two--some one of the big productions, a drama or big musical comedy.

In those days, it was "comic opera" with great song hits which the whole gallery force whistled as it marched back down the long, crooked stairway after the show and kept on whistling as it marched along the street, homeward-bound.

No matter what the show, there was always a long waiting string outside the gallery door long before time for the doors to open, unless the show happened to be one of the "heavy" ones where the gallery price was boosted to fifty cents. On these occasions however, the gallery crowd was usually reinforced by groups of women who did not feel like paying the higher prices for seats on the lower floors.

Booth and Barrett, Joe Jefferson, Clara Morris, Emma Abbott and other stars of a generation ago in which the top price was \$1.50, required a half dollar in the "sweat" and then the gallery gods were conspicuous by their absence.

Perhaps the burlesque show and the good musical comedies drew the largest gallery crowds although the stock companies playing the popular prices also never failed to get a gallery attendance. Occasionally the rush at the front door was so great that before the doors opened there was a surging mob outside and once in a while, the doors were broken in.

The doors once open, there followed a roaring stampede up the stairway to the first landing, where the ticket office was located and where one was first introduced to the gallery guardian. The gallery gods had a predilection for throwing peanut shells, spitballs and other missiles at the more aristocratic patrons below, and it was the duty of the officer, to be on the alert for this class and eject them. Smoking wasn't

allowed but the chewing of tobacco, expectorating on the floor, eating peanuts and throwing hulls on the floor seemed to be a part of the show. To get out safely on both feet after the show, one almost had to hold on to the backs of benches while his feet skidded and slipped on the filthy floor.

Or perhaps it was hisses for the villain or remarks hurled at some "punk" actor that caused the officer to use his club. Sometimes a fight would start among a couple of "third-floor" bunch. Dick Dunn was gallery officer for many years and in such cases, his eagle eye was always able to detect the ring-leader in these things and many a time he rushed the offender outside.

The days of the gallery god are no more. The youth of today goes to the movies and appears more subdued and better mannered. The rough neck type seems to have gone, as has the "sweat", and no one seems to worry much over the departure.

MARGARET ILLINGTON

Ere glamorous heights of stardom she won,
The drama stage with her talents to grace,
She wove into the name of "Illington,"
Sentimental tribute to her home place;
She was applauded in her chosen art,
When Adams and Marlowe were at their best;
Whatever role she played, whatever part,
Flawless acting her achievement expressed.

With beauty in generous measure endowed,
It was through study to success she toiled;
Where petted public favorites become proud,
Under dazzling limelight she kept unspoiled.
When theater at full meridian shone,
She gave much to its elevating tone.

James Hart

WRITING AN OPERA

by

Clark Emerson Stewart

WRITING AN OPERA

By

Clark Emerson Stewart

I have often read that the men who write operas, sometimes find the work a good deal of a burden, because of the great amount of drudgery that goes along with it. The interminable effort of keeping oneself keyed up, in order to keep the harmonies clearly in the mind while jotting down just thousands of notes, each one of which must be exactly where it belongs. Each chord must resolve perfectly, the melody must fit, the words must suit, and it must not be dull. Verdi, I remember, complained very much about this when he wrote Othello. He said that he never realized how much plain drudgery there was in the work until he had passed his prime and some of his youthful zest had left him.

My own modest efforts at making an opera began when I was about fifteen. At that time I evolved a little sketch set to music, which I called Coachman and Count. I named my hero Oysters, a New York Count.

There were about seven songs and some dialogue. It was all written with little pinpoint notes and quavery stems, and a cramped schoolboy hand that could hardly be read, not to speak of a fair amount of misspelled words. I got my sister to play it over, and while I noticed that she dutifully played the notes, she did not go into raptures over it, so I took it and tried it on my father and older brother. I was soon

shown where the weak places were. My brother paid no attention to my rather tuneful melodies, but confined his efforts to underscoring the misspelled words. Father hummed the pieces over, but it was not in him make-up to commend, so he summed up his remarks in, "It might be worse, but I don't see how."

Soon after that I made a much more ambitious attempt. Just why I should have wanted to write an opera and ignore the more modest music, I do not know, but it was so, and I began on one which I called "The Gipsy's Warning." It was a very pretentious work and upon it I lavished literally years of devotion. It is very interesting to me, to look over the manuscript and see how the handwriting changed as the years went by, especially after I had been to college and learned a system of penmanship. The notes waxed and grew fat under instruction as to how to write music. There is a marked improvement in the spelling, too.

To write music, the pen should be taken between the first and second fingers and the pen must point straight out ahead. Each note is made in a single stroke. The old German writers are said to have worked very fast with a stub pen. Handel must have worked at lightning speed to have written the Messiah in the time which it is said to have been written.

The old writers had a trick of writing high C by adding one line and drawing the stem thru the middle of the note instead of the side. That saved them the making of a second line, but it did keep a sight reader on the alert, to know whether a note was B or C, which was only shown by whether the stem was drawn thru the middle or at the side where it belonged.

Hack writers used to get only twenty cents a page for orchestrating and at that they could make a living. I have never felt that I had any skill in orchestrating, so I have a great reverence for the man who can transpose into another key and write a viola part and know where to place the horns without even trying it on the piano to see how it sounds. He is supposed to know without trying it.

I remember how I would work for weeks sometimes on an aria, until it just bristled with notes and runs and chords and interludes, and perhaps covered several pages, but when I would take it to my sister to see how it did sound, it almost startled me to find how quickly the whole thing had been run thru.

It is surprising to see how many notes it really takes to make an aria. However, my one opera, the one which I really finished and presented, was not started for a good many years after I had given up struggling with the complexities of "The Gipsy's Warning." Perhaps it would be more modest to call "The Miller's Daughter" an operetta.

Curiously, my first inspiration came to me when I sat in the choir in church, and should have been listening to the sermon, all on a Sunday morning. I well remember the little visions that kept floating thru my mind, of the mill catching fire and the lover rescuing his sweetheart, and the wayward son and the miller, all dressed in white.

The following week I walked around in a kind of trance, as melodies came to me that seemed suitable and half developed verses that seemed to fit were running thru my mind.

At the end of a week I was ready to try to put them down on paper. I fear that for a year or more after that, I was not very much use to the business. The music worked out in kind of sequences, after the plot was fairly well established. At first, about a week would pass when I was turning the verses around in my mind, then another week with about the same process with the melody. Sometimes the melodies came almost too freely and sometimes I had to put in earnest thinking and work. Of course, the words and melody go together a good deal, each having to be considered, and sometimes one was ahead and sometimes the other.

About the third week came the really writing it down from numerous little notes all covered with revisions. That was the really hard job, getting the piano accompaniment and the interludes and the harmonizing. Notes, notes, notes-- I dreamed notes and chords.

However, by the end of several weeks that number was all more or less complete, and I began a process of brooding, to see what I could hatch for the next number, so I went thru much the same process again and again. As there are over twenty numbers, naturally it took a long while to get it finished. Naturally, too, not all the numbers came in their order. Some were added, some were interpolated and a few omitted, but as a whole it grew like a building, each portion being in its place before the next was begun.

I think that the arranging of the piano accompaniment was by far the hardest, because of my lack of skill in playing, and in spite of some outside help I feel that the piano part is inadequate. For the words and melodies I have no apologies. I think that without egotism I can say that the quartettes and chorus parts are very attractive music.

Another big task awaited me, that of getting the manuscript assembled and put into shape so it could be sung from the score. There were considerably over one hundred pages. Then for weeks I was very busy, mimeographing the chorus parts and quartettes, but at the end of the second year I felt ready to try to produce it. I am convinced that it is a harder job to produce an opera than it is to write one.

To coax a group of unpaid singers to give up days of their time, to work in a doubtful enterprise and without sufficient music, to overcome inertia and carelessness, not to speak of temperament and selfishness; to wheedle and cajole; to be disappointed and laughed at--that was my daily portion for months. However, I went valiantly to work and got together a loyal and devoted company, and we began rehearsals. Good Mabel Chisholm was my pianist, Mrs. O. R. Skinner was our star, and her sister, Miss Stevick, we called the soubrette, although her part was quite simple and dignified. Our miller was Roy Stewart, who made up in a keen sense of effects, whatever he may have lacked in voice.

Frank Charlton, who was a very musical singer, was our villain, and Billy Peterson was our comedian. He proved to be really funny and I can laugh still as I remember some of his interpolated antics. But when it came to the alto, "they one and all began to make excuses," until at last I was forced to commandeer my sister Lucy, who was not an alto really, but a soprano, but she came near being the hit of the show. We had some real talent in the chorus, too, about twenty-five.

Truly, the life of an actor-manager is not an easy one. Rehearsals, costumes, programs, advertising, orchestra--above all the ticket sale. All of these claimed my attention at once. It is a wonder that I did not break down, but Old Lady Nature had equipped me with pretty good nerves and health.

So, at last the great day came, but the ticket sale was lagging and we were hoping for a rush at the last, but the heavy clouds that had been hovering around all day began to leak. First, just a drizzle thru which we struggled to our final rehearsal in the afternoon, then the wind switched around and by six o'clock it was snowing. Then the wind blew some more and by eight o'clock it was actually raining and snowing, both at once. Consequently the audience was pretty scattering, and a great many empty seats greeted the managerial eye.

However, I may say that those that were there were highly pleased and most kind in their commendation. The numbers went with zest and the comedy was really funny. So we all felt that it was a great success from every standpoint, except the box office, but the burden of holding a volunteer company together and the difficulty of getting money enough to pay the bills was too much for the author-manager's courage, so after a repetition "by request" soon after, we disbanded.

Below is a specimen of the more dignified songs:

A MOTHER'S HEART

A mother's heart will ever yearn
For those who absent wander.
A mother's love will ever yearn,
A mother's mind will ponder

On days gone by, on moments fled,
On days of glad returning.
A mother's hope is never dead,
A mother's heart is yearning.

And of the comedy, the following specimens:

PEDDLER'S SONG

I'm a peddler, Peter Pindar, and I peddle pretty pottery.
I live my life as best I can, for life is but a lottery.
I beg, or borrow, buy or steal from Bibles to a finger ring.
I'd love to linger longer, but I can't be longer lingering.

A few years later, Father Burke revived the work at his school, and that, with the recent excellent performance given by the Wesleyan represents about all the productions of this child of my heart and brain, but I look back over its history, on the whole, with unbounded satisfaction.

CASTLE THEATRE

(AN ARTICLE TAKEN FROM THE BULLETIN
FOR JANUARY 23, 1916)

Contributed by Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett

CASTLE THEATRE

(An Article taken from The Bulletin
for January 23, 1916)

Contributed by Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett

The Castle theatre, located in the handsome new C. U. Williams & Son building in the 200 block on East Washington street, following weeks of preparation, will be formally opened to the public Monday evening, when a picture called "The Iron Strain" will be shown.

The theatre has been leased by Messrs. William R. Lyon and Delmar E. Schnepp. Mr. Schnepp is the leasee of the Chatterton and Mr. Lyon has been associated with him in the moving picture business ever since the old Castle theatre was vacated, previous to which time it was operated by Mr. Lyon.

The new Castle is a bower of loveliness and will burst in all its splendor on the opening night. It has a seating capacity of 1100 people with seats of ample proportions, each one of which is set in such a way that a clear vision of the screen can be obtained from any part of the house and from any angle. The floor space is 100x115 feet and every inch of it has been utilized to the best advantage including a spacious foyer and aisles.

The screen is larger than anything else in the state outside of Chicago. It is of the mirror type which makes it

possible to produce a picture as near perfection as can be obtained, with scarcely any perceptible flickering.

The floor of the house is of bowl shape and has been built of solid concrete laid in such a way that a view of the screen can be obtained equally as well from the rear as from the front or middle rows. No wood has been used in the construction of the edifice. For the comfort of the patrons of the house, steam pipes have been run under the concrete flooring which will positively prevent the floor being cold, a circumstance usually complained of in buildings with concrete floors.

HEATING AND VENTILATING

The heating and ventilating system is an innovation for the city of Bloomington. The foul air is exhausted through eight ventilating ducts with openings at the floor level, which connects with two five foot shafts, through which the foul air is constantly drawn by two electric fans.

Fresh air is supplied through six fresh air inlets opening direct to the outer atmosphere, from which the air is passed over heated radiators before being admitted to the theatre. So complete is the ventilation in this large room, in which the air is changed every three minutes without causing a draft in the room, that regardless of the crowd, there will not be the sensation of a "stuffy" room.

The warmth is obtained from a number of large steam radiators about the theatre. The steam is supplied from an adjoining building. There is no boiler or fire in the theatre. The temperature can be maintained at 72 degrees even though it is 20 below outside.

Ample, clean and sanitary toilet facilities are provided for patrons and employes.

Much credit for this successful heating and ventilating system and plumbing is due to R. R. McGregor & Co., who installed it.

THE PIPE ORGAN

The pipe organ is being installed and is one of the finest that money can buy, containing all the pipes and devices known in modern organ building. Mr. Harry Wilson is giving his personal supervision to the work and has been on the job ever since the instrument arrived. There will be a grand piano in the orchestra pit in addition to the organ console.

WILL RESERVE SEATS

There are a few seats along the sides of the gallery which

will be reserved for the benefit of those who desire to have this done.

BAILEY ELECTRIC CO. DOES WIRING

The electric wiring for lights and power for the new Castle theatre, as well as the entire Williams building, was installed by the Bailey Electric company of this city.

The installation is up to date in every detail, all wires being run in steel conduit, which insures safety first and durability. This being a concrete and steel building, the electrical problems presented were more than ordinarily difficult.

The Bailey Electric company were the electrical contractors for the Ford garage recently opened and also contractors for the new high school building now under process of construction. They are one of the city's most enterprising firms.

THE CONSTRUCTION WORK

The building is six stories high, the theatre part taking up two full stories. It is absolutely fireproof and contains a terre cotta front with trimmings of green and old oak faced brick. The firm of Aicher & Ward of this city had this contract and their efforts have resulted in the erection of one of the finest buildings in this part of the country. While on this subject, it may as well be added that in all of the construction work done by these gentlemen on this building nothing but home labor was employed. This insured the highest class of work possible and the contractors are to be congratulated in this regard. They have erected some of the better class buildings and homes in the city.

The building that they have just completed will stand as a model for other buildings to be erected in future years in various places.

GRAY ELECTRIC FIXTURES

The James Gray Electric Co. installed the lighting fixtures and carries out perfectly the decorative schemes as to coloring and harmonizes beautifully with the architectural massiveness of the interior construction.

Along the massive columns on either side of the house, both main floor and balcony, are bracket lamps of mission design and art glass harmonizing perfectly in colors with the large bowls and other decoration. The exit lamps are of a novel design, being curved with the art glass and red letters on a white alabastine back ground. In the lobby is used a Broscolite which gives a flood of light and shows off to excellent advantage the entrance to the beautiful house.

The fixtures throughout are of special design and are the result of Mr. Gray's personal visit to a large fixture manufacturer.

There are twelve inverted domes of various sizes, eight thirty-inch bowls taking care of the main portion of the theater. The bowls are of white alabaster with green and coral effects, with amber bottoms, giving out a soft, well diffused light. In each bowl is used the powerful type C globes for the high lighting, while two small green globes take care of the low light during the performances.

A. T. FAGERBURG DISPLAYS ART

The decorative effect attained is in perfect keeping with the unique architectural beauty of the theatre and shows a wonderfully pleasing treatment of beautiful tints, harmonizing in the minutest detail. It certainly reflects much credit upon local skilled artists of the A. T. Fagerburg firm.

The ceiling is of a rich gray treatment with the massive beams done in ivory and soft color effects, while the side walls are in coral tint and tiffany effects. The mosque and plastic relief work is done in soft greens, coral tones and delicate browns, exceedingly tasty color combinations. The panels about the balcony are of French gray with the coral and relief work giving it a splendid setoff.

The interior wood work is of Circassian walnut finish throughout and visitors at Bloomington's New Castle on the opening night will find the decorative work in perfect accord with the high class construction of the building. Credit is justly due Bloomington's artists who so skillfully carried out the pleasing decorative plans.

THE DECORATIONS

The decorations are of an unusual tone, mulberry and gray with white massive tapestry in design. The Indian faces about 15 of which adorn the room and all cornice and mouldings were made right on the job by an Italian workman, who came here from Chicago.

ENTRANCES AND EXITS

Special attention has been given to the entrances and exits. There are twelve exits entering on the rear and east alleys and street and there are gallery exits on the west side as well as the east alley. It is believed that in the event of an emergency the entire house could be emptied in 30 seconds.

FLOOR COVERING

The aisles and floor of the foyer are covered with Fibrous

Mastic in colors. Mr. J. L. Phillips of Chicago has been here from Chicago in charge of the laying of this floor covering. It is laid in a plastic state like linoleum without joints or seams and makes a perfect noiseless and non-absorbent floor. Fibrous Mastic is the same covering that is used on the famous Atlantic City broad walk.

MUCH CREDIT DUE A. T. SIMMONS

Credit should certainly be paid to the local architect A. T. Simmons and his associate, G. Howell Harris. They have spared no pains to design a theatre worthy of a metropolis. Plainness and simplicity prevail. They have kept away from all objectionable ornamentation and over elaborateness. Light airy effects are carried out. The subdued tones and plain lines of the structure give a very restful atmosphere to the theatre. The lighting system also carries this suggestion.

LOBBY AND TICKET OFFICE

The lobby and ticket office have been artistically arranged. There are places to buy tickets from without and within and there is a division in the lobby cutting off the outgoing patrons from the incoming ones during the time between performances. There are also retiring rooms for both men and women.

IN PERSONAL CHARGE

Mr. Lyon, one of the lessees of the theatre will be in personal charge and the attaches who have been with him for a number of years have been retained. In fact, Mr. Lyon has done the handsome thing by these men, having paid them their full salary every week ever since the pictures were discontinued at the Chatterton. His staff includes Bert Dillingham, operator, Edward Dimmit, doorman and Harry Wilson, organist.

THE OPERATING ROOM

The room from which the pictures are projected to the screen is protected in such a way as to make it absolutely fireproof, by the use of doors and shutters over each opening. The machines will be located 105 feet from the screen and the highest type lenses and mechanism has been installed.

MASSIVE CONSTRUCTION

The massive construction of the building was given especial attention by Architect Simmons, who takes a great deal of interest in this kind of work. The reason for this careful planning was because there are four stories over the theatre which will be used for storing 400 automobiles. A scheme has been utilized in this which gives just double the amount of storage room and that is that one-half of the machines will be suspended from the ceilings. The building was built especially massive to carry this extra load.

In the front part of the gallery covered with Circasian walnut, of which the chairs are also made, there is a massive steel beam, no doubt the largest one in the state, outside of Chicago. It is capable of supporting many tons and makes the building perfectly safe.

The men who have done the work in the building have all taken especial pains with their part and already picture house men from other cities are sending here with a view of getting ideas to be used in new buildings which they contemplate erecting. The seating arrangement, is one that no doubt will be copied quite generally.

ELECTRIC SIGNS

There is a very handsome electric sign in front of the building containing the words Castle Theatre together with the announcement of the attraction. This sign will contain 600 lights when filled up. There also will be another electric sign on top of the building 96 feet from the ground which will be used by Mr. Williams.

MOVING PICTURES - EARLY DAYS

Compiled by

Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett

MOVING PICTURES - EARLY DAYS

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PICTURES

The Bishop's Carriage, Such a Little Queen, Daddy Long Legs,
A Good Little Devil - Mary Pickford

The Three Musketeers, The Mark of Zorro, Robin Hood -
Douglas Fairbanks

The Birth of a Nation - Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, Mae
Marsh, Mary Alden, Henry Walther, Robert Herron and
Ralph Lewis

War Brides, A Doll House - Nazimova

Smilin' Thru - Norma Shearer and Frederick March

In Old Heidelberg - Dorothy Gish and Wallace Reid

Way Down East - Lillian Gish

Lillie's Punctured Romance - Marie Dressler

The Vamp - Theda Bara

Back Stage - Irene Dunn

Meet Me in St. Louis - Judy Garland
A Tree Grows in Brooklyn - James Dunn
The Coward - Frank Keenan
The Pinch Hitter - Charlie Ray

Tess - Minnie Madden Fiske
Gone With the Wind - Vivian Leigh and Clark Gable
The Four Horsemen - Rudolph Valentino
Cabina - One of the earliest of the big spectacle pictures
Little Women - Kathryn Hepburn
What Price Glory - Janet Gaynor
Oliver Twist - Jackie Coogan
Orphans of the Storm - Lillian and Dorothy Gish
The Gold Rush - Charlie Chaplin
You Can't Take It With You - Lionel Barrymore
The Man Who Came to Dinner - Marc McDermott
Raffles - John Barrymore

Serial Pictures

Perils of Pauline
Adventures of Kathleen
Million Dollar Mystery

Keystone Comedies

George Ade Comedies

ACTRESSES

Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh,
Anita Stewart, Florence, Turner, Minnie Madden Fiske,
Mrs. Leslie Carter, Clara Kimball Young, Blanche Sweet,
Nazimova, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Marie Dressler,
Mable Normand, Norma Shearer, Theda Bara, Greta Garbo, Zazu
Pitts, Clive Thomas, Bessie Barriscale, Fay Tincher, Madge
Kennedy, Hazel Daly, Mary Alden, Kathryn Hepburn, Maude
Adams, Vivien Leigh, Billie Burke, Janet Gaynor, Judy Gar-
land, Helen Jerome Eddy.

ACTORS

David Warfield, Douglas Fairbanks, Rudolph Valentino, DeWolf
Hopper, James O'Neil, Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore, John
Barrymore, Harrison Ford, Earl Williams, Richard Barthelmess,
Richard Dix, Marc McDermott, Tom Mix, Paul Panzer, William
S. Hart, Courtney Foote, John McCormack, Wallace Ried, Jack
Pickford, Johnny Hines, Carter DeHaven, Bryant Washburn,

Tom Moore, Matt Moore, Owen Moore, Henry Walthall, Harry Lauder,
Frederick March, Howard Hickman, Frank Keenan, Charlie Ray,
Charlie Chaplin.

PICTURES

Birth of a Nation, Intolerance, Smilin' Thru, Show Boat, Gone
With The Wind, John Barleycorn, The Man Who Came To Dinner, The
13th Chair, You Can't Take It With You, Perils of Pauline, Ad-
ventures of Kathleen, Million Dollar Mystery, The Three Muske-
teers, The Four Horsemen, The Gold Rush, Orphans of the Storm,
Old Heidelberg, George Ade Comedies, Mack Sennett Comedies,
Lillie's Punctured Romance, The Doll House, Tess, Cavalcade,
The Covered Wagon, The Crowded Hour, The Coward, The Informer,
Way Down East, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Oliver Twist,
The Big Parade, The Greater Glory, Robin Hood, Daddy Long Legs,
The Bishop's Carriage, Such a Little Queen, The Masquerader.

MY FIRST RIDE IN AN AUTOMOBILE

by

Charles Wesley Hamand

MY FIRST RIDE IN AN AUTOMOBILE
IN AUGUST 1905

By

Charles Wesley Hamand

Automobiles were not common in the year nineteen hundred and five. One of the first cars in the village of Hudson, Illinois was a two cylinder, chain-drive Mitchell owned by the bank cashier, a Mr. Skinner, of which he and the village were very proud.

The writer, at that time was a student in the Illinois Wesleyan University and was serving as pastor of the Methodist Church at Hudson. The time was mid-August, 1905 with hot, dusty conditions which often characterize that time of the year. Township Sunday School conventions were quite popular in those days, when a Sunday would be given to discussions of ways and means of making the Sunday School work attractive and effective. The schools of the township would gather for an all day meeting with a basket dinner at noon. Such a convention was held at

the Dunkard church several miles north of Hudson, when the writer took his first automobile ride. Most of the people came to the Convention in horse-drawn vehicles; but Mr. Skinner came in the Mitchell.

While we were resting under the trees after dinner, the Dunkard minister, a stout elderly man and I sat with Mr. Skinner in his car. One of us remarked that he had never ridden in an automobile and the other said that he had never had that pleasure. Mr. Skinner said, "well, you parsons will not have to say that much longer, for I am going to take you for a ride." We were, of course, delighted. Mr. Skinner got out and cranked up the Mitchell, and we were off down the Hudson road at the thrilling speed of about eighteen miles an hour, the speed limit in those days being twenty miles an hour! We were duly thrilled as we watched the landscape whirl past us!

When we came in sight of Hudson Mr. Skinner thought we should return to the church since one of us was on for the first address of the afternoon session; so when he came to an intersection he started to turn the machine around. When he had made about a half turn, something made a grating noise, and all progress suddenly stopped! The Dunkard minister and I did not know whether or not that was part of the usual proceedings, so we sat still. Mr. Skinner got out to investigate, and as was the usual thing with those early cars, he "got under." He soon came out and after getting some tools, got under again, where we heard various metallic sounds and some grunts and groans. He soon appeared again covered with grease and disgust. "I am sorry, fellows, but you will have to walk

back, for that blamed chain has come off again, and I will have to get a blacksmith to put it on." There were no garages closer than Lexington. So we ministers took off our coats, (ministers did not usually go in shirt-sleeves in those days) and trudged back toward the church, not too well impressed by our first auto ride. We were met by a man in a buggy about a half mile from the church, for the people were anxious to begin the afternoon session and did not put too much trust in automobiles, so they sent for us. Dobbin saved the day!

CHARLES WESLEY HAMAND

Biographical Sketch

Charles Wesley Hamand was born on a farm four and one half miles east of LeRoy in West Township, McLean County, Illinois on July 8, 1878. His parents were James and Bedorah Murphey Hamand. He received his grade-school education in the old Mt. Olive school, and was graduated from the LeRoy High School in 1900, after which he received the degree of B.S. from Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington in 1905. In 1908 Mr. Hamand graduated from Boston University School of Theogogy with the degree of S.T.B.

In 1900 Mr. Hamand was granted a license as a local Preacher in the Methodist Church. He later joined the Illinois Conference and was a preacher in that Conference for over forty-three years, retiring at the session of the Conference which met in Bloomington in June, 1950.

In 1906 Mr. Hamand married Ruth Marden, also a member of the class of 1905, Illinois Wesleyan University, and one of the founders of the Sigma Kappa social Sorority.

They have a daughter, Mrs. Herbert Johnson, B.S. Illinois Wesleyan University; M.A. and Ph.D. University of Illinois, who teaches History and is Assistant Dean of the Arkansas Technological College in Russelville, Arkansas. There are three grandchildren. The present address of Mr. and Mrs. Hamand is 803 East Douglas Street, Bloomington, Illinois.

BANDS AND ORCHESTRAS OF BLOOMINGTON

by

CLARK E. STEWART

BANDS AND ORCHESTRAS OF BLOOMINGTON

BY

Clark E. Stewart

When Bloomington began to emerge from its pioneer stage and to think of something more pleasant than just making a living, Music was among the first things to be called upon; first, perhaps, in the form of singing the old songs around an occasional melodeon, or square piano. After that came the violin or fiddle and a guitar, an accordeon and sometimes even a horn. The songs were mostly played by ear from memory.

After the Civil War, as far as I can learn, a man named Charles Kadel got together a number of players and organized them into Kadel's Brass Band. For years a band was always called a brass band. Silver plated instruments did not come into use until the late eighties.

Among my earliest memories is going to the Old Fair Grounds west of town and hearing Kadel's Band playing in the ring where the stock was judged. Sitting in a little band stand about as big as a summer house they were playing German waltzes and an occasional march. There were twelve musicians all

playing horns, for the clarinets were virtually unknown in those days. The drums had ropes to tighten the heads, with leather lugs to slip up and down. The instruments were what was called the rotary valve type and all came from Europe.

Somewhere in the late seventies a H.P. Seibel, who had come from Germany and was the type of those thoroughly trained musicians, organized Seibel's Band. I believe they even wore modest uniforms. Mr. Seibel also directed the Mannerchor, a male chorus that sang on many occasions. After that came a George Hastings who taught violin and had a band and also an orchestra. About 1884, Don Von Elsner, a brother of the famous Litta, took up the cornet and soon became master of the almost forgotten art of triple tonguing; so much so that he went on several extensive concert tours. Our present cornettists seem to disdain or are unable to execute some of those extremely difficult compositions.

About 1880 the Masonic Fraternity took over the band and organized it into the DeMolay Band, named after one of their traditional heroes, Jock DeMolay. This band became quite famous. First it was under the leadership of Richard Hurst, who was a cornettist of much ability. This band made trips to Washington D.C. under his direction as well as later under the leadership of Don Von Elsner. The waving plumes of the Knight Templars, who furnished the uniforms, made a big sensation even in Washington.

Perhaps the finest cornettist Bloomington ever produced was John Skelton. After leaving Bloomington he was for years solo cornettist in Hooley's theater in Chicago. After that he went to New York. On his arrival there he was assigned to a theater

orchestra. Those leaders had a bad trick of springing the hardest solo that they knew on a new comer, to floor them if possible. It just happened that John had been working on that particular number for some time and while the men watched him, he in figurative language ate it up. After that nothing was too good for John Skelton. He was on the road for some years with great success, but finally came back to Bloomington, his home town, and led a band in the Consistory. To these rehearsals men came as much as forty miles just to play under his leadership.

Mr. Hurst was succeeded by Gus Rudolphson as leader of the De Molay Band. Then came Don Von Elsner who was followed by William Reeves, A. F. Herbert and Vincent Irelly.

Among the interesting characters of those days was Crazy Hat, a colored girl. She seemed sane enough, under ordinary circumstances, but when the band began to play it had the same effect on her that catnip has on a cat. She began to writhe and prance and shout and forced herself in front of the leader and tried her very best to "lead the band."

During many of these years Walter West was secretary of the bands. He later went to Joliet and became director of their City Band. He is still active in music.

About this time Frank McKee began to make a serious study of the cornet and on Von Elsner's death he was made leader of the band. He became so efficient, that he went to New York and became New York's leading band leader. He also toured the country with a lady orchestra, incidentally marrying his leading violinist. He also became famous as a composer and I am told that a dozen of his compositions and Victor records are

still paying a royalty to his estate.

Mr. McKee was followed by Mr. French from Lincoln and he by J. D. Goulding. Mr. Goulding had been a circus director. If he had a hobby it was faulty printing. Nothing delighted him more than to find that the printer had printed a "blue" note. I always said he should have been a proof reader.

A Mr. Vandercock was director for a few years also. Also Ed Humphreys. For several years the band was the official Third Regiment Band and made many trips to the encampment in Springfield. Ora Dillon went from this band to the Spanish American War and took several musicians with him. He also had a band of his own after the war was over.

During the "Gay Nineties" Fred T. Ashton, who had been a boy violinist, organized the Ashton Mandolin Orchestra. He became so successful that after Mr. French left, he was selected as leader of the DeMolay Band. About this time George Goforth also had a band and orchestra of considerable importance.

Fred Ashton directed the band until 1913 with great success, but at that time he moved to Michigan and George Marton, who played clarinet, was selected as leader. In 1911 Clark E. Stewart erected in Miller Park an octagonal band stand. The band had been playing in a little pagoda. The stairs were so narrow that they had to pass the large instruments up on the outside. Later he erected duplicates in LeRoy and Lexington.

Mr. Marton held the longest record for a director - twenty-five years. He was a singer of much ability also. In 1918 almost wholly due to his efforts a band tax was voted by the citizens and the name of the band changed to the Bloomington Band. Countless thousands attended the concerts in Miller Park

on Sunday afternoons and Thursday evenings. In 1948 George Marton was made Director Emeritus of the band and Chester Hamilton was elected as director.

With the arrival of band, the last few decades have seen little musical activity other than amateur music groups who always enjoy considerable success at their annual Christmas Concerts.

In 1954 a musical quartet, the "Four Friends", was formed by the Director's son, Mr. William Miller, and his three brothers, Mr. W.H. Miller, Mr. Charles Miller, and Mr. John Miller, and Mr. Miller's wife, Mrs. Dorothy Miller, all being local musicians. This group has given a great deal of enjoyment to the community and continues to do so.

In the late afternoon, Rev. R. J. Clark informed Mr. Williamson, and several other citizens, that there were some young people in town who wanted to help him clean up the lake.

As a result of this, the church organized the members

CLARK E. STEWART

Biography

Clark Emerson Stewart, who has long been identified with the musical life of this community, was born August 26, 1865, at Burroake Farm, Randolph Grove, a son of Dr. A. E. and Mrs. Emily Stewart.

It was a musical family, and Mr. Stewart learned to play the clarinet, as well as other musical instruments, while still a youth. He attended Valparaiso University, and then went to Chicago where he began his music-business career with the great Lyon and Healy Company, and later with the Hamilton Music store in Pittsburgh.

In the late nineties, Mr. Stewart returned to Bloomington and opened the Stewart Music Store, long a well known music center. He retired from business in 1936.

As a tenor singer, Mr. Stewart has appeared in concerts

and church choirs, having sung with male and mixed quartettes. One of his greatest pleasures has always been composition; he wrote both sacred and popular songs, and his light opera, "The Miller's Daughter," has been frequently presented.

Mr. Stewart has always been a lover of band music, and to encourage others in this field, he has presented bandstands to several of the surrounding towns, as well as the bandstand at Miller Park.

Another of Mr. Stewart's hobbies is travel, and he has collected some notable pieces of art and statuary while traveling in other countries; these include "Love at the Fountain," the marble statue from Italy that is now in the Withers Public library. He has been for many years actively interested in Sunday school work, both as a teacher and superintendent.

Although he makes numerous trips to other places to hear opera and attend concerts, Mr. Stewart's greatest interest lies in the musical life of his home city.

FIFTY YEARS OF HANDWORK

By

CLARA LOUISE KESSLER

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By

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My childhood recollection of my grandmother, Roxy Ann (Childs) Flower, is of a small white-haired old lady sitting in a Boston rocker and knitting lace. She always had a wicker basket on the floor beside her, which was filled with the current pieces she was working on, and always she was making her steel knitting needles fly. She never just sat in her chair and rocked. I remember seeing her the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night read a chapter from her Bible. That Bible always fascinated me for it was filled with clippings, momentos, pressed flowers or leaves, programs, pictures and other keepsakes. The covers were worn and bulged with the treasures they protected. But when she sat down, even for just a minute, if she was not reading she kept her basket handy so she could pick up her knitting and continue the steady click, clike, click of the needles. Slowly the lace edging she was making grew longer and longer and was rolled into a neat roll and pinned with a safety pin.

She had the strangest way of measuring the length of her lace. Holding the end of the lace between her thumb and the

tip of her middle finger, she rolled the back of her finger down over the lace until the lace reached the middle knuckle of her hand. Then she would place the tip of her middle finger at this spot and roll the lace over her hand until it reached the big knuckle again. Eight finger lengths measured one yard. When she measured cloth by the yard, she held one end of the cloth to the tip of her nose, then stretched the cloth to arm's length. The distance between her nose and tips of her fingers would make a yard. This was the usual method of measuring in those days, and I am amused to see my mother using the same method occasionally, particularly the finger-length measurement.

My grandmother had many patterns of knitted edgings and every pillow case, sheet, dresser scarf and all the petticoats in the family were trimmed with this thread made lace. Besides lace, she kept my sister, brother and myself, while we were children, fitted with mittens knitted with wool yarn in colors to match our winter coats. They had a design down the back and tight-ribbed wrists. All through my childhood, the wash-cloths in my home were made by my grandmother. These were favorite gifts that she presented on birthday and Christmas Day to her relatives and friends. They were soft, firmly knitted squares of knitting cotton with an inch-wide border around the edge.

My grandmother pieced many quilts for her children and for herself, but her greatest pride was her knitted bedspreads. Each of her five children received a knitted spread, and three of these were knitted from Coat's sewing thread. My mother owns one of these latter spreads which we now use on very

special occasions as a dining table cover.

I remember my grandmother's hands so well and am sorry they were not repeated in my immediate family. Some years ago, my mother's elder sister spent a summer with us. To my delight I recognized my grandmother's hands again after all these years. My aunt's hands were exactly like them.

When my grandmother died in 1904 at the age of 87, we found that every piece of knitting in her wicker basket was finished. Usually she had several things "going" at the same time. But one by one she completed each piece, folded it tight and pinned it securely. Then, after a short illness, she died.

My mother, Martha Cyrena Flower, inherited beautiful, long-fingered hands from her father, Elbridge Watson Flower. He was born in 1818, a date easy to remember as it was the year Illinois became a state. I remember my grandfather wore a long beard in his old age and had the kindest eyes. On occasion he would sing to me in a quavery voice, "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt." He was a carpenter by trade and his hands were clever with tools. His maternal grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War. His name was Caleb Ward, and I have often wondered if his hands as they grasped his old-fashioned gun were shaped like my mother's and grandfather's hands.

When I was a child my mother made all my clothes. I remember the smocking on a white wool dress and the tiny stitches with which she sewed my summer frocks. I was a thin child and during my grade school days she made many middy blouses with sailor collars, which I wore with pleated skirts to "fill me out." She made dresses for my sister and myself covered with tiny tucks or filled with yards and yards of insertion lace

"whipped" on. My stocking caps for winter were always hand crocheted as were the long black "tights" I wore during heavy snowfalls. She always hemmed towels and sheets by hand. They were never, never stitched on the sewing machine.

When my mother was a girl she painted "in oils" and also pinated china. All her life she has carried her sense of beauty and design into her daily living. Even in a large log cabin or house built by my brother's hands in the 1920's on a north Michigan farm, she made the rooms beautiful as well as comfortable with hooked rugs, lace trimmed table runners and curtains. She has made needlepoint chair covers and foot-stools, point-lace and Battenberg lace. Her hooked rugs are always made from her own designs, and she uses only a common hook, not a mechanical one. Her largest pieces of hand work are two beautiful crocheted bedspreads for my sister and myself. Now at the age of eighty-three, her eyes do not permit fine work, but she is not one to sit with idle hands. Always she has handy some "pick-up work" as she calls it to keep her busy.

When my sister, Frances, was growing up in the early 1900's all young people knew how to embroider. She made "waists" of sheer baptiste covered with "shadow embroidery." She had dozens and dozens of tiny skeins of embroidery silk in many different colors. She embroidered cushions, scarves and many other articles. The cloth to be embroidered was stretched tight between two small wooden hoops. When one section was finished, the hoops were changed to a fresh space. Flowers were realistically shaded by using different colored embroidery thread. My sister also did a lot of bead work, stringing tiny colored

beads in patterns on a long thread-like needle. She made purses, necklaces and other objects with beads.

There were so many "fads" in handwork when my sister was young. I remember she painted bottles of different shapes or covered them with wax. Wax was used in various ways to create vases, beads and other objects. There was one year when everyone had a "craze" for painting weeds, another time when felt was appliqued on objects for decoration.

The first handwork I remember making was to hemstitch handkerchiefs. I did this while still very young. I knitted for the soldiers during the first World War, and in later years crocheted a good deal of heavy fillet edging with natural colored carpet warp for table runners and piano tops. I was the only one in my family who could tat. My mother promised to give me a silver shuttle if I would learn to tat. Today we still have a few towels, pillow cases and sheets trimmed with the tatting I made with my silver shuttle many years ago.

Modern amusements do not encourage creative handwork among young people of today. So many hours are spent listening to the radio, looking at the movies or riding in the family car. Even ten or fifteen years ago, boys were making their own radio or telegraph sets, girls were sewing doll clothes or making their own paper dolls. Now everything is ready made. Hands are losing their cunning. During the next fifty years it might be a good idea to start a "back to hand-craft" movement in Bloomington. There is something very wonderful in "creating" a piece of handwork. Every child should have one or two crafts for his own creative enjoyment.

WHEN NORDICA CAME

by

Clark E. Stewart

(Taken from the book "My Musical Memories"
by

Clark Emerson Stewart)

WHEN NORDICA CAME

By

Clark E. Stewart

(Taken from the book "My Musical Memories"

By
Clark Emerson Stewart)

There blew into town one day, in the early fall, a breezy optimist who announced that he had come to give (?) us a chance to hear some really fine music. These gentlemen nearly always assume that the local people are much in need of their enlightenment. He had a plan to unfold, wherein he would bring to us some wonderful talent in a series of concerts, ending with Lillian Nordica. At that time she was probably the greatest soprano in the world. One of nature's noble ladies, an uncrowned queen.

He called together a number of guileless musical enthusiasts and unfolded his plan so deftly that we were virtually hypnotized. He promised to do all the work and pay all the bills, but he would give us a share of the profits and all he asked in return was the loan of our good names. We had been a little careless, perhaps, in our reading of the Scripture, and had forgotten that "a good name is more to be desired than great riches."

So, after a great many promises on his part, five of us signed on the dotted line, almost feeling as if he had done us a favor to allow us to have our names used. He took the

contract with him and proceeded to start his operations. He kept himself mostly in the background, but waved the name of Mrs. A. B. Funk and the committee before the reading public's eyes. Mrs. Funk was another uncrowned queen, and her name was a name to conjure with at that time.

I drew the trifling office of Secretary. All I had to do was to see that the contract was carried out. According to the gentleman there was nothing to it, so we all sat back and waited for him to demonstrate. Some way there soon appeared a flaw in the plan. Before he had given his first concert there appeared to be a lack of funds to carry out his ambitious program of future concerts. Then came certain people who claimed that they had been promised certain things which they had not received. Certain contracts had not been fulfilled and as all had been promised in the name of the local committee, certain polite requests had been followed by more emphatic ones. Correspondence and long distance calls and many conferences by the devoted committee developed the fact that we were getting into a place where we would either lose much money ourselves, or break faith with the buying public and thereby come in for more censure that we could or would stand, or change our contract with the outside manager.

So, at last, Mr. Pitts, who was an attorney, called the gentleman on long distance before he arrived for his first orchestra concert. It was almost like a drama, as we stood at his elbow as he demanded a revision of the contract and guarantees in more than words. Col. Smith interjected some pretty acrimonious comments and the Secretary called attention to his many failures to make good, and Mrs. Funk pleaded for more effort and less bluff.

So the man at the other end of the wire reluctantly agreed to allow the committee to hold back their part of the funds until he had made good some of his neglected promises. It was even more like a drama when on the night of the concert, while the audience was gathering, that the committee and the manager met and clashed instantly over his actions. He tried to bluff, by claiming that we had not done our part and that we had not represented facts to him quite correctly. Col. Smith retorted pretty crisply, "Mr. B., you have made more misstatements than you have told truths. You misrepresented the matter right at the start, and you have done nothing else since."

Mr. B.'s face got pretty white. "I will not stand it to be called a liar," he cried. "If you people feel that way about it, we might as well quit right now."

I retorted pretty coolly, "That is just the way we do feel about it. You cannot quit too soon to please us."

"Well, then, give me my fee for this concert and we will call the deal off," he replied.

"And leave us to finance Nordica alone, with no funds and two-thirds of the space sold for a season of concerts?" I cried, with great emphasis. "Not much, Mr. B., what do you take us for?"

Mr. B. sprang to his feet, very red in the face, and with his voice fairly quivering, he shouted, "All right. No pay, no concert. I will go right out there and stop the orchestra in the middle of the concert and tell the audience that you have repudiated your contract."

"Go ahead, Mister," cried Col. Smith. "Go ahead, but the committee will be right on your heels with another statement, and we will see who they will believe."

Mr. B. disappeared thru the door, and the committee looked at each other aghast.

"Mr. B.," I shouted after him, "Understand this, if you stop that concert you will not get a cent from us. Not a cent."

"Never mind about that," he replied, "My attorney will see about that."

"Oh, stop him," pleaded Mrs. Funk, literally wringing her hands in great distress. "Stop him. Don't you see that if he stops the concert it will all reflect on us, for he will be gone tomorrow and forgotten, while we will come in for all the blame for selling the tickets and not even giving one concert."

Well, this was painfully evident. We had sold out good names for a mess (literally a mess) of pottage, and had no recourse, so I asked him to come back.

Mrs. Funk had her hands more than full. It was like trying to drive a mad bull and a team of fractious horses, but at last we effected a kind of compromise, mostly to his advantage. But on our part we were rid of our visionary manager and the trifling duty that fell on the devoted secretary's head was to finish our contract with the public ourselves. We, who had had virtually no experience in that most aggravating office of trying to please the public and not to go bankrupt.

We had virtually nothing in the treasury.

The secretary went valiantly to work and we advertised and we boosted and we solicited, but every time that I sold a ticket I wondered if I would ever be able to make my definite promises good, and many was the heart-sinking that I had as I contemplated what would happen to us if we failed.

Good Mrs. Funk stood behind the enterprise with all her

prestige and zeal, and slowly we began to hope that we might get done with the personal loss of only about a thousand dollars or more.

Affairs got so disheartening as time went on, that at one of our innumerable conferences, Colonel Smith offered in all good faith to give us his personal check for three hundred dollars, if we would release him from any further obligation.

"Why, Colonel, I cannot release anyone," cried Mrs. Funk. "We are all in this together and I certainly cannot carry the burden alone."

"All right, Madame," cried the gallant Colonel, "I will stand by you to the last ditch, or the last charge, or the last battle, or the last dollar." Then the Colonel gathered his coat-tails up and spun around the room in a kind of dance of despair.

So we came near the momentous day, when Madame Nordica was to sing and we were to pay her the trifling sum of fifteen hundred dollars before she opened her mouth. The ticket sale was lagging and a spirit of suspicion was apparent in the mind of the public, in spite of our efforts to appear nonchalant and confident.

The concert was to be on Monday and the secretary was just beginning to hope that the end was in sight and nothing worse than meeting the deficit faced us. Saturday morning the Chicago papers had the following item:

St. Louis, Mo.—Madame Nordica, who was to have given a concert here, has become indisposed, and did not sing, and has cancelled all her future dates.

This was like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. We never dreamed of her failing us. Our whole thought had been not to fail her and the public.

"Oh, well," said our uninterested friends, "just give them their money back and quit."

Give them their money back! We could not. It had been used trying to give the previous concerts. Grim desperation faced the devoted band, and the committee began to look with interest at the map to find a place where the hiding was good. It looked like a hiding for the secretary, whether he went or stayed.

I at once got busy trying to get a wire from her agent. Then I tried St. Louis, to find if the report was true, but no reply could I get from anywhere. About two o'clock that day I went to the telegraph office and was returning to the store, utterly cast down, at my wits end.

Judge of my surprise when I stepped into the store to see everybody smiling and almost dancing up and down.

"Guess what has happened," they cried.

"I give up," I replied. "I cannot conceive of anything worse happening than has happened."

"Nordica is here, Nordica is in town!" they shouted in a chorus.

"Nordica," I said in a kind of gasp. "Why, Nordica is sick."

"No she isn't. Not much sick, anyway. She came this morning, and her manager has just gone over to McCain's stable to get a carriage for her to take a ride," they cried.

"And will she give her concert?" I asked, a great hope dawning over me.

"Her manager says that she will," they replied.

"Gone to McCain's," I said, in a sort of daze. "McCain's. Lead me to it," and hatless and breathless I rushed over to the livery stable.

There, sure enough, was a dapper little Italian, supervising the getting out of their finest carriage and getting the top let down.

I rushed up to him. "Are you, sure enough, Madame Nordica's manager?" I asked. "Sure enough," he replied. "And is she not sick, and will she give her concert here?" I cried, in a kind of ecstasy.

"Surest ting you efer heard of," he replied blandly, in broken Italian.

"My dear sir, I want to hug you," I cried.

"Vell, sir, zat is your privilege," he said, smiling.

So, back to the store I went, still in a daze, but I hastened to call Mrs. Funk and tell her the glorious news.

Out in the city cemetery lies our one great singer, Marie Litta--she of the meteoric career and the tragic death. A beautiful monument was erected by the citizens, in her memory. In the course of my duties as secretary, came a polite suggestion from a prominent citizen, that perhaps Madame Nordica might like to visit her great sister's grave, and he tendered his carriage and his personal presence to escort her out there.

I thanked the gentleman and told him that I would so tell

the Madame when she came. Then some friends, who were relatives of Litta, came and said that inasmuch as they were relatives, they thought that it would be fitting that they should take Madame Nordica out to see Litta's grave, so I dutifully thanked them and promised to suggest it to her. Then a prominent musician called and said that he thought it would be very fitting if he should take the Madame out to visit Litta's grave and I also promised to give her his message.

I was standing in the store, still in a kind of glow of relief from the impending calamity, when there drove up in front of the store a vision of loveliness--a royal looking coach with the tops lying flat back, a liveried driver sitting on the box, a sleek looking pair of black horses, champing at their bits, and sitting in the carriage the most regal looking lady that I had ever seen. A French maid held a pink parasol over her head, while her secretary came in the store and asked if I would not come out and meet the Madame. Would I? Would I?

Almost trembling, I approached and she gave me her hand in the most gracious manner, and with it a very pleasant smile and said, "Mr. Stewart, I wish to place some flowers on Litta's grave. I have been to the florists for them, but I am at a loss to know how to get out there. Would you be so kind as to direct me?" I dutifully told her that various other people had tendered their good offices and expressed a desire to escort her to the cemetery.

"Oh," she replied, "I do not want to trouble anyone. If you--" and then she paused and gave me what I conceived to be a suggestive look.

"Perhaps," said I, astonished at my own temerity, "perhaps the simplest way would be for me to go along and show you."

"That will be most kind of you," she replied. "If you will oblige me I shall be most grateful."

So into that regal carriage, beside that royal lady, sat the humble Mr. Stewart, while right down the middle of Main Street we drove, with a crashing of hoofs and a jingling of harness and on out to the cemetery, where she laid, most reverently, her wreath on Litta's grave.

Every merchant in the city who saw us, at once called his wife on the phone and told her that he guessed that the concert would be given, and he had seen Clark Stewart and the great singer driving down Main Street, and hadn't he better go and get tickets at once.

So the great day dawned, clear and beautiful, and orders began to come in by the scores and the deficit began to

shrink and the citizens began to rush in for fear that they would not be able to get seats at all, and the committee even began to smile a little.

When evening came, the house was packed. Many extra chairs had to be brought in, which cost the secretary a very bad half hour, but at last all were seated and a hush of expectancy fell over that great audience. So far as I know, no singer of her calibre had ever sung in our city up to that time.

I am a believer in atmosphere, not hot or cold air, but that indefinable something that hovers over an audience before a concert.

I have seen times when the atmosphere seemed dead, when, without any difference in the temperature a great performer could not arouse any enthusiasm.

That evening the atmosphere was just charged with electricity. Then the great diva swept out, dressed in a regal white dress, with brilliants all sparkling on it, with her lovely bare arms gleaming and her beautiful light hair bearing a tiara of gems.

When the audience caught the infection of that wonderful expression and radiant smile and slight gesture of pleasant greeting, they all but rose to their feet. She had them with her before she sang a note.

When the audience came out of its trance at the end of the concert they gave her such an ovation as is seldom given to potentates, and when she went to get in her carriage to drive away, a great throng surrounded it, and doubtless if some one had started a movement, they would have cut the horses loose and dragged the carriage to the hotel by hand, like a lot of temperamental foreigners, instead of a lot of corn and beef fed farmers, as many of them were.

Last, but not least, when the tickets had been counted and the lady had been paid, as well as everybody else, the committee found itself with a comfortable surplus in the treasury and everybody happy. But the committee drew a long breath of satisfied relief and murmured "Never again, never more, no, never more."

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

by

CLYDE V. NOBLE

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
the home of
"THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE"
By
Clyde V. Noble

On a bright spring morning in 1875, two boys, Fred and Howard Green were on their way to the old Fourth Ward School, when they espied a couple of bill posters sticking bills on the side of a barn. Out of curiosity, the boys stopped and watched. At first they did not know what it was all about, as neither of them had ever seen a circus, but they were soon convinced that sure enough a circus was on its way to Bloomington, Illinois. Then and there undoubtedly was sown the seeds that would eventually make Bloomington one of the greatest, if not the greatest, centers for circus performers in the world.

The old Fourth Ward School stood on Evans street between Taylor and Jackson. The Green boys lived out in the country, or at least in those days the Green Farm was quite a ways out. It was located on the LeRoy road about two miles from the Court House, on what is now located the building built by the Colonial Manufacturing Company, across the road from the Lakeside Country Club.

Probably that morning the Green boys were late for school. At any rate one thing is certain, they had already made up their minds that they would surely attend that circus. On the morning of the arrival in Bloomington those boys were among the first on the lot. Needless to say that Fred and Howard spent the entire day and part of the night there (whether they carried water to the elephants, or even if the show had elephants then, is not known). At any rate they took in the show and were so fascinated with what they had seen that the next day they rigged up horizontal bars, trapeze, slack wire, etc. in their dad's big barn that stood on the farm. They started to practice, trying to imitate the acts and tricks they had seen the performers do at the circus.

It was not long before these boys had become so proficient that they decided they would try to get a job with a circus. The circuses in those days travelled in wagons and trucks from town to town, and were known as Truck Shows, and it was not until some time later that the railroads were used to transport these shows.

The Green Brothers were soon booked with a circus, and gained versatility because in those days, performers had to be able to do three or four different kinds of acts to hold a job. Their best act was called a Roman Ladder Act and it was with this act they gained International fame, under the name of the "Great Russian Athletes". They were booked to appear in the principal cities of Europe and were a sensation.

While in Europe they heard of a new European aerial trapeze act, the Hanlon Brothers, an act using two swinging trapeze bars, called a Passing Act. When the Green Brothers returned to America they decided to do an act similar to the Hanlon Act. Coming back to Bloomington they were again in their father's hay loft. In a short time they started practice on the new act. While in Europe they did not have an opportunity to see the Hanlon Act, but from other performers who had seen the act, they knew about what kind of a rigging to build, and what the act should be.

When Fred and Howard Green had this act ready for the road they changed their name from the Russian Athletes to the LaVan Brothers, and the act took the road under this name, and under this name continued as one of America's great acts for years.

In the meantime as these brothers were making a name for themselves and a success with their act, several other boys from the old Fourth Ward school had been stung by the circus bee and were soon practicing in the Green hay loft. By the time the two Green boys, Fred and Howard, were well established and recognized as successful performers, the

younger boys had learned enough of the gymnastic tricks that they were either already with circuses or ready to go. Among these younger boys were Harry Green a brother of Fred and Howard, Charlie Noble, two other brothers whose real name has been lost but who took the name of the Dunbar Brothers, and several others. These younger boys also became proficient gymnasts and performers but in some cases their parents objected to their going on the road as professionals. Among these was Louis FitzHenry who afterwards became Judge FitzHenry.

Charlie Noble took the name of Charlie LaMar as a professional name and Harry Green used the name of Harry LaVan, the same as his brothers, and soon Harry and Charlie were on the road with a horizontal bar act called the LaMar & LaVan bar act. The Dunbar Brothers also did a similar act.

When Fred and Howard Green had their act ready for the road it was called a "Passing Act". The rigging for the act was a pedestal or starting platform at each end of the rigging, with two swinging trapeze bars in the center, this trapeze was arranged so that as each performer stood on his pedestal on his end of the rigging, he could reach out and grasp the swinging trapeze on his end of the rigging, then each at the same time would swing off his pedestal, do a somersault, a crab or some other trick, let loose of his bar and catch the other bar his brother had just left, thereby passing each other in mid air, and then swing on up to the pedestal on the opposite end from where he had started, thus the name "Passing Act". The LaVan act was an immediate success.

The thoughts of the big money and the short working hours attracted many more boys, among them a boy by the name of Fred Miltemore who lived on north Oak street. After watching the LaVan act in practice he conceived the idea of another kind of aerial act. Instead of using the two long swinging trapeze bars, with the pedestals on opposite ends, his idea was to use a pedestal and a long swinging bar on one end, and on the opposite end only a shorter trapeze bar with a catcher hanging in what is called a deadlock. As the man on the pedestal swings off and does his trick the catcher could catch him by the wrists and then throw or return him back to the trapeze he had left, the leaper returning to his pedestal ready for his next trick.

Miltemore saw in this kind of an act the possibility of the leaper doing more sensational tricks than could be done in a Passing Act, as all the leaper had to think about was his trick and it was up to the catcher to do the rest, while in the other act it was up to the leaper not only to do his trick but he had to catch the other trapeze bar himself.

Miltemore called in Charlie Noble, they discussed the idea and they made a rigging for this sort of an act. About this time Howard Green quit his brother Fred, and his brother Harry took his place in the LaVan Passing Act. Howard Green

had studied Law and took that up when he quit. He was later a Judge in Montana. Fred retired about 1894 and Harry continued on with the LaVan act for many years, playing the leading circuses and vaudeville dates for this country. He also toured Mexico and other foreign countries. Harry enlarged the act when it came under his management and at one time used four people in the act, Harry and his wife Amy, Tom Kitchen and Walter Thomas. The LaVans without question were the greatest Passing Act in the World. Harry continued with the act until well into his sixties. At present Harry operates a booking office in New Orleans.

Miltemore and Charlie Noble set their rigging up in the old Turner Hall, on Madison street, the building now occupied by the Miller Hatcheries. By this time a law had been passed making these acts illegal unless there was some kind of protection under the flyer in case a trick was missed. The Hanlons had used a net in Europe but no one here knew just how a net would work or how to use it. After several experiments the boys decided to go over to Pekin to talk to the fishermen along the Illinois River to see what suggestions they could make for a net to serve their purpose.

A net was made by a fisherman, tied with knots, out of hemp rope, and this net was brought to Bloomington and set up in the gymnasium. After several attempts, the net was properly set under the rigging. When the real practice was started, there was quite an audience present and there was a great deal of kidding about the net. One wisecracker said the boys with the net and rigging looked more like fishermen than they did actors, and started calling them fishermen.

Up to this time Fred and Charlie had not decided on a name for their act but the idea of fishermen struck them and they called themselves the Fisher Brothers. From the nature of the act they called it a Return Act. So the Fisher Brothers had the first Return Act in show business.

As soon as the act was ready for the road it was booked with the Cook and Whitney Circus. This show afterwards became known as the Wallace Bros. Circus. Later the act was booked for the King and Franklin Circus. After the circus season was over the act played during the winter in the Theatres and Variety houses.

While playing a theatre in San Francisco shortly after the act was on the road, (and it had already become a sensation in America and was in great demand) two young men, both experienced performers, Tote Seigrist and Eddie Silbon were in the audience at every performance. By the time the Fisher Brothers left San Francisco, Tote and Eddie decided there would be a market for another Return Act, so in a very short time there was born the Seigrist and Silbon act. This was the first copy of the original.

An act of this kind depends almost entirely on two things, a little nerve and proper timing of a trick, and timing is the big factor. A good gymnast can watch a performer do a trick and if he can catch the timing after a certain amount of practice, he can probably do the same trick. So as the popularity of these first two acts grew it was much easier to get the idea and to perform and present these kind of acts than it was for the originals who had to pioneer them and start from scratch.

When the Ringling Brothers, who started from Baraboo Wisconsin with a small wagon show, decided to make this show a railroad show, the first act engaged by them for their new show was the Fisher Brothers' act. The Fishers continued with this show as partners until Fred Miltimore broke his leg, and had to retire. Charlie Noble then bought Fred's interest in the act and in his place as catcher he engaged a young man by the name of Ed Foreman who was then using the name of Ed LaMar. He enlarged the act to a three people act using a young man by the name of Henry Franz, who did a single trapeze act over the Flying rigging. Charlie Noble in his day was the greatest leaper in show business and was the first man to ever successfully do a double somersault and catch. His name became a by-word in show business.

In 1904 the Fisher Brothers' act was enlarged to a five person act. At that time Clyde Noble, Charlie's brother, and a young man by the name of Freddie Johnson, joined the act and the rigging was changed. A casting act was added and worked above the Flying Act. Until this time the act was called a Return Act, but the press agent with the show, wanting to coin some high sounding adjectives for the show's feature act, called the act the Five Famous Flying Fishers, and from that day all large aerial acts have been called Flying Acts.

The Five Flying Fishers were with the Ringling Show until 1909. Charlie Noble passed away in 1908, and the act became the property of his brother Clyde, as well as the name Flying fishers. In 1909 Clyde Noble changed the act into a three people Flying act for vaudeville and played with this act in this country as well as in Europe. This act used Freddie Johnson and Frank Harold, a Bloomington boy. Later Harry LaMar and Frank Cunliffe joined the act after Johnson was hurt in an accident. This act continued until 1919 and made two trips to Europe for extensive engagements.

About 1905 a Bloomington boy, Eddie Ward, and his sister, Jennie, who had been practicing in their back yard on a double trapeze act, were ready for the road with this act. With the help of the older acts they were able to secure bookings and eventually a contract with the Ringling Brothers Circus. There they worked opposite another Bloomington act, known as the Aerial Smiths. After several years with this show, Eddie and Jennie went to Europe for an engagement, and on their return they decided to put a Flying act together. About this

time a corporation known as the Circus Combine had been formed and it wanted a Flying act. Eddie sold them on an act of this kind. Eddie had married Mayme Kimball and Jennie had married Alex Todd. Alex was a leaper and Eddie did the catching. They broke in Mayme and Jennie for leaping and the act opened for the Circus Combine with the Hagenbeck-Wallace shows.

By this time the Bloomington acts were known all over the World for their cleverness. "Eddie" Ward's act was one of the first acts of this kind put together after the successes of the LaVans and the Fishers. Here might be called the second generation of these acts. Up until this time the Fishers and the LaVans had a monopoly on these acts. Neither had ever "broken in" new talent except as they were needed for their own use. In this way they practically controlled the market for these acts. As the Circus Combine grew they wanted acts of this kind for their other shows and Eddie Ward was engaged by them to produce these acts. His first act had made a great reputation for itself. Mayme Ward was the first woman in the World ever to do the double somersault and catch.

Eddie Ward purchased a small farm on East Emerson street, just outside the city limits, and built a practicing building on this place. He produced and built acts for the Combine. At one time Eddie had between twenty-five and thirty people working for him and produced four different Flying acts, using mostly Bloomington people. All of Eddie's acts were good and they added to the reputation of the other Bloomington acts. Jennie Ward was killed in the Hagenback-Wallace show wreck in Gary, Indiana. Eddie continued with his acts until his death. Then most of the people who had worked for him started new acts of their own. Eddie was responsible for breaking in more circus performers than any one else in Bloomington.

Harry Foreman also got started about the time Eddie Ward did in the show business. Ed LaMar was Harry's uncle. Harry, following in his footsteps, had started to practice early and was hardly more than a boy when he joined Art DaGoma in an act. He toured Australia with him. He also worked for his Uncle Ed when Ed put an act of his own together. He also worked a short time with the Flying Fishers' stage act and then built an act of his own. He has worked with most of the larger shows and is now playing parks, fairs and winter circuses. Harry is one of the best all around flyers in show business and has done more different kinds of doubles than any other performer.

Harry has also "broken in" many people, both men and women, who are still in show business. George Valentine, Mary Stevens and her husband Lowell Shearer are the names of just a few.

The Aerial Smiths were another early Bloomington act. Charlie and Ada Smith did a double trapeze act. Charlie was one of Ringling Bros. funniest clowns. They worked for years with the Ringling show. In winter they toured the country in

vaudeville and also made several trips to Europe with their act. They were considered the finest double trapeze act of their day.

About 1910 another brother and sister broke into the show business, Bert and Agnes McGinty, who used the name of the Flying LaFayettes. They also did a double trapeze act and spent some time with the Ringling show.

The Flying Thrillers was an act managed by Bert Doss and Harold Voise. Both had been members of one of Eddie Ward's acts and were very good leapers. They put an act together after the Ward acts had been disbanded using "Bob" Brooks as a catcher. They worked with the Sells Floto show when it was in the Combine, continuing with this show after it was purchased by the Ringling Brothers. Bert retired and is at present owner of the Circus Roller Rink in Bloomington, Illinois. Harold Voise continued the act after Bert Doss left it. Harold also put together two aerial bar acts and these acts, as well as his Flying act, were with the Cole Brothers Circus for years. Harold used Ilene and Rose Sullivan, two sisters who had been with Eddie Ward, and his brother Jack as a catcher. The act is still working.

"Billy" Ward, who was a pupil of "Eddie" Ward has an act of his own. "Billy" was no relation of "Eddie". His real name was Ward, however. He toured Australia with one of Art Consello's acts and when he returned to America, put an act of his own together using Mickey King with Jimmy Olson as catcher. The act plays fairs, parks, outdoor engagements and indoor circuses.

At one time the Flying Flemings had nine people working in it, when it was with the Sells Floto Show. Herb Fleming who put the act together had been a catcher for "Eddie" Ward and after Ward's death, he put his own act together. The act played circuses and outdoor dates. It was a good act and also a picture act from the number of people in the air at the same time. It used two catchers and two fly bars. Herb Fleming, his wife Rose, Elmo Rankin, Orda Misker, Virginia Ward, Ray Hendryx, Alicia Cornwall, Jessie Fontaine, Rose Sullivan and later Evelyn Fleming, Herb's daughter, were used in it.

Bloomington was not only the home of all these great Flying acts, but was also the home of several other well known circus and vaudeville acts. Gene and Mary Enos made their home here. They did a high perch act and also a Rolling Globe act. Gene first broke in with George Connor's on the Wallace show where he did a revolving ladder act. While with this show he met and married Mary, who had come over from Europe with a sister act, a Rolling Globe act. After their marriage, Gene put an act together, with his wife doing the under standing or holding of the perch and

Gene doing the top mounting or climbing. The act was with the Hagenbeck Wallace Circus for years and later with the Downie Brothers and the Russell Brothers circuses. While with the Downie Show, Gene acted as equestrian director as well as doing his act. Gene and Mary also played vaudeville in the winter seasons. At one time they used four people in their act.

The LaPetite Emily Troupe was a bicycle act put together by Clyde Noble. Clyde had married Emily Vecchi of the Great Kaufmann Troupe of Cyclists. Emily was the principal solo rider with this troupe and was considered one of, if not the greatest, lady trick cyclist in the World. Her home was in London, England, and she came to this country for a short tour with the Ringling Brothers Circus, and while here met her future husband. After her marriage her two sisters, also bicycle riders, joined her and they put together, here in Bloomington, their bicycle act and toured the country in vaudeville for several seasons. Mrs. Noble was known professionally as LaPetite Emilie and had performed before practically all the crowned heads of Europe.

The Billeti Troupe, a high wire act owned by Eddie Billeti made Bloomington their home and this act was composed of Eddie, his wife Helen and three young men, Joe Sherlock, John Yanchar and Herman Weinberg. The act played outdoor engagements and was with the Pollock Indoor Circus for several seasons.

The Flying LeClairs, an aerial Flying act was put together by the Croutcher brothers. These boys had worked with Harry LaVan before starting an act of their own. Clarence did the catching and his brother Irving and his wife did the Flying. The act worked outside attractions and indoor circuses. Clarence joined the Navy during the World War II and was killed in action off the coast of France. After the war the act was never put together again. Walter Graybeal also worked in this act.

The Flying Sullivans, another act put together by former Ward pupils, was put together by Paul Sullivan and was composed of his wife Nellie and himself, Ulrich Burkhalter and his wife Erma. This act was also successful from the start. Paul has retired and is living in Florida.

The Flying Arbaughs was another act for former Ward pupils. "Jim" and Jessie Arbaugh put this act together. Jessie was one of the Hubble sisters whom "Eddie" Ward "broke in". "Jim" was a flyer with Ward and has the reputation of being the first flyer to do a trick called a "Flifus". "Jim" fell into this trying to do a full twister. Jim is still working, Jessie has retired.

Irma Ward was another pupil of "Eddie" Ward and worked

in his flying act. He also "broke" her for a one arm throw over act or an endurance act as it was one time called. This act had been brought to America from Europe by Letisell Leahmy afterwards known as Lillian Leitsel. Irma holds the World's record of the one arm throw overs. Irma was another of the famous Hubble sisters.

Mable Ward, another of the Hubble sisters, was also a flyer. "Eddie" broke her for the one arm throw over act. While with the Sells Floto Show she married Tom Mix the great Cowboy Star in pictures. After his death she appeared in Rodeos and Wild West shows.

Minnie Noble, known professionally as Minnie Fisher, was the wife of Charlie Noble. She was the first woman in the United States to do an Iron Jaw act, or as it is sometimes called, a tooth act, hanging suspended by a rope, with only a leather strap in her mouth, holding by her teeth, while the swivel and other tricks were performed. She first saw the act while touring Mexico, and brought the idea back with her and put the act together. She was featured with the Ringling Brothers Circus for a number of years. She was also an accomplished horsewoman and rider.

Mickey King, a sister of Antonette Consolo, was a pupil of "Eddie" Ward. She worked in his Flying Act as a leaper. She also did, and still does, a clever Ring and Webb Act, doing the one arm throw overs, or endurance act. She has been with most of the larger circuses, as well as featured in vaudeville, and was with Benny Fox during the War II playing the U.S.O. shows in the army camps.

Agness Doss, wife of Bert Doss, was a trapeze and Ring performer. She played with the same circuses as her husband and has the distinction of having done more muscle grinds on a trapeze bar than any other woman in show business. This trick is another endurance trick.

Ether DeArcy, wife of Leo Hamilton, and a sister of Mrs. Doss, does one of the most sensational high acts in show business. She works on top of a 100 foot ladder with a swaying perch pole on top of this. This act is performed without a net and it is an outdoor attraction, also used in the higher indoor buildings. Her husband, Leo Hamilton, is a booking agent for acts.

What might be called the third generation of the Bloomington Flying acts started in the late twenties and early thirties. I mean by this that the LaVans and the Flying Fishers might be considered the first; the Ward acts and their pupils, the second generation; and the newer acts of today the third generation, although all three of these generations are more or less connected. The first pioneered, the second had the advantage of this pioneering and the third had the advantage of the experiences of the other two. The Concellos, the Valentines and the Ward Bell Troupes are the best known of these third generation acts.

Art Concello and his acts will probably go down in history, or at least Art will probably go down in history as one of the Worlds great showmen. He began his career about the time "Eddie" Ward passed away. He worked a short time with Ward and had a little experience before he decided to put an act of his own together. Antoinette, his wife, had been with Ward and a short time with LaVan before she was married. After they married, they practiced in the YMCA and put an act together using the wife and husband as flyers and Clarence Curtis as a catcher. By the time the act was about ready for the road Curtis decided he would stay with the YMCA where he was working, and George Valentine, who had been with Harry LaMar, joined Art as catcher. One of the acts first bookings was with the Sells Floto Show, then owned by the Ringling Brothers, and in a short time the act was sent to the Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus. Art saw the possibility of furnishing all three of the big flying acts that the show used and he sold the Ringlings on the idea. He then put two more acts together and that was his big start. These acts stayed with the Ringling show until after John Ringling passed away. When John Ringling North was elected president of that show he made Art Concello general manager. In the meantime his acts were still working with the show after he was made manager. When the Ringling Show came under the management of Mr. Haley, Art left and bought the Russell Brothers Circus, then the largest Motorized show on the road. After a short time he put this show on rails and it played the far West and Canada most of the time. The show prospered under Art's management.

When the Ringling Show again came under control of John Ringling North, he immediately appointed Art again as general manager. Art sold the Russell Show to Clyde Beatty the Animal Trainer and has all his Flying Acts with the Ringling Barnum & Bailey Show. Art has quit flying but his wife "Tony" works part of the time in the acts. "Tony" was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, lady Flyers ever in the show business, and is the only lady in the world to have ever successfully done a triple somersault and catch.

The following people work in Art's aerial acts: Gracie and Harold Genders, Carl and Dorothy Durbin, Bones Brown, Willy Krause, Jean Slater, Willie Robbins and wife, and Jimmie Crocker. After George Valentine left the Concello act "Eddie" Ward did the catching and caught Tony's triple.

The Valentine Troupes were acts put together by George Valentine and his brothers Fred, Roy and William. George got his first experience with Harry LaMar and afterwards put his brothers in the business.

The George Valentine Troupe was composed of George as catcher and his wife Lorraine and a young lady by the name of

Sue Pelto. This act has the reputation and distinction of being the only Flying act using only lady flyers. These ladies are both finished performers and are considered as two of the best lady flyers in show business. They do the same routine of tricks as the men flyers, including doubles, two and a half somersaults, etc., tricks that at one time were thought to be impossible for women to do. This act plays out door engagements and winter circuses almost entirely. This act was picked a short time ago by the Billboard, the leading theatrical paper, as the greatest out door flying act.

The Roy Valentine Troupe includes Roy who is a leaper, his wife Mary with Jack Bray as catcher. It plays out door and indoor circuses, parks and fairs.

Fred Valentine Troupe includes Fred and his wife, both leapers and a catcher by the name of Abbott. They also play the out door engagements, parks, fairs and indoor circuses. All the Valentine acts are good acts.

William Valentine, a brother of George, has an act. William, his wife and two young men work it. It is a first class act.

The Ward Bell Troupes, Ward and Bell, have two acts. The original, or No. I, act has Harold and "Eddie" Ward, sons of the original "Eddie" Ward, "Eddie's" wife, Gus Bell and his wife, Mildred Keathley and Eddie Kohl. The other act has "Bob" Porter, Walter Long, Jack Harris, Claire LaVine, Mike Kocuick and wife, and "Jeeps" Milar. These two acts are considered two of the best Flying acts in the business. The original act was featured with the Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Circus, a short time ago holding down the center ring position.

The two Ward Bell Troupes are with the Two Pollock Bros. Indoor Circuses, one with each of their shows.

Eldon Day was with Art Concello. After leaving this act he put an act of his own together using his wife and a catcher "Billy". Eldon and his wife, JoAnn, are both flyers or leapers. The act plays out door engagements and indoor circuses, and is another good act.

Without a question the man who wrote the Song, "THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE" must have had his inspiration from some young man from Bloomington. Just who it was I am not sure but I have a couple of them in mind.

There were quite a few different buildings used for practice for these acts. From the start, in the Green barn and the Turner Hall on Madison street, the performers went to an ice house on Robinson street about where Olive

Street runs into it, then to the Lake Erie & Western round house that stood on South Gridley Street, and then to the Coliseum on west Front Street, the building now owned by Pat Harkins where his bowling alley is located. The building "Eddie" Ward built on East Emerson Street was one place, the YMCA gymnasium and the ISNU gymnasium in Normal were others. And at the present time George Valentine owns a practicing building for his act on his farm just outside Normal. The YMCA gymnasium has been used ever since the building was built and is an ideal place for these acts to practice.

At one time it was estimated that between 200 and 300 circus people were wintering in Bloomington. There are still a great many who live and winter here. To remember the names of all these people is a big task. The list of acts mentioned in this article include the better known of these acts. My list isn't complete and a great many have probably been left out. It is not intentional. Probably many good ones are omitted.

People who have made, or are making, Bloomington their home included:

Charles Miller who was with Charlie Waller.

"Ernie" Lane who was with the Flying Fishers and "Eddie" Ward. ("Ernie" was killed doing a triple.)

Fran Bu Boise of the Flying Fishers.

Frank Sheppard a heel drop act of his own in Ringling Show.

"Red" Sleeter, with the Thrillers and Concello.

Mitzi Sleeter with "Eddie" Ward and Concello.

Slats Murphy with Harry LaMar and Concello.

J. R. Fenton with Harry LaMar.

Henry (Hank) Robbins with Harry LaMar, and an act of his own.

Les Thomas, act of his own "The Flying Lesters", a very good act.

Francie Reiner with Harry LaMar.

Arthur Berry, act of his own called a Jackley Drop act.

Wayne Leary with "Eddie" Ward and the Concellos, now in Australia.

Ullaine Malloy known as the Blond Bombshell act of her own.

"Billy" Summers with "Eddie" Ward.

"Joe" Seigrist high ladder act, one of the best in America.

Paul Thorpe with Charlie Waller and then an act of his own called the Sensations.

Doris Girtin with Voise and the Zavette riding act.

The Comets, one of Concello's acts.

Vigus Mendo with the Thorpe act "The Sensations."

Imperial Illingtons, one of Concellos acts.

The Three Aces act first put out by Crutcher.

Irvin Pollack, one of the owners of Pollock Indoor Circus.

FOOTBALL

by

FRED MUHL

FOOTBALL

by

Fred Muhl

In trying to cover fifty years of football the writer selected the first years of organized football from 1887 to 1936. The first recorded references to football appeared about 1879 and covered the old soccer game that boys have been playing ever since they found something to kick.

In 1887 the first football teams were organized on the Wesleyan campus. The coach and manager was a law student by the name of C.C. Craig who lived in Galesburg, Illinois, and had been a student at Columbia University in New York where he got his pre-law and football experience. It seems that many Bloomington and Normal boys attended eastern universities where some of them played the rugby football then in vogue in those schools. Many of these men after their return home did help organize and promote the rugby game in Bloomington and Normal. Some of them actually played in the local teams for the eligibility rules of those early years had not as yet been put into operation. It was not an unusual sight to watch a football game in those days start out with two fully uniformed teams then soon to discover that some of the players had on citizen clothes. The coach usually had the choice of playing or of acting as referee. Many times the man who happened to be refereeing would turn his whistle over to some spectator and removing his coat would enter the game as a substitute.

Wesleyan's first rugby football team of 1887 played a series of three games with the Normal University team which had been organized by a man by the name of Scott Williams who learned his football in the east. Normal won the first game 12 to 4. Wesleyan won the second 18 to 16 which was played in Bloomington. The third game ended in a tie 10 to 10. This was played in Bloomington on April 30. The attendance was 300 and was played on the commons later known as the car barn lots. Rain stopped the game and it was never played over. These

games between Wesleyan and Normal were continued through 1888 and 1889 and were played either on the skating rink Park at the Southeast corner of Main and Beecher streets or on the car barn lots. The following men played on these Wesleyan teams: Welch, Smith, Kenward, Whitaker, McConnell, Kays, Beath, Warner, Hopkins, Haynes, Craig, Hanson, Wilcox, Manley, Hamilton and Martin.

In 1890 the Wesleyan team played two important games, one at Peoria against the high school team which ended in a tie 0 to 0 and the other against the University of Illinois which was played in Bloomington, which Wesleyan won 16 to 0. This was Illinois' first football game. The team was captained and coached by Scott Williams who had transferred to Illinois. Later the same season Illinois won from Wesleyan on their field in Urbana. This was Illinois' first football victory, the game ending 12 to 0. The line up of the Wesleyan team was as follows:

Right End - Scroggin	
Right Tackle	- Adams
Right Guard	- Whitaker
Snapperback	- Ewing
Left Guard	- Wagner
Left Tackle	- Goodwin
Left End	- Huey
Quarterback	- "Jud" Hopkins
Right Half	- Bushnell
Left Half	- Henry Kays (Captain)
Fullback	- Barney
Substitute	- Lawrence Hamilton

During the next few years football continued to be the major fall sport on the Wesleyan campus. Games were played with Normal and the other neighboring colleges with varying success. Sometimes the Wesleyan team was strong enough to play in the annual athletic tournament of the Illinois Intercollegiate Oratorical Association which was held in the different college towns. Victory in this tournament would assure the victor the Illinois State Championship. Wesleyan was awarded the football championship in 1890.

In 1895 Dwight Funk was football captain and he promoted quite a schedule but the team was just ordinary. The next year the faculty clamped down on the ringers so the schedule was abandoned. The 1897 team had a tough time getting a schedule due to the unfavorable publicity the game got because of the injuries and deaths. The only college game played against Eureka was lost 18 to 12.

It happened in 1898 that many football players were enrolled in the Law School. This prompted a revival and C.D. Enochs, an old player on the University of Illinois team, was hired as coach. The team played a five game schedule and won 3, lost 1, and tied 1. The 1899 team was a championship team coached by C.P. Clinton of Stanford University of California, and captained by Amos Johnson. In 1900, the team was coached by Hogg and had

just ordinary success as may also be said of the 1901 team coached by Williamson.

The faculty ruled out football at Wesleyan for 1902 and 1903 and this article appeared in the annual college catalogue -

"For two years in succession no football team has been organized, the students having preferred to use their energies in other directions. The change has been attended by better morals and by better scholarship."

The old game came back in 1904, largely through the house-cleaning efforts of Captain Dick O'Connell and Coach J.C. Riley. The team had a good season; it beat Normal and Bradley. The 1905 team was coached by Dwight Funk and maintained the same policy as set up by the university. The team tied Illinois College and beat Bradley. Dr. Graham and Prof. Ferguson financed the 1906 team and hired Fred Muhl to coach. It was a heroic effort to keep the game agoing. The next year brought Tom Scott of Northwestern University to the campus as athletic director and football coach. Football and the other forms of athletics started to pick up. The football team beat Greer College, Bradley and Illinois College. The 1908 team was not very strong; it tied Illinois College and beat Lincoln College. In 1909, Scott and Muhl had a good team, tied Northwestern University 0 - 0; won four games and lost one to Millikin.

Due to the fact that Rom Scott, having graduated from Wesleyan Law School and having moved to the West coast to practice, Fred Muhl took over the coaching chores at Wesleyan. This 1910 team defeated Northwestern University 3 - 0 by a drop kick by "Ginger" Hiles, and then won the state championship. Fred Muhl continued to coach the athletics at Wesleyan with varying success until 1921, when A.B. Wimberly took over. He also coached the 1922 team which had a fine record. Then in succession, the following coaches appeared - Cartwright of Indiana University, Whitsell and Dr. Elliott of Wesleyan and Harry Bell of Drake University. This covered the fifty years' span. These men turned out a lot of good football teams, but I think that Dr. Elliott's 1932 team was the greatest team that ever represented Wesleyan on the gridiron.

As to the individual players, who have attracted attention and brought renown to themselves and the old college, the writer feels inadequate to select those who should be mentioned. So let it suffice that I say that two United States Senators, one general of the marines, three or more colonels and many who distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences have worn the green of Illinois Wesleyan football.

FOOTBALL AT BLOOMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

by

FRED MUHL

FOOTBALL AT BLOOMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

by

FRED MUHL

Football started in Bloomington High School as an intra-mural sport in 1893. The boys played the game much as they did in their different neighborhoods. It was more of a wrestling match than a game of football as we now know it. This was largely due to the flying wedge and the other mass and revolving playes. The boys wore homemade uniforms and the cleeked shoes were made at the corner shoe repairing shop. They wore shin guards and rubber nose protectors. There were no head gears, the players wore their hair long.

In 1894 the Bloomington High School team had a regularly organized football schedule with some of the surrounding high schools. On November 24, 1894 the Bloomington team beat Peoria 4 to 2. The scores were both made by Bloomington, a touchdown and a safety. The football rules were generally passed on by word of mouth. The rule books were few and far between and many adjustments of the rules were necessary. These were usually worked out before the game started.

The eligibility rules were not too well organized or standarized. Much depended on how well the Principals understood each other. The lineup of the Bloomington team which played Peoria was as follows:

Querry - Patton	Center
Alverson	Left Guard
Frink	Right Guard
Hill	Right Left Tackle
Smith	Right Tackle
Becker	Left End
Lynn	Right End
Taylor	Quarterback
Gregory	Left Half
Hoblizel	Right Half
Larison	Fullback

This team was coached by old college players who came out and worked with boys because the suff was still in their blood. I remember Becker, Taylor and Gregory as outstanding players. The others were plenty strong as team players.

For some reason or other no team was organized in 1895 for outside competition. The boys kept the game by playing neighborhood games. The strong team was the East Ends as they called themselves. The line-up of this east end team was:

Coates	Right End
F. Northrup	Right Tackle
H. Means	Right Guard
Wyckoff	Center
Cole	Left Guard
H. Allen	Left Tackle
Heafer	Left End
J. Means	Quarterback
Jackson	Right Half
Nozzle	Left Half
Jack Allen	Fullback

In 1896 an English teacher by the name of Harley joined the High School faculty. He had played and coached football in the southern part of the state. He organized and coached the high school teams for many years and from the start he made, the game has continued to the present day. His 1898 team ranked with any high school team and easily defeated the neighboring teams, among these East Aurora which claimed every game in the northern part of the state. He left the next fall for a Chicago High School and for several years the coaching duties were carried by different members of the faculty.

The 1899 team claimed the championship of the state after a very successful season. This 1899 team also defeated the College teams on their own fields, Eureka and Lincoln. The success of this team was largely due to the fact that it served as a scrub team for the Wesleyan team and received much coaching and help from C.P. Clinton, the Wesleyan mentor.

From 1900 the coaching duties of the football team was carried by the following: Prof. Steuber, Fred Muhl, Goodier, Yokel, Sutherland, Fred Young, McClure, Alwood, Frank Phillips, Guy Morrison, Schimmel, J.P. Harrison and Howard Saar. These men covered the years up to 1936 and they worked hard and long to hold the prestige established.

Many players have passed through the high school training furnished by these men to become nationally known as college players and any attempt to single out individuals might lead to some unpleasant comparisons, which the writer can avoid by not indulging.

FOOTBALL AT TRINITY HIGH SCHOOL

by

FRED MUHL

FOOTBALL AT TRINITY HIGH SCHOOL

by

FRED MUHL

Trinity High School began football in 1924 under Coach Clem Costigan. Costigan continued to teach the young hopeful until 1926 when Earl Pierce took over the coaching duties for two years. Don Karnes served as coach from 1928 to 1932 and turned out several strong teams. After Karnes, Art Hill worked as an advisory coach and Trinity continued to have successful seasons.

Since that time Trinity has pushed forward and upward in the football relations maintained by the school. Many promising youngsters have come up through this high school training to become famous among the football greats.

By 1936 the athletic program at Trinity was firmly established and it has furnished much enjoyment and pleasure to its constituents.

TWO BASEBALL HEROES

(Clark Griffieth Unveils Plaque
Honoring Charles Radbourne in Bloomington
Cemetery.)

The cemetery trees were garbed in green,
May's spring sunshine its benediction gave,
To blend with solemn and impressive scene,
So meaningful, at Charley Radbourne's grave;
White haired Griffith gently drew flag away
From plaque, with achievements inscribed thereon,
Of premier athlete of another day,
A baseball immortal four decades gone.

The magnate, home again with prestige crowned,
To comrade of his youth a tribute paid;
With kindred, friends of both gathered around,
And lovers of the national game they played;
One has entered Cooperstown's Hall of Fame,
Where niche is reserved for the other's name.

James Hart

BASEBALL HISTORY

by

FRED YOUNG

BASEBALL HISTORY

by

Fred Young

Bloomington with two men in Baseball's Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York in Charles (Old Hoss) Radbourne, who was a star of the first rank with Providence, Rhode Island, Boston and Cincinnati in the National league from 1881 to 1891, and Clark C. Griffith, president of the Washington American league club, has long been one of the real baseball hotbeds of the United States. Griffith has been associated with major league baseball for more than fifty years as a pitcher, manager and executive and served as a player with Chicago and Cincinnati in the National league and the Chicago, New York and Washington American league clubs. He compiled more than 200 victories as a pitcher. Radbourne pitched the last 27 games of the season for Providence in 1884, winning 26 and won three straight in the world series.

There have been many other big names in baseball come out of this community, including Jack Powell of the Cleveland and St. Louis Clubs, who was a famed pitcher in his day, and Cliff Carroll was a bright star with Cincinnati.

Prior to Bloomington's entry in organized ball in the old Interstate League and then the Three-eye League, many exhibition games were played here at the old Wilder field, now the site of Illinois Wesleyan's concrete stadium. The Chicago Nationals, now known as the Cubs came here to meet the old Bloomington Pastimes, a great power in Illinois baseball when Frank Will was managing this club. Clark Griffith was the Chicago twirler that day. The contest drew an overflow crowd. The Cubs, then under the management of the famed Adrian Anson, won handily 10 - 0. The old time Kenney Mutes, who produced Ivan and Del Howard, later stars in the majors met the Pastimes at the old East Side Fairgrounds about 1890, and with Frank Will on the mound defeated this famous club 6 - 5 in a thrilling 11 inning battle. Pacer Smith, who later murdered his wife and was the victim of a public hanging in Decatur, managed Kenney's Mutes at that time and brought a picked club of southern Illinois players here to meet the Patimes, but with John and Will Connors, later to become manager of the Three-eye club here, in the points, the Pa~~s~~times took the measure of this club at the old Brewery ball park, where Highland Park now stands.

These were only a few of the early baseball parks here. There was ball yard on West Monroe street at one time, another grounds known as the West Side park, a park known as the Forty Acres grounds, historic west side settlement; the Water Works grounds, the Market street park, Lannigan's pasture, the East side park, the old Blue Seals park and then

the famous Three-eye park which for 40 years served Bloomington as a baseball base when this city was represented in the old Triple-Orb. Here three pennants were won, the first by William Connors in the 1903, the second by Joe Dunn in 1920.

There were twenty good amateur and sandlot clubs here in that period made famous by Will, whose architect's office on North Main street was a clearinghouse for members and players throughout an area of 100 or more square miles. Will repeatedly declined fancy offers to make baseball his life work, preferring the quiet of his architect's office to the daily duty on the diamond, but he frequently helped Connors out when short a player, and he pitched the first game this city ever played in the Three-eye league, and also won the first ever won by this city in league ball three days later.

Many players of modern times have reached the majors for the Three-eye league was a fertile proving ground 20 years ago for the big leagues. Of late years, Bill Conroy, a west side product who caught for Trinity and Wesleyan went to the majors first with Philadelphia in the American league and then for three years caught for Joe Cronin at Boston. Al Sherer, a Normal High and Wesleyan product spent 15 years in baseball and was the property of the St. Louis Cardinals and Brooklyn Dodgers for most of this period.

Wesleyan University was the pioneer in the colleges making southern training trips and this year will make its 19th annual jaunt into Dixie during the Easter recess. This year almost

every college and university in the state of any size will follow the Titans' lead, in visiting Florida or some of the other southern states to train. The Titans also were honored by being named to participate in the 100th anniversary of baseball held at Cooperstown, New York in 1939. The Titans lost to Cornell University, the eastern intercollegiate champions 5 - 4 in 11 innings and then defeated University of Virginia 9 - 8 in 13 innings to finish in a three-way tie for the National Collegiate title. Wesleyan's nine has won the C.C.I. title the past two years to add to its long standing tradition of producing baseball champions as well as distinguished physicians, lawyers and national figures.

The Louis E. Davis post, American Legion, has been a leader in helping make the game popular here despite the loss of a Three-eye representative, and next August will stage the National Sectional Legion tournament - an honor that comes to few cities this size.

The Municipal Baseball League, now in its 11th year of existence, has helped fill the gap caused by the loss of Organized Ball. All in all, Bloomington can point with pride to its baseball record.

BASKETBALL

by

FRED YOUNG

BASKETBALL

by

Fred Young

Bloomington can justly claim to be the "Father of Basketball" in this commonwealth despite the fact that champions have been few and far between here in recent years. The game was first played in the old YMCA on North Main street and at the old Coliseum, now occupied by Pat Harkins' Bowling Palace, but it was in the present YMCA gymnasium on East Washington street, that it gained its real start to fame, for thirty-five years ago there wasn't a dull moment in that gymnasium from early morning until midnight. Here the old McLean County tournament was founded by Lloyd E. Eyer, then the "Y" physical director and now assistant business manager of I.S.N.U. There was nothing unusual in this gymnasium staging as many as four major tournaments each year, often the country, district high school, state high school and state college finals appearing in that order.

Back in those early days in 1900, the game of basketball was often played with any number of players on a side; the players even had mustaches and in some schools, the dean of women required that the boys wear long pants and shirts that

covered their bulging muscles. The coaches usually officiated at the game or each worked one side of the court, and it would indeed be a far different picture than today's game - what with the Navy crew haircuts and elaborate uniforms. Basketball like everything else has progressed and has probably made the greatest strides of any game. I can recall on one of my first trips to Harvard that there were only a few spectators. Now, Minnesota seats more than 18,000 persons in its new fieldhouse and every high school and college in the country of any standing is clamoring for a fieldhouse and gymnasium to satisfy the thousands who want to get in to see the sport when a good attraction is offered. Even the baskets are changed from the old peach basket days, originally used by Dr. Naismith, and the official goal today little resembles that used in those early days, for basketball like everything else in the United States has progressed.

Games were played in those early days in little enclosures with brick walls close to the sideline and definitely not padded. There barely was room for a player to stand when given the ball out of bounds. At the end of the court there were often two swinging doors. Many an oldtimer recalls being bumped out into the snow (and it was three feet deep in those days) when he drove under the basket and into the doors. You see, basketball players were not willowy beanpoles with knobby knees and shoulders stooped from passing in and out of doorways. They were built like Notre Dame guards, or Tulane fullbacks. Basketball players had muscles and their ribs did not show. They had three sets of rules, then as now, and the first intercollegiate rules game ever played here was marked by the wildest

excitement, for the player first touching a ball in the seats or bleachers was permitted to throw it into the court. It was so rough that General Secretary Jim Scofield of the YMCA wanted to bar the sport.

Teams often played in national tournaments in those early days with only a couple of substitutes. There was no platoon system then. If you could find five good boys you were indeed fortunate. Now they screen 150 men on the average college squad in the fall. Four fouls meant the end, and when a man went out of the lineup, then he was out for keeps. Oh, an official would call a personal foul if a player drew a knife on another, but if an elbow accidentally caught an opponent in the jowls in scuffling for a ball, the officials were generous.

Bloomington High School won its first state high school tournament in the old YMCA gymnasium in 1910. This team consisted of Harold Hufford, now a resident of New Jersey, and Byron Darst of Stanford as forwards; Fred Wollrab, a Bloomington attorney at center with Adlai H. Rust, vice-president of the State Farm Insurance Companies, and Walter Sutherland of Chicago, for many years night editor of the Chicago American, as guards. A title team has to have some excellent replacements and the 1910 team had just that in the late Lewis Kessler, Kenneth Miller, Ben Stubblefield and Lawrence Twomey. The Purple Raiders repeated again in 1916 when a quintet consisting of Layard Mace and the late Verne Greiner as forwards; Dr. Theodore Bean of Cleveland as center and George R. Morrison, executive vice-president of the Peoples bank and Harry McMurray of Jacksonville, Florida, as guards. The 1916 team carried ten men and there was some

excellent talent among the reserves including Ray Garrigus of Bloomington; Norton Richardson, now a resident of Los Angeles, California; Dr. Russell Strange, who presides over his own eye, ear, nose and throat clinic at Mt. Pleasant, Michigan; Delmar Gottschalk of Bloomington, and the late Mevise Jennings of Ellsworth. Not since 1916 has Bloomington High School been able to repeat in this great marathon which now consumes a month of play and is now decided each March at George Huff gymnasium, University of Illinois.

Thomas O'Neil of Chicago coached the 1910 team and L. W. McClure of Blue Island handled the 1916 team, although it is no secret among those who follow the sport religiously that it was the fine hand of Dr. J. Norman Elliott, Bloomington physician, who was the real genius behind the 1916 title winners.

Elliott, who attained fame at Illinois Wesleyan University and later as a coach at Northwestern and his alma mater, still stands as the greatest athlete that this city ever produced and was a 16 letter winner at Wesleyan, where he is still acknowledged to be the greatest all around athlete in the 100 years' history of this old college. He was a great end in football, a truly marvelous basketball player who won all state recognition four years, a great pitcher, good enough to have made good in the majors had he so elected, and a fine sprinter on the cinder track.

His two sons, Chalmers (Bump) and Pete Elliott also reached the heights as students at Michigan and generally are ranked next to their father as this city's greatest. Both were All

American selections in football. Both are now coaching at Oregon State college, Corvallis, Oregon. There have been many other great athletes including the inimitable Johnny Zinser, who starred at Wesleyan after World War I; Kenneth Chittum, Bob Morrow and others, but none ever attained the heights of the Elliott family.

One of Wesleyan's brightest periods on the hardwood was in 1925 - 32 when Walter H. Roettger, present baseball coach at University of Illinois handled the hardwood sport at the north side college. His teams in nine years finished first five times, second and third the other four years. No other coach can come close to this record.

BLOOMINGTON CENTENNIAL
September 15-23, 1950

Schedule of Events

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17 - "PIONEER DAY" - Observance in Bloomington Courthouse. Local public appearance of 1875 citizens, Union Centennial, "Old Guard," and other local groups. Special march, followed by singing. Color show. Free and open, from 10:00 to 19:00. Dancing from 19:00 to 22:00.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18 - "ARMED FORCES DAY" - Observance in City Auditorium subject of the Americanism by Union Army Soldiers' Story, piano music by Fowleman, Rev. Dr. Harold R. Martin, and Rev. Walter E. Klemmlein, ex-soldier Memorial March, & some special patriotic entertainment. Admission free.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19 - "PROGRESS DAY" - "YOUTH CELEBRATION" at Illinois Auditorium, hotel Illinois. "We Are Americans." Young men the boys" Public speaking competition. Singing. 10:00 p.m. Gaggenau Parade, Cheapside, south Illinois Avenue, about 1000.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20 - "PIONEER DAY" - Early settlers of 1850, members PTA and young Harbor Girls. "Home-made Craftsmanship, Illinois Centennial, Franklin County 100th Anniversary, 1850 floral "Young Americans Parade" through downtown streets.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21 - "ARMED FORCES DAY" - Observance at Illinois Auditorium, 10:00 a.m. Parade of bands, to review before 10:00 a.m. General display "Parade". Inspection of various delegations of foreign navy, army - featuring military bands and other military units.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14 - "HISTORICAL DAY" - 6:30 p.m. Parade in honor of Harry Johnson, State Historian. Public invited; reservations only. 4:30 p.m. Street Appearances. Parade down downtown streets.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15 - "HISTORICAL DAY," 6:30 p.m. Parade in honor of local research, Miller Park. The Misses Columbia Steamer will entertain the girls. 4:30 p.m. Street Appearances. Parade down downtown streets. 6:30 p.m. Harry Johnson, who will address the public at Miller Park.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16 - "DEMOCRATIC DAY," 10 a.m. 5:30 p.m. at Miller Park - barbecue for all. 11 a.m. at Johnson's Garage, 10 a.m. and noon. 5:30 p.m. Mr. Tom Tamm, Mayor of Bloomington, Senator John L. Lewis, Democratic candidate for United States Senator, who will address the public at Miller Park. 6:30 p.m. Governor Adlai E. Stevenson at Wesleyan Memorial Auditorium.

ALL WEEK, SEPTEMBER 15-23, 1950, IN SHREWD
BLOOMINGTON CENTENNIAL
Miller Park, September 15-23, 1950 DOWNTOWN

Schedule of Events

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1950, Hotel Illinois, 8 and 10:15 p.m.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15 - THE QUEEN'S BALL, at Bloomington Consistory. First public appearance of her Majesty, "Miss Centennial," "Miss Columbia," and the Royal Court. Grand March followed by special floor show. Wear any costume, from 1850 to 1950. Dancing from 8:30 to 12.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17 - "AMERICANISM DAY" - Addresses on the important subject of true Americanism by Father Aloys Schweitzer, Rabbi Louis A. Josephson, Rev. Dr. Harold R. Martin, and Rev. Walter E. Hohenstein, at Wesleyan Memorial Field, 8 p.m. Special patriotic choral music. Admission free.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18 - "PROGRESS DAY" - "Harz Mountain Troubadours" at Kiwanis Luncheon, Hotel Illinois. C. C. Burford: "Those Were the Days." Public invited; reservations only. 5:15 p.m. Gigantic parade, floats, bands, through downtown streets.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19 - "HOMECOMING DAY" - Harry Miller's Band. James Weaver: "The Duff Armstrong Murder Trial." Young Men's Club Luncheon, Hotel Illinois. Public invited; reservations only. 4:30 p.m.: "Young Pioneers Parade" through downtown streets.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20 - "VETERANS' DAY" - Luncheon at McBarnes Building, 3:30 P.M. Patriotic parade, in review before Brig. General Gerald Thomas. Auspices of American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Amvets - featuring military bands and other military units.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21 - "AGRICULTURAL DAY" - Farm Bureau in charge at Rotary Luncheon, Hotel Illinois. Public invited; reservations only. 4:30 p.m.: Great Agricultural Parade thru downtown streets.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22 - "REPUBLICAN DAY," 3:30 p.m.: Bloomington Band Concert, Miller Park. The Hon. Earle Benjamin Searcy will introduce the Hon. Everett Dirksen, Republican candidate for United States Senate, who will address the public at 5:00 p.m. at Miller Park.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23 - "DEMOCRATIC DAY." 12 noon to 2:00 p.m. at Miller Park - barbecue for all in attendance. 2:00-2:50 p.m.: Band concert. 3:00 p.m. The Hon. Ivan Elliott will introduce Senator Scott Lucas, Democratic candidate for United States Senate, who will address the public at Miller Park. 8:15 p.m.: Governor Adlai E. Stevenson at Wesleyan Memorial Stadium.

ALL WEEK, MONDAY THRU SATURDAY, SEPT. 18 thru 23:

*Wilson Brothers Carnival Shows. Downtown.

*Ullaine Malloy and Her Famous High Aerial Act, Courthouse Square. Daily: 4 and 10:45 p.m.

*Nightly Performances of the Mammoth Spectacle, "Bloomington on Parade," with a cast of 750 people. Wesleyan Memorial Stadium. 8:30 p.m. Followed by Fireworks Display.

*Daily Registration of Old Settlers on Courthouse Lawn.

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HOME TOWN PERSONALITIES - PAST

GRACE JEWETT AUSTIN

by

ELIZABETH AUSTIN MILLER

GRACE JEWETT AUSTIN was New Hampshire born and bred, but a Bloomingtonian during most of her maturity. When she left Illinois for Texas in 1946, she looked back over the years and thought of them in terms of a mathematical chart, reaching from the upper right hand corner and extending in zig-zags as she moved from one section of the country to another.

Here is how she pin-pointed out her "Graph" —

- Point 1 Nineteen years in New Hampshire
- Point 2 Two years in Washington D.C. (married there)
- Point 3 Six years in Massachusetts (two older children born)
- Point 4 Two more years in Washington D.C.
- Point 5 Twenty years a faculty wife at Illinois Wesleyan
- Point 6 Twenty-four years a newspaper woman in Bloomington
- Point 7 On to Texas

Mrs. Austin's pen was always busy; even as a small child she was forever writing verses and creating little newspapers, somewhat in the manner of "Jo" in Little Women, and certainly prophetic of her later career. The Texas years were a time for "filling out her graph," as she called it: setting down in detail the highlights of her life for which the "pin-points" served as guides. These reminiscences were completed only through a tiny portion of the Illinois years, but what there is gives a picture of Bloomington as it appeared at the start of the century to a young woman whose only glimpse of the state up to that time had been a wedding trip to the Columbian Exposition of 1893.

For the purpose of this volume, her story may be said to begin in the summer of 1901. She was still in her twenties, her little girls four and five years old. Her husband, Francis Marion Austin, had just completed two years' study toward his doctorate at Johns Hopkins University, commuting each day to Baltimore, so that the family might live with her widowed mother in the nation's capital.

From Mrs. Austin's account:

----- We were vacationing at Harper's Ferry when Mr. Austin received the eventful telegram which announced his election to the chair of Latin in Illinois Wesleyan University, at Bloomington, Illinois. He had recently been appointed to a Fellowship in Johns Hopkins, which was not only a distinct honor, but also would have made the next year's financial plans easier. But the fine Middle West seemed to call him, his trusted brother Cyrus counseled, "Go and make it a life-work!" — so he sent a telegram of acceptance. In spite of various ups and downs, I think he was never sorry, and the work did prove to be his life-achievement.

People talk of the "Gay Nineties", but looking back to the Washington of 1901 and 1902, and comparing it with the hectic anxious, rushing city of the 1940's, it seems that some adjective like "placid" or "restful" should be used. But it was far from a placid night when full grown men ran up Massachusetts Avenue, a block from our home, shouting,

"Extra Star! Extra Post! Bad News!"

Little boys always carried day-time extras, but men were needed for this work at 2 A.M. We soon learned that the beloved and gentle President McKinley was dead, shot by an assassin's hand at the Buffalo Exposition in New York State. The word of the shooting had come nine days earlier, but it was this shouted news of the death that made the deepest impression.

I wonder now why I took my little children into the Rotunda of the Capitol to see the sombre catafalque, on which other dead presidents had lain. But I did. I think — indeed I hope — I left them at home for the solemn funeral procession — with every dignitary in it that the country could assemble — most notable, and most lonesome as he rode, the new president, Theodore Roosevelt.

It was my first view of him.

I remembered, that night, how as a little nine year old child, on September 19, 1881, I wrote on the margin of my geography lesson, "President Garfield died today!"—and then followed down to the bottom of the page with a column of little round circles, marked "tears".

Garfield was the only president, I believe, that I ever campaigned for! Our neighborhood of children in Laconia was rampant for politics. I saved copies of a little Republican paper that came to the house and from them must have acquired my "thunder" At any rate, of all the children I was the only one willing to "speechify". I can remember their coming for me with a child's wagon, to ride to a neighbor's house and give a speech, and how very elegant I thought it was that they had a pitcher and glass set for me, if I wished to drink. I think most of my speech was made of contrasts between Garfield and the Democratic candidate, Hancock. I can remember only one:

"Garfield was the son of a poor widow — Hancock was a rich man's son."

When I reached Illinois people sometimes asked me if I ever saw Lincoln in Washington. It irritated me so much that I used to say I thought I'd have it embroidered on my shoulder that my parents were married in 1868, three years after Lincoln was assassinated. But it is enough to have remembered the sad violent deaths of two presidents!

Those months of interim in Washington in 1901 and 1902 seem to me in retrospect the simplest of all my years. Mr. Austin sent cheerful letters from Illinois. He liked the city and the college. He had a pleasant room next door to the home of Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, and his boarding place gave him such fine food that "Mrs. Morrison's meals" furnished a standard to him

for many years.

My little girls delighted to stay with their Grandms. My only brother Henry was at this time an intern in Garfield Hospital, so we were an easy, feminine household and I was left free to browse in libraries and art galleries, or to attend pleasant social doings and the semi-public functions that pertain to a capital. In late February I attended a session of the "Congress of Mothers," seeing Mrs. T.W. Birney, who founded this organization six years before, at Chautauqua, N.Y. and might, I suppose, be considered the godmother of the hundreds of Parent-Teacher Associations. A friendly little talk was made by Susan B. Anthony, of lasting fame for her work in behalf of Woman's Suffrage.

My parents, who were so active in the Methodist Church in Laconia, N.H., after reaching Washington decided to join the big Metropolitan Church, there. It was not the nearest edifice to us but it had the glamour of having been on several occasions "the President's church," most recently McKinley's. The pastor was Dr. Frank M. Bristol, an Illinois man, born in Kankakee. He was exceedingly eloquent and was later to be a Methodist Bishop. When I told him I was going to Bloomington to live, he took my hands and said impressively,

"You are going to one of the most beautiful little cities in all the Middle West." After forty-five years of living there, I feel he spoke exact truth, without exaggeration.

Several delightful farewell dinners were given for me. I still have the pretty place card from one of them— rather more formally phrased than is the custom nowadays:

"Presents parting compliments to Madame Austin— the best of happiness, honor and fortune keep with you."

So many people tried to make my long journey, with my two little children, easy and comfortable. We travelled on the beautiful Pennsylvania Limited, which gave us a fine daylight view of Horseshoe Curve. I had been furnished with an open letter from the Travel Passenger Agent of the Southeastern District, Mr. George E. Armstrong: "To Railroad and Pullman Conductors en route Washington to Chicago, Gentlemen: The bearer, Mrs. Austin, is travelling without escort, Washington to Bloomington, Ill., with two small children. I will consider any attentions given her as a personal favor to me."

I can testify no princess could have been more beautifully looked after, all the way, and by mid-afternoon of Thursday, March 14, my feet were planted on the soil of the city that was to be my home for the next forty-four years.

By the way, it occurs to me that I was not as superstitious in 1902 as I am today. I really think I wouldn't start a big, important journey now on the thirteenth of the month!

Well, here I was, on Prairie Street, in 1902. When I was a child there was absolutely no word so romantic to me as "prairie"! So imagine the delight I had felt back in Washington when I learned that Mr. Austin had found us a home on Prairie Street! We were not to have it long, however, for about a year later the house was sold over our heads and we were forced to move. The same housing shortage with which the late forties is familiar must have been on in Bloomington in 1903. Anyhow, we simply couldn't find a home reasonably close to the college, so I took the classic remedy: picked up the children and "went home to Mother" for an extended visit.

During that first year the children had had measles and mumps, and it seems to me some other diseases of childhood. Frank

had suffered rheumatism and I had had grippe, so much so that my diary records "I have been kept at home all the winter, either nursing or being ill myself.". I am afraid I did not look back on that first year of Illinois with any degree of longing, in spite of many kindnesses from faculty members.

For one thing, I was cooking for the first time with soft coal — I, who had well learned the moods of anthracite. For another thing, the water of Bloomington in those days was atrociously hard -- teakettles would soon fill past using with lime deposit. I can remember writing my mother that between the hard water and the soft coal I didn't know what would become of me! Prairie Street was not then paved, and the mud was beyond anything I ever imagined. There was little help to be had, perhaps at long intervals a cleaning woman who would come by the day.

Then, just the last few weeks before we gave up the house, I had a little respite of Paradise! A young Japanese student, Sukesige Yanagiwara, was just completing his work for his degree. I do not remember the circumstances but he came to Mr. Austin, saying that he had no place to stay and was out of funds. He declared himself willing to do any sort of work around the house, and Frank, remembering my weary condition, with the packing and journey ahead, gave him welcome.

We all enjoyed his presence-- perhaps I who worked with him constantly, most of all. He was the "Son of the Samurai" and told me many details of the long and short swords which marked their honors. Each day he would teach me one lovely word in Japanese. I have now the little notebook where I wrote "Ohio" for good-morning, "Saganara" for goodbye, and so on.

He was always cheerful, which quality alone did me a world of good. And he amused me so! I remember one day promising

him a clean dish-cloth. But I forgot it and was working upstairs when I heard him coming up. I stepped into the upper hall, where he greeted me Japanese fashion with a very low bow, and with such a gay twinkle in his eyes, said, "Honorable dishcloth?"

For a long time afterwards we kept track of one another by occasional letters. He married a Japanese girl in New York City, where he had a good position with a Life Insurance Company. But finally the call of home grew too strong and he returned to his native Nagasaki. He often sent me samples of his literary work and translations that he had made.

Mrs. Austin's self-styled "faculty wife" period had two outstanding features. The first was her literary contribution, — a constant flow of published writings which appeared in religious and secular magazines, coupled with ceaseless study and research in the fields of literature and philosophy,—and the effect this scholarship had on her community, both "town and gown." The second was her devoted work with young people. (After that last Washington interim there never again was a time when houses were not available. She often recalled, in fact, a seven year "stretch" when she did not set foot outside McLean County, so closely tied was she to her duties as a wife and mother.)

The whole family entered promptly into active church life, having affiliated with "Grace M.E." as it was affectionately called. And among the boys and girls who were in Mrs. Austin's "Junior League," organized for children not yet old enough for the young people's group, are several of 1950's stalwart Bloomington citizens. They are eloquent about what her leadership meant to them, so long ago.

During those twenty years she always taught a class in some department of the Sunday School. Fred Hitch was the superintendent and often they combined their talents, his the artistic and hers the literary, to put on memorable plays and pageants.

She was one of the first Camp Fire Guardians in central Illinois. Of course there was no local office to give her professional guidance, but the Winnipesaukee Group and its leader were fully accredited with national headquarters. What made the situation unique was the fact that the members were drawn in the beginning from her Sunday School class of high school girls. In a time when it was not so common place for Boy Scouts etc. to be sponsored by churches as it is today, she combined the group's Camp Fire activities with those of her denomination's Home Missionary organization for teen-agers, a "Queen Esther Circle." Christian

principles were always uppermost, and like the youth groups formed in similar manner today, soon became non-denominational, as girls from other churches wanted to become Camp Fire Girls. It was during this time that America entered World War I, and the group centered its patriotic effort on Red Cross work.

Mrs. AUSTIN's life was completely altered at the end of those first twenty years in Illinois, a fact brought about, as has happened to many another, by widowhood. She still had one child, her "Illinois baby", to educate, and to do so found that she must emerge from the four walls of her home and enter the world of business. She was fifty years old that summer of 1922 and had never in her life before held any kind of job! But for a year she had had close contact with Bloomington's evening paper, The Daily Bulletin, through having one of her poems printed therein every day. The city editor had asked her, before her husband's death, if she would not care to try part-time work, and she had been forced through household duties to decline. But now this seemed the logical answer to her problem, and the next two dozen years were ample proof that it was a happy solution!

The two worlds certainly overlapped — it was only that no longer was there time or physical strength for the youth work of the "faculty wife"— but after all she had carried that load unceasingly ever since she was a bride! And as for the poems and short stories she had loved to write— rare is the journalist who can work into his crowded day that independent writing which he usually dreams of doing. For several years she was expected to be at her desk by seven o'clock in the morning (she used to say only women who had been scrubbing office buildings were abroad at that hour!) and far into the night there were social or civic occasions to be reported. And if it was a concert she never would retire until the review was written to her satisfaction.

There was a three-generation, feminine household again, much the same arrangement as for those months in Washington, years ago. For Mrs. Austin's mother, Etta Merrill Jewett, came to Bloomington and called it "home" for her remaining years. (And she was an indomitable lady! Her three great loves, self-proclaimed, were religion (Methodist), politics (Republican), and household management (particularly the furnace) which she begged to take care of, all by herself!) Many a Bloomingtonian came to call on her—she seldom went out-- and left feeling amazement that she could so expertly keep abreast of the times, and that in her eighties she could read so prolifically.)

Mrs. Austin was successful in her new work and a joy to her bosses, as is proved by the little "plug" which she received a year and a half after she started on the job: "The altitude the social column has reached after its long stretch of development brings home a bit of laurel to Bloomington. To this, the Bulletin's Woman's Interests page, under the direction of the capable Grace Jewett Austin, pleasingly attests."

And since her success was so intricately woven with the city's life, perhaps it is in keeping here to quote again her own words, this time from an article that was published in a journal of "the trade," City Editor and Reporter, one short year after her newspaper career began.

A Society Editor's Year in Journalism, by G.J.A.

-----What were my qualifications? Reasonably rapid power of type-writing; a life-long fondness for writing, with more or less experience in preparing manuscripts for the press; and thirdly, a knowledge of the social life of the city. After a week with the former society editor, the city editor said, "Do you think you could take the social page alone?" I was willing to try, and in

my favor that day was the fifteenth of August, when the social life of a hot city is at precisely its lowest ebb.

Responsibility is a long and heavy word, and the steady burden of it is laid upon a society editor from three sources. First, from the city. Every city has an ample and often dignified social life. For instance, our city's country clubs. The summer life at these clubs should be reflected, adequately and without favoritism. This is a college city, of over a hundred years' settlement, with literary clubs abounding. All these things lay upon me, as society editor, a steady responsibility for their proper presentation.

My second responsibility is to the city editor. He is responsible for the conduct of the paper, and if I should be careless in letting in a false report of an engagement to marry, I should be failing him. Furthermore, if he is a good city editor, such as the one under whom I have been highly favored to receive a year of training, he will suggest many lines of investigation and development. These may not have been in my natural line of thought, but they cannot be shirked.

Responsibility also comes from the foreman of the composing room. No one is actually shot at sunrise for breaking a deadline, but when you know that your lateness may be reflected all down the line, then the exact minute when your page closes easily becomes the most important in the day.

One part of my work, perhaps the most difficult and creative, is the hour or more of the morning that the society editor spends in "taking the pulse of the city," so to speak; in making little journeys about, wherever the possibilities of news seem to lie. No one can foresee whether she will meet a friend just back from Europe, or greet a group of former residents, just motoring through

the city; or even find a shy bridal couple, fresh from the parson's. Personally, I love this part of the work, and in my mind I call it a "quest for happiness," just as my own private name for my page is "The Sun Dial." For I am supposed to register only the bright hours; illness and death and sorrow are not for me, but I am in search of records of people's happy journeyings, and the guests they are welcoming.

The most valuable suggestion, I believe, is to keep your sense of humor, and resolve that under no circumstances will you lose your temper. The linotype men are bound to do weird things to your copy once in a while, but you had much better laugh than cry. By such a mistake I had a movie actress' dress, loaded with twenty-five thousand rhinestones, hitched to a story about a local minister's daughter, much to his grief; and again, the phrase "showing remarkable breath control" was removed from the tribute to a vocalist, and inserted into the arrival of a New York guest, with astonishing effect.

Lastly, be brave, and very ~~scary~~ lions will prove to have their mouths muzzled. I remember the morning when the great publisher, whom the office force seldom sees, sent for me, and gave me the assignment to go at once to a local hotel and interview a nationally famous man while at his breakfast. I have faced cyclones, but this was more alarming in prospect. Yet it worked out delightfully, and the nicest compliment of the year was when the publisher, months later, spoke of the brief presence again in the city of the great man, and how he said, "Why didn't you send that little lady again to interview me?"

To that "muzzled lion" were later added such stars as Schumann-Heink who kissed both her cheeks in delighted recognition from a former interview, and Galli-Curci who also remembered though several years and countless appearances in strange cities had intervened (one other "memorable" thing about Bloomington, Mme. Galli-Curci and her husband declared, was the wall-paper on their room at the Illinois Hotel!).

One day early in her career there appeared a "blue note" from the editor stating, "Mrs. Austin, you will be expected from now on to write a daily column of style notes for women for your society page. Interview the stores that handle women's clothes on the latest modes. It will carry your name on it."

Thus was born Dame Fashion Smiles, the column which she developed so successfully that it was syndicated throughout the country by Western Newspaper Union. And ever afterward she was "Dame Fashion" to many people—even liked to refer to herself that way, though she would always deny any pretensions to style in her own person. Be that as it may, the fashion predictions which she made certainly carried weight; one Bloomington department store proved that by advertising: "Fabrics Sponsored by Dame Fashion Compose the Fall Displays." And the journalists' magazine, United States Publisher, said of her, "With astonishing dexterity she mixes fashions and philosophy into this chatty quarter column."

It would take too long to mention all the thrilling journalistic adventures that came her way. But before many years there came one very important happening: her paper, The Bulletin, went out of existence! This luckily was not a tragedy for her, however, because it was Bloomington's older daily, The Pantagraph, which took over its former rival's staff (many of them, anyhow). From that day forth she was a loyal, happy member of that wonderfully congenial group, the Pantagraph Family.

It is impossible too to find space for all the avocational adventures that go into the making of a half-century of full, rich living. There were the clubs to which she gave much of herself for many years; the vacation trips she so enjoyed in her sixties (that decade should bring carefree fun to a woman's life, she always maintained); the travel-talks and lectures to which she gave her time and strength so unstintingly; her hobby, which was collecting— anyone who knew her at all was acquainted with her elephants; all the worthy causes and civic enterprises that she championed through the years.

Poet and Playwright! She literally prayed to be worthy to bear those titles; only Time will prove whether they are hers to keep forever. But there are many who prophesy so. In spite of the vast preponderance of prose for which she received remuneration, her heart was in her poetry— an abundant out-pouring over her entire lifetime. She was hopeful too for the success of her set of five plays, the Dramas of Five Women; at least two of these will be remembered by the Bloomington audiences which witnessed their production.

But perhaps it will be said in years to come that her greatest gift to Bloomington may be found in the hearts of her friends. People were so precious to her! It seemed as though she must have shared with Will Rogers the remarkable record of never meeting anyone she could not like! As the Pantagraph editor, H. Clay Tate, said in a beautiful editorial, "She smiled at everyone who approached." Curtis Bill, another fellow-worker, once wrote that she "won a world by winning ways."

She highly prized (but characteristically belittled the deserving of) two toasts, each by a friend who knew her well. The first was inspired by her "faculty wife" achievements; the second was written toward the close of her newspaper career.

TO GRACE JEWETT AUSTIN

by Mrs. R.F. Evans

There is a saying that "Gentlewomen" are extinct,
There being no place for them in modern society;
I thought of Aristotle's law
That a single exception
Disproves a universal statement;
So I cited one exception--
A woman, whose influence is felt
Throughout a large community
Of women with a common purpose,
Who has created and given forth a masterpiece.

And there exists for her
Not only admiration,
Which is commonly expressed
For those who reach the top--
But also sincere affection.

And there are many
Within her realm of influence
All eager to sing her praise.
She inherits from fine ancestry
A noble gift and purpose—
An untiring interest in
And service to her fellows
Expressed not alone in beautiful words
But in her abounding life and loving deeds.

In thinking of a message to send
I thought the best would be
This toast—
"To a True Gentlewoman,
Grace Jewett Austin."

January 1, 1920

A TOAST

by Mrs. Clyde Hudelson

Oh, here's to the Lady who left, long ago,
Soft blue Hampshire hills for the prairie's bright glow.
We lovingly watch her, alert and serene,
With paper and pen noting each changing scene,
Or message that drifts by her listening ear.
So here's to the Lady-- our friend true and dear!
May happiness brighten her path all the day;
Success fill her life as she goes on her way.

ELIZABETH AUSTIN MILLER

Autobiography

In the years to come, I can point out to people that my birthplace is a super-market! This is because while in October, 1908, a house stood on the lot at 106 E. Locust St., it has long since been torn down and there is now being constructed on the site a handsome new chain-grocery store.

I am the "Illinois baby" referred to in Mother's story. My older sister, Lois (who died here in 1919) and Marion (now Mrs. John Jay Parry of Urbana), were both born in Massachusetts. Mother used to say that she felt she belonged in Bloomington only after she had produced an offspring who was a native!

All my formal education was received in local schools. I "went through" Franklin and B.H.S. as my sisters did, and we all three were graduated from Wesleyan. Also, we took summer work, at different times, at I.S.N.U. In 1931 I was

married to David Miller of Lincoln, whom I had met at Wesleyan, and our home has always been somewhere in the South. We love living there!

In the '30's I taught English and Latin in high schools of Georgia and Alabama. And in the early '40's, I did professional Girl Scout work, directing summer camps. During the war years, however, I lived with Mother in the Oaks Apartments. My husband was serving with the Army Air Forces in England and France, so I was a "duration Bloomingtonian".

I am a communicant of St. John's Episcopal Church, Dallas, and thus automatically a member of the Woman's Auxiliary there. I was truthful in stating to the census-taker last spring that parish activities accounted for more than fifty per cent of my time. Officially I work in the St. Matthew's Foundation for Children, which is a state-wide welfare board; St. Maura's Altar Guild; and Camp Crucis, "for churchmen of all ages".

I hold membership also in Kappa Kappa Gamma, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the American Association of University Women, and a couple of "honoraryies".

My hobbies may be said to be travel and the collecting of autographed books. I snatch opportunities for reading, anytime and all the time possible. My list of favorite living authors includes T. S. Eliot, Arnold Toynbee, W.H. Auden, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Hubert van Zeller, and Ronald Knox.

Like most Dallasites I try to be a "culture vulture" -

We're supposed to be noted for that in this corner of Texas--
but my love for symphony music and the opera has to be
nurtured mostly through listening to the radio on Saturday
and Sunday afternoons!

A KINDLY PHILOSOPHER

Sylvester Ballard died the other day,
Though of his passing not many took note;
From observations gathered on life's way,
Poems of genuine feeling he wrote,
In verse of real distinction, finely phrased,
That voiced a cheerful, optimistic tone;
Serenely through simple virtues he praised,
His kindly unassuming nature shone.

A work of art was his beautiful script,
By favored recipients treasured well;
While even as the pen in ink he dipped,
His thoughts rhythmically upon paper fell;
To library his slow steps oft' would wend,
His leisure in its reading room to spend.

James Hart

ABRAM BROKAW

When on the street they passed Abram Brokaw,
People would turn around at him to stare;
And sometimes children followed him with awe,
Whom rumor said was a real millionaire;
But 'twas matter for perplexed wonderment,
The old man looked not prosperous at all,
Who trudged slowly along, his figure bent,
Wearing a peaked cap and folded grey shawl.

He liked to potter round in aimless way,
At workshop where he used to make his plows;
In remote past allowing thoughts to stray,
Envisioning old friends 'mid fitful drowse,
Perhaps Ike Funk, with an order to place;
Or Lincoln, talking over his law case.

James Hart

WHEN BRYAN CAME

To hold an instant the "Commoner's hand,
And feel the piercing glance of his deep eyes,
When Bryan's name resounded through the land,
Was boyhood's greatest thrill, ever to prize;
Young, ardent, in flush of his handsome prime,
The man millions wanted for President;
The orator whose voice pealed like a chime;
Not in our day was one more eloquent.

Delirious throngs followed in hero's wake;
The money power before his onslaught quailed;
In that heated campaign much was at stake,
He blazed the way for others, though he failed.
Like a comet flashing across the sky,
A new leader had come, with purpose high!

James Hart

MR. FRED B. CAPEN
BIOGRAPHY

FRED B. CAPEN

Biography

Mr. Fred B. Capen, the son of Henry Capen and Henrietta Capen, was born in Bloomington, Illinois, January 31, 1867. He was educated in the Bloomington Grade Schools and went to work after finishing the Elementary Grades and did not attend High School or College. The old family home was at 501 East Locust Street where he spent most of his boyhood.

In his early days he worked at The Daily Pantagraph with Alonzo Dolan, W. B. Read, C. C. Marquis and some of the old timers of Bloomington.

In the early 90's Fred B. Capen went to Chicago and was engaged in the Wholesale shoe business with Oscar Hayward. On January 26, 1892, he was married to Eda Maier who was at that time living in Chicago and was formerly from Fort Wayne, Indiana. They had one son, Henry W. Capen who was born

September 1, 1900.

About 1898, Fred B. Capen was called back to Bloomington on account of the illness of his older brother, Frank C. Capen, who was associated with their father, Henry Capen, in the Investment Banking business making farm and city mortgages for private investors and the Prudential Insurance Company of American, The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company and The Northern Trust Company of Chicago. About 1900, he started a local Insurance Agency, representing some of the larger Stock Companies, fire and casualty Insurance, and also wrote some life insurance for The Connecticut Mutual. This was a side line and something that Mr. Capen used as an occupation in his spare time.

Henry Capen, his father, died in 1905 and Fred B. Capen and his brother Frank C. carried on the Mortgage Loan and Insurance business.

Frank C. Capen died in 1916 and in the year 1922, Fred B. Capen's son, Henry W. Capen, graduated from the University of Wisconsin and was made a partner with his father in 1923 and the Firm was called Capen Investment Company. Later on this was changed to Capen Insurance Agency and Henry W. Capen was the General partner and Fred B. Capen the Limited partner. At this time the Investment business was taken over into a Branch Office System by the Life Insurance Companies and the various Correspondents, like the Capen Investment Company no longer represented them so the Mortgage Loan business gradually passed out of existence and the sole business

of the Capen family was General Insurance and a small amount of Real Estate.

Mr. Fred B. Capen was active all his life in various Sports; being one of the leaders in the Y.M.C.A. Business Men's Volley Ball Class and he played golf almost every day right up until the time of his death. He was a member of the Bloomington Rotary Club, the Bloomington Lodge #43, Masons Bloomington Consistory, Mohammed Shrine at Peoria and the Bloomington Club.

The Capen family has occupied the position as Treasurer of the Second Presbyterian Church, Bloomington, Illinois, for three Generations - Henry Capen being the first Treasurer followed by Fred B. Capen and then his son, Henry W. Capen.

Fred B. Capen passed away at the age of 76, February 18, 1943, and his wife, Eda Maier Capen, died November 10, 1945.

DAVID DAVIS HOUSE

The house stands back among majestic trees,
That hide its ample dimensions from view;
An ancient looking cupola one sees
Far down the walk, a leafy avenue;
Baronial estate with board fence enclosed,
Whose lush grass gave it name of "Clover Lawn,"
Apparently around it time has dozed,
Amidst associations long since gone.

Oftentimes with cronies of bench and bar,
The great jurist in genial converse sat;
Town worthies came, notables from afar -
One of whom wore a faded stove-pipe hat.
About the grounds Davis and Lincoln walked,
And of coming events portentious talked.

James Hart

THE GOLDEN BOWL

or

THE LIFE OF CHARLES EDWARD DIMMETT
(1896-1926)

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
Or the golden bowl be broken,
Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
Or the wheel broken at the cistern."

Ecclesiastes XII, 6

THE LIFE OF CHARLES EDWARD DIMMETT
(1896-1926)

PREFACE

The salient facts in the life of any individual are worthy of preservation. This becomes particularly important if the individual himself left anything worthy of record, or lived a life which through some form of service to his fellow-man is worthy to be remembered. Such a person is the subject of this biography.

It was the privilege of the author to know Edward Dimmett intimately. He combined to an unusual degree the elements that go to make up a noble character. Had he lived beyond the thirty years of his age at the time of his death and lived out a normal span, who can foretell what accomplishments, both in the material world and in the spiritual world, that is, the world of character, might have been his?

It is not the purpose of this history to romanticize or fictionalize the story. This is a brief biography based only on the facts that are known in order that these facts and this young man may be remembered.

Louis L. Williams

THE LIFE OF CHARLES EDWARD DIMMETT
(1896-1926)

CHAPTER I - INFANCY

"As living jewels dropped unstained from Heaven."

Pollock, "The Course of Time",
Book V, l.158

Dimmett's Grove was long a favorite playground and picnicking spot for the residents of early Bloomington. Bounded on the north by Mulberry Street, on the west by Evans Street, on the east by the I.C. Railroad, and on the south by Bell Street, this pasture eventually became the near east side of the City of Bloomington. How it looked could be envisioned by a citizen of the present up to just a few years ago by the beautiful park-site block which laid south of Oakland Avenue and west of the I.C. Railroad, and which at one time was thought of as a city park. Unfortunately, the depression 30's kept the City from buying this land for a park, and commercial interests interposed until the opportunity is gone. Thus has commercialism always encroached upon beauty and gracious living to the loss of the people.

William Dimmett came to McLean County in 1826. He was truly one of Bloomington's pioneers, and contributed immeasurably to the growth and prosperity of the city. He served as a Lieutenant in the Black Hawk War, and returning to Bloomington, laid out successive additions to his holdings until half the abstracts in the city somewhere or other carry

his name.

Robert McCracken fought with George Washington, and died in Valley Forge from a fever contracted during the rigors of that terrible winter. His grandson, William R. McCracken, came early to Bloomington, and in the ante-bellum days was a local editor of The Pantagraph. He served in the Civil War on the Union side, and attained the rank of Major.

His grandmother on his father's side, Mrs. Henry Dimmett, also came from early Revolutionary stock. Her great, great grandfather was Roger Conant, who came over on the good ship Ann in 1623, and founded the pioneer colony at Salem, Massachusetts, and became its first Governor. Such were the renowned antecedents of Charles Edward Dimmett.

Wylie McCracken was the mother of Charles Edward Dimmett. She was the daughter of William R. McCracken and Melissa McCracken, Melissa being a direct descendant of William Dimmett. Thus, in the blood of Charles Edward Dimmett flowed a double portion of Dimmett ancestry as well as his heritage from the McCracken pioneers.

Wylie McCracken was a spirited and beautiful young lady, who in the 1870 decade while a small girl of seven, had the unique privilege of hearing her cousin, Marie Litta, sing. To those who do not know Marie Litta, she bears the reputation of having been Bloomington's greatest contribution to the art of song. On the occasion spoken of, Marie Litta sang that great coloratura aria "The Carnival of Venice", always a show piece for a great soprano voice. After her European studies were over, Marie Litta was known as the "Jennie Lind" of

America. She undertook too rigorous a concert schedule, contracted tuberculosis, and died in Bloomington at the age of twenty-seven.

While still a student in Bloomington High School, Wylie McCracken married Charles Edward Dimmett, then living in Kansas City. The marriage was celebrated in Beatrice, Nebraska, in 1890, having occurred at the Presbyterian Church of that city, presided over by the Reverend John M. Mills, who performed the marriage ceremony.

Shortly after their marriage Charles E. Dimmett became local editor of the Daily Democrat, the only paper then published in Butler, Missouri, and removed to that city to make his home. To this union were born three children, and the story which I shall relate is a sad commentary on the good old days and on the infant mortality of the period. Those who sigh for the good old days, and wish we were living in the free and easy times that surrounded the turn of the century, should take into consideration the fact that diphtheria, croup, lagrippe, measles, and many other ills incident to childhood took an enormous toll, and left many an infant high chair empty in many a family of the day.

Into the Dimmett family in Butler, Missouri, was born Max, a beautiful boy who following rheumatic fever developed a heart condition from which he died at the age of five. Eddie did not know him. Then along came David who lived to be seven, and who was taken by an attack of croup, too sudden and severe to yield to the medical treatment of the times.

Before the death of David, Charles Edward Dimmett, Jr., was born on the 14th day of May, 1896, in Butler, Missouri.

He was not named before or on the day of his birth as so many children are. His mother suffered very severely from his birth, was ill for quite a long time, and for some weeks was confined to her bed. Because of the matter of naming the third born was not too imperative, his father and his brother, David, started calling the new arrival Skipper or Skippy, and that name with its own abbreviation, "Skip", followed Eddie through the years of his boyhood until he came to Bloomington years later. In fact, his mother and his two fond aunts, who will be mentioned later, were inclined to use the nickname throughout his life.

Edward never knew his father, at least not to be able to remember him. Charles Edward Dimmett, Sr., who shortly after his marriage had established his family in Butler, Missouri, and became the local editor of the Daily Democrat, suffered a heart attack on the morning of April 14, 1898, not quite two years after Eddie's birth, and died immediately.

Although a young man at the time of his death with hardly enough years of mature effort to prove his abilities, Charles Edward Dimmett, Sr., nevertheless, had made a striking name for himself in Butler. While it was natural that the obituary printed of him in the paper he had helped to edit should be complimentary, nevertheless, he was spoken of in the highest terms. "In his home life the highest qualities of his nature were manifest. His devotion to those he loved was unbounded. He was always cheerful in spirit, generous in nature, gentle in disposition, and brave in every trial. He was a tower of strength to all about him." These are words that would well-become the life of any great character.

When Eddie was about two and a half years old, his older brother, David, whom he idolized, was taken from him by the illness which has been mentioned above. Eddie came to his mother and said, "Where is Davie?", to which his mother replied, "He has gone to Heaven." Unable to grasp the full significance of the remark, but knowing something terrible had happened, and that he would not see David again, and being incensed at the thought that his all-powerful mother could stand by and let such a thing happen to this brother whom he worshipped, Eddie gave his mother a look of indignation and reproach, and thereafter for two or three days refused to speak to, or have anything to do with her.

During those few days which comprised the funeral and the grief-stricken period of the family, Eddie slept with his Grandmother. On the night following the funeral he was lying awake in the bed, and suddenly said to his grandmother, "I'm going in to see Mama; I know she needs me." He was over his anger and indignation, had completely forgiven his mother, and while he never ceased to mourn for the brother whom he had lost, from that point on he realized what had happened, and carried no ill feeling.

In 1896, Max, the first born; in 1898, the father; and two years later David also died, so that the young mother who watched her husband and two elder sons die within a space of four years was indeed called upon to bear a heavy burden. Loyal relatives, however, made the task more easy, and the family was ever surrounded by the utmost in kindly and generous relatives and friends.

CHAPTER II - BOYHOOD

"Thou hast made him a little lower than the Angels."

Psalms VIII, 5

Following the death of his father in 1898, Eddie's maternal grandmother, Melissa McCracken, joined the family, and carried out in the life of the boy, Ed, all that could be expected of a devoted, wise, and unselfish grandmother. Ed was very fond of her, and although she was not spared to be with him very many years, he always carried her memory deep in his heart.

Fortune greatly favored him in one other particular. His Aunt Agnes, oldest daughter of the McCracken family, became one of the family circle in Butler, Missouri. Aggie, as she was generally known, had those traits of character which we like to associate with our pioneering ancestors. She was independent and courageous; she had a keen sense of business; and she provided for the family a manly courage, supervision, oversight, and discipline which had been removed with the death of Edward's father. Aunt Aggie likewise became an employee of the Daily Democrat, for which the father had worked, and carried on a noteworthy business career in Butler until the family moved to Bloomington and forced her to discontinue this employment. Agnes not only helped in the family discipline, but also was a tower of strength in the family finances. Aunt Agnes never married, and passed away in Bloomington, Illinois, after a long and useful life with a memory greatly revered by a host of friends. She had quali-

ties of foresight, energy and perseverance, and the ability to enable her to carry those qualities into the business world, and hold her own in its precincts. To this aunt who showered upon Edward all the affection of another mother, Edward was greatly devoted, treated her always with the greatest respect, and surrounded her with loving kindness.

From the early days of his boyhood, Eddie showed unusual energy and ambition. By the time he entered school he had been furnished with a carpenter tool set, and this made such an impression upon him, and he in turn upon others, that some of his older friends at the Daily Democrat office printed some small visiting cards as follows:

EDWARD DIMMETT

CARPENTER

and gave them to Eddie. These he very proudly displayed, and gave to his friends at every opportunity, as well as giving them evidences of his ability to handle the tools of his trade. This mechanical ability persisted in his manhood, and there was no task about the home in the way of carpentry, plumbing or electrical work that Edward could not do.

While most children love to play, and Ed was no exception, he also accepted full family responsibility and quite early in life became a merchant. He represented the Saturday Evening Post in Butler, Missouri, and in 1908 when he was twelve years of age, he set out on a business venture of securing thirty regular customers who would take the Post each week from him. These he was able to secure, and thereafter the Saturday Evening Post, through its sales department, fur-

nished him with various cards, subscription blanks, advertising folders, etc., to enable him to cover his route and solicit new subscriptions. He was one of their outstanding sales boys, and made this record by virtue of his willingness to get out and hustle.

It is possible that the Daily Democrat of Butler, Missouri, was unduly interested in the boy, Ed, because of the family connection, and because his activities were good copy. During his early boyhood years, they published the following news item:

"Skipper Dimmett of the Democrat force has been notified by the Curtis Publishing Company that he is the champion March Saturday Evening Post boy for towns the size of Butler in the state of Missouri. Skipper is only a youngster, but he is a hustler, and the two dollar prize won by his work in selling the Post is but a sample of how he goes at the work he undertakes. The boy who faces his problems in life as Skipper does, and spends all of his time in solving them, will always make the answers come out right."

No story of Ed's life in Butler would be complete without speaking of his very pronounced liking for Show business. He and his pal, Jimmy Williams, and one or two others, organized "The Magic Comedy Company". No production daunted them from "Eagle Eye" to "Tiny Tim."

His ability to sell magazines was not the only promotional effect which "Skipper" had upon the city of Butler. He carried and delivered Democrats, and in connection with one of his co-workers, and with possibly a lesson from the "Tom Sawyer" mentioned hereafter, he caused the following to be inserted in the local news columns:

" 'Skipper' Dimmett and 'Runt' McCann, Democrat carriers, have organized a juvenile fair association, and will give a big exhibition at the Dimmett home on West Pine street on Saturday afternoon. They have secured and will have on exhibition a number of freaks of the animal kingdom and many other attractions. Along the 'Midway' of the grounds will be a merry-go-round, a 'flying jenny,' a shoot-the-chute board and many other hair-raising devices for separating visitors from their hard earned pennies. The price of admission has been fixed at fifteen pins or one cent."

The whole town had been placarded on trees with hand bills (accommodatingly supplied by the Democrat) reading:

BIG SHOW AT DIMMETT'S BARN

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

ADMISSION 3 PINS, OR TWO FOR 5 PINS

It would seem that the price of admission was a variable one, and pins were the gold standard of the day. In later years upon hearing that he was working in the theatrical business in Bloomington, one of his old Butler playmates wrote to Edward and said, "We are confidently expecting you to be the owner and manager of a large and prosperous circus some day."

Being a small boy in a small town in Missouri carried with it certain other responsibilities and privileges, not the least of which was the right to have a dog. This great privilege is unfortunately denied to some boys, but was not denied to Ed, and he had two dogs, although only owning one at a time. These dogs were named Daisy and Brownie, and in accordance with the custom of all good dogs, they worshipped their young master, and in turn were cherished with an affection which only a small boy can give his faithful canine companion.

Undoubtedly, stemming from the influences of his mother, grandmother, and aunt, and because the children raised in the good old days did seem to have more courtesy instilled in their manner, Edward evidenced those traits which became dominating influences on his later life. He was thoughtful and honest; he was loyal and kind hearted; he was grateful for all that was done for him, and always willing to do for others. His sense of charitableness was highly developed, and his unselfish devotion to his work, his church, his country, and his family became one of his outstanding characteristics.

When Mark Anthony said, "The evil that men do live after them; the good is often interred with their bones," Shakespeare probably spoke the least true of all his great maxims. Immortality may be, and is, a subject which as a statement of fact the human mind can neither grasp nor prove; but there is an immortality, the immortality of influence, which can be easily demonstrated, and as easily understood. The evil which some men do may be long remembered, but so is much of the good; and the influence of the fine qualities of character which many of our fellowmen display in their lives, and leave to us as a heritage, is one of the most potent factors in human life. Loving kindness, charity, gentleness of disposition, courtesy to fellowmen, graciousness of demeanor, and other like qualities leave an imprint on the character of others which remains long after the life which gave it is forgotten.

These qualities are outstanding in the life of Edward Dimmett, and left their mark on the lives of those with whom he came in contact. He would never speak ill of any person, nor

would he permit it to be done in his presence. This trait alone of all those which go to make up high character would have stamped him as one of nature's noblemen. It is so easy to listen eagerly to scandal, and to repeat it changed and enlarged in the telling to other eager listeners. This, Ed would have none of, and restrained others who were thus inclined to speak ill.

When time came for schooling, Eddie was enrolled in the kindergarten in Butler. When he was six years old he could recite in its entirety Clement Moore's great childhood Christmas poem, "A Visit from St. Nicholas." He was a quick memorizer, and learned many things. Later on he loved to recite "Horatius At The Bridge," and he had a favorite verse which he was fond of repeating and which pretty well explained the pattern of his accomplishments. It was:

"All that you do,
Do with your might,
Things done by halves,
Are never done right."

Ed carried out every assignment which was given him, both in youth and in manhood, and never did things by halves.

He loved to read and spent many nights poring over the "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" and "Adventures of Tom Sawyer", - very real adventures to a young boy raised in Missouri, - and he became very early enamoured of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities", which he read and re-read many times.

Eddie early came under the influence of the Church and entered the Presbyterian Church in Butler. Among the mementos kept by his mother appears a New Testament given to Eddie some-

where about the year 1904 or 1905 when he was eight or nine years old. The New Testament itself printed by the British Bible Society is a wonderful example of the horrible printing of those days, the type being so fine that only a person with better than 20/20 vision could hope to use it for any extended period. The Bible was given to Ed by his teacher, James Jewell, carrying the following interesting inscription:

"To Edward Dimmett from James Jewell, a reward for learning to use it."

Eddie had memorized dozens of verses in connection with his Sunday School lessons, and was acquiring a wellfounded knowledge of the Bible from these teachings.

One of the other persons destined to have a great molding influence on Eddie's life was a second aunt, Jane by name, but always called Jennie. Jennie was a very beautiful girl, renowned in her youth in Bloomington as one of the city's prize beauties. She was carried off as a bride to Omaha, Nebraska, by Gilbert S. Campbell, who was in the live stock commission business for which Omaha was then famous. When Ed was fourteen years of age, and in order to give him certain advantages which Aunt Jennie believed would come from residence in Omaha, she prevailed on Mrs. Dimmett and Edward to move to Omaha, which they did in March, 1910.

Although Eddie was a Presbyterian by birth and early allegiance, Aunt Jennie had become a High Church Episcopalian, and interested her nephew in the Church to which she then belonged. Already Ed displayed a musical nature, which had always characterized the entire family, and was quite a fine boy soprano, and therefore in considerable demand for church

choirs. Throughout that summer he sang in the Episcopalian Church in Omaha, and his mother owns a photograph of him in his choir surplice, which is one of the most expressive photos that could possibly have been made. In this picture his mouth is opened in song, and he is gazing upward as if to Heaven. The expression on his face is angelic and cherublike, and one can readily imagine him singing some such beautiful verse as the following:

"But warm, sweet, tender even yet,
A present help is he:
And Faith has still its Olivet,
And Love its Galilee."

Ed's favorite Church hymns were "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers". Both of these were and are extensively used in the Services of the Episcopal Church as processional songs, and particularly appealing to a boy. The Rector of the Church at that time, a very fine young man, later to become Bishop of Kansas, and now deceased, requested the Dimmett family to remain in Omaha, and promised that he would personally see that Ed would be helped through Divinity school, and could go on and prepare for the ministry. Opportunities in Omaha, however, did not materialize as had been hoped, and in September, 1910, the family came back to Bloomington when Ed was fourteen years of age, and established the home here which was to continue until his death.

CHAPTER 3 - YOUNG MANHOOD

"How beautiful is youth! How bright it gleams!
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!

Longfellow, "Morituri Salutamus"

In September, 1910, Charles Edward Dimmett entered Bloomington High School as a Freshman. The high school in those days was at the corner of Jefferson and Prairie Streets on the site of the present Jefferson grade school. After the new high school was built on Washington Street, the old high school became Jefferson grade school, but the building itself burned in 1932, and was replaced by the present grade school structure. J.K. Stapleton was Superintendent of Schools at that time, and William Wallis, now Dean in point of years of the faculty of Illinois Wesleyan University, was Principal.

While in high school he also came under the influence of Miss Grace Inman, whose sterling qualities were reflected in so many of her pupils through the years. Ed had no more than met her the first few days of school when he came home and said to his mother, "I know you will like Miss Inman." He was able to introduce her to his mother a few days later and never lost occasion to praise her, and came to love her very much. It is certain that in the happy recollections which Miss Inman enjoys, her recollections of Ed Dimmett must rank high in her affections.

Edward continued in high school through his Junior year, after which he earnestly felt the need to contribute more to the family income. To assist, therefore, in carrying this load, and to relieve his mother from the financial burden under which she had raised him through the years, Edward quit school and went to work in 1914 for William R. Lyon in the old

Castle Theatre, which then stood on the northwest corner of Washington and East Streets on the site now occupied by the original office building of the State Farm.

The theatrical history of Bloomington would comprise a book in itself, and deserves an able historian. The reader may remember the Front Street Theatre on the south side of Front Street just east of Center, and owned and operated by John Gezell; also the Theatre on the west side of Madison Street just north of Jefferson, operated by Chris Jackson for several years and known as the "Scenic".

Every town in the United States seemed to have a Nickelodeon, and Bloomington was no exception. The Nickelodeon was operated by the Strickle Brothers, and occupied the room which is now the Quality Cafe on the west side of Main Street just south of Market. It was the first movie in Bloomington to close its doors, and went out of existence at the opening of the first World War. The Scenic and Front Street Theatres lasted awhile longer, the Scenic expiring somewhere in the early Thirties.

Bill Lyon had originally come to Bloomington from Pontiac to run the old Castle Theatre, where for five cents the youngster, and the oldster as well, could enjoy the "Perils of Pauline", and the "Exploits of Elaine". In 1915 C. U. Williams built the Overland Garage and Theatre on the south side of Washington Street between East and Prairie, and Bill Lyon became the first tenant in the new Castle Theatre.

The Castle Theatre was the last word in moving picture theatres in 1915, and claimed by its architect and builders

to be the finest in the State of Illinois. No doubt it was at the time, but as one looks back upon it from the vantage point of 1950, considering the luxury movie houses of today, the Castle seems primitive and decidedly unesthetic.

In the meanwhile the original Castle was torn down and shortly thereafter C. E. "Curly" Irvin built the Irvin Theatre and the two of them; that is, the Castle and Irvin, as well as Bill Lyon and "Curly", vied for the privilege of presenting to eager Bloomington audiences the first run pictures of the day. Marguerite Clark, Mary Pickford, Theda Bari, William S. Hart, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin were the idols who packed them in the aisles. On many occasions the crowds would be so great trying to get in to the theatres to see the "Oscar" pictures of those days, that they would literally fill the streets, not the sidewalks, in front of the theatres on Washington and Jefferson Streets, blocking all traffic.

Ed became Bill Lyon's advertising manager, doorman, and head usher. His duties were to change the electric signboard, to officiate at the door at all times when it was open for the reception of customers, to employ and supervise the ushers, all of whom were in constant attendance, and to change the advertising billboards about the city which foretold the coming pictures. On many occasions and oftentimes in zero weather he was required to paste up the sensational 24 sheet, so-named because it was so huge a poster it was cut into 24 pieces to enable the sign man to paste it on the huge boards which carried the message. Such a board occupied the east side of the Unity Build-

ing overlooking the great hole in the earth where the old Castle Theatre had stood at the northwest corner of Washington and East Streets, and which after its demolition, stayed there as a vivid eye-sore to the community until the lot was purchased by the State Farm, and its great building erected thereon. Ed became very proficient in handling the brush with the twenty foot handle whose use was necessary in putting up these posters, and became thoroughly imbued with the spirit and knowledge of the theatrical world.

Besides his duties at the new Castle Theatre on Washington Street he was also the head man at the old Chatterton Theatre on Market Street, later to be renamed the Illini, and later as a theatre, to pass out of existence entirely. In those days, 1914 to 1917, the Chatterton Theatre played all the road shows which came to Bloomington. Bloomington usually got them all since it was a good one night stand on the trip between St. Louis and Chiago, or vice versa. Through these years, Edward picked up a great deal of stage craft, and became adept in operating the electrical switch boards, at handling the fly-loft, and at maneuvering the set pieces which formed the background for many stage settings. Bill Lyon looked upon Edward as a trustworthy and greatly trusted employee, and used him in his theatrical work until the spring of 1917, when Edward gave up a portion of his technical time and entered Brown Business College.

During all these years Edward did not neglect the Church. Upon returning to Bloomington, he had enrolled in the Second Presbyterian Church, and on December 12, 1911, a card furnished by the Church shows that Edward had enrolled in the Presbyterian

Temperance Union, and had promised to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. This pledge must have been real and personal to him, for he never indulged in the use of liquor, but remained completely temperate throughout his life, this too while associating with "the fellows" many of whom were inclined to look upon the wine while it was red.

While in the Second Presbyterian Sunday School, Ed was a member of the basketball team, and he had his picture taken while a member of the team composed of John Brokaw, Monroe Rodman and Philip Strain, among others. While Ed was not an active Church member in his later years in the sense of attendance to all services thereof, he was always loyal to the Church, and at all times conscious of its precepts and commandments.

In the day before the first World War high schools had not entered into the business training field. Central Illinois was therefore blanketed with a group of Brown's Business Colleges operated in every community large enough to support one, and having a sort of tentative interconnection. They served a splendid purpose in their day in teaching the young folks shorthand, typewriting, accountancy, and court reporting. Having decided to discontinue his formal classical education, Edward enrolled in the Brown's Business College branch in Bloomington, Illinois, and became one of their outstanding students. His progress and capabilities were such that in a special four-page 8x11 bulletin put out by the Bloomington school as an advertising pamphlet, Edward's picture was prominently displayed as one of its most successful graduates. Another interesting picture appears on the same leaflet, it being that of Miss Esta Foucht, now Mrs. Eldo M. Moore, who was a classmate of Edward's

at this period.

Through the winter of 1917-18 Ed went through business college, while also working part time at the Castle Theatre. What his eventual destination might have been we can never know, because the gay crusade of World War I was filling the hearts of the American people, and obeying the call to colors, Ed enlisted on May 18, 1918, in the service of his country.

CHAPTER 4 - MANHOOD

"The sands are numbered that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end."

Shakespeare, "III Henry VI",
Act 1, Scene 4

The entry from youth into manhood is very gentle and gradual for some boys, but for others it comes at once and with a rude shock. Ed had already felt many of the responsibilities of manhood in the sense that he was contributing to a family, his mother and aunts, and was taking burdens which come to many boys only in their later years. However, his attitude towards life was that of a youngster, in that he was gay and carefree until his enlistment in the service. This brought with it the inevitable change of scene and environment, and may be said to have marked his emergence from youth into complete adulthood.

Because of his education in Brown's Business College, Ed was immediately marked out for clerical duties. A boy with his training was certainly not gun fodder material, but far more important for the "paper work" which he was qualified to do. He was immediately assigned to the Engineering Corps, and became secretary to Major Namm of the 437th Engineers. He was

stationed in Washington, D.C. during the summer of 1918, and in the early fall left on a three months' tour of the West and South with his superior, Major Namm, in the interest of recruiting engineers for the Engineers Reserve Corps. They were examining Officer Candidates, and for that purpose stopped at most of the principal cities between Buffalo, New York, and San Francisco, California, as they travelled westward by train.

The only break in the trip for Edward came at Atlanta, Georgia; while they were stationed at Fort McPherson, Ed came down with the flue which swept the country in October and November of 1918. He was very ill but was well taken care of in the Government hospital there and made a rapid recovery. In a very beautiful letter written to his mother on Sunday, October 20th, among other things Ed said:

"Here I am so far from home and with friends springing up wherever I go ... Yesterday was cold, dark and rainy About three or four o'clock one of the nurses told me I had a visitor.... He said, 'My name is Fisher', and read me a telegram that explained it all. It was a message from Bloomington Consistory.

Mr. Fisher was very nice, wanted to know if there was anything I wanted, and I have an invitation to call at his home in Atlanta as soon as I can.

Mother, I feel like shouting my happiness aloud ... to have the friendship of my Bloomington friends stretch out like a long protecting arm -- Mother, I felt that 'Our Father, Who art in Heaven' meant more than ever before."

The war ended a few days later, Edward closed up his books of account with the Army, and in late January, 1919, was mustered out of the service, and on January 31st the

Daily Pantagraph records that he was back in Bloomington and ready to return to civil life. He enlisted as a Private and went through successive grades to Sargeant, First Class, which was his rating at the time of his honorable discharge.

Edward came back to Bloomington. He had seen the country and been in many of its principal cities from coast to coast. He had had a chance to sample the various climates, and see the great scenery, but still to him Bloomington was the garden spot of the world, and he never had any thought at any time of ever setting up his future in any other place. Upon his return to the city, and after a reasonable vacation period to allow for the adjustment from military to civil life, Ed started looking about for an opening that would suit his abilities and his ambition.

Shortly before the war was ended a few of Bloomington's promoters had organized a company to manufacture the Illinois Superdrive Tractor. It was a wonderful machine, and was in the forefront of the mechanical farm tools of its day. The machines were being manufactured at the corner of Lincoln and Clayton Streets in Southeast Bloomington in a factory that was first the tractor plant, then the Tyree Radiator plant, later used for the storage of United States munitions and war materials in the second World War, and now occupied by the Dodge-Dickinson Mattress Company.

Ed became secretary to the executive officer of the Illinois Superdrive Tractor Company, a man named B. F. Sprankle. The proposition looked wonderful, but the business became a casualty of the 1921 depression, and went the way of all corporate flesh. Bankruptcy followed and then for twenty-five years the ensuing litigation laid in the Circuit Court

of McLean County. With the closing of the business, however, Ed found himself in September, 1921, once again a free agent and looking for an employer who could use his training, and again furnish him with an opening for future advancement. This showed up in the Illinois Auto Insurance Company, for whose manager, H. R. Lukens, Ed went to work in September, 1921.

As stated above in connection with the theatrical world of Bloomington, which needs an able historian, the same may be repeated in connection with the insurance world of Bloomington, particularly where automobile insurance is involved. With the advent of the automobile and the insurance problems which stemmed from its use, insurance companies to handle these problems sprang up like mushrooms across the entire width and breadth of the United States. Many of the old line Eastern companies began writing automobile casualty insurance as a part of their general coverage; but many other insurance companies organized for the express purpose of writing some phase of automobile insurance, came into being. Bloomington seemed to have been a fertile conception spot for such companies and one of these was the Illinois Auto Insurance Company whose service Edward entered. Another was the Illinois Mutual Casualty Company and the Illinois Automobile Insurance Company, both of whom, together with the one for whom Ed worked, lost their lives through excessive hazards and too low premiums. With them, however, the story is only half told. The State Farm Mutual Auto Insurance Company, now in 1950 the largest such company in the world, and the

Union Auto Insurance Indemnity Association, a small but most successful venture, were both organized in Bloomington, and in the case of the State Farm, have had an experience that would be unbelievable had it not occurred. From only the germ of an idea in the 1920's, the State Farm Company now covers the entire nation with assets in the hundreds of millions of dollars. This is an experience that has occurred in one generation, and as the promotional result of one man's faith; namely, G. J. Mecherle, still fortunately living and still the head of the organization.

The Illinois Auto Insurance Company was on the boom and looked like the opportunity which Ed needed to affiliate himself with a live-wire organization. For the next two years Ed was private secretary to Mr. Lukens, the executive head of the insurance company. In the meanwhile, however, certain things had happened which were to give a new turn to Ed's idea for life employment.

Ed was a loyal soldier and one who felt keenly the opportunity to serve his country, and who gave it the best he had during the time of his service. When he returned to private life, he was deeply imbued with the responsibility which he still owed to his country, and which he also felt was due to his fellow soldiers. It was natural, therefore, that he should become actively interested in the American Legion and in Louis E. Davis Post No. 56 located in Bloomington. He regularly attended all their functions, knew all the veterans by name, loved them sincerely with a deep and abiding affection, and was in turn revered by them. There-

fore, when Mr. and Mrs. McBarnes offered to give to McLean County the site and the building on Grove and East Streets, now known as the McBarnes Memorial Building, for the purpose of housing the State Headquarters of the American Legion, and the state Legion offices were moved to Bloomington as a result, Ed was offered and assumed the position of chief clerk of the State Department, the duties of which office he took over in September, 1923, under Major Bullington, the then State Commander. Before proceeding with the history of his work with the Legion, the story should be brought up to date in other particulars.

As heretofore mentioned, Edward had continued with his Church affiliations in the Second Presbyterian Church, but had become more interested in another phase of religious endeavor. Just prior to his entry into the service, Edward had sought membership and been initiated in Bloomington Lodge No. 43, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons. He was given the first or Entered Apprentice Degree on January 1, 1918, the second or Fellowcraft Degree on January 12, 1918, and was raised a Master Mason on February 4, 1918. He had but little time to enjoy his Masonic affiliations before entering the service, but from the date he was initiated he was vitally interested in all phases of Masonic activities, and entered enthusiastically into participation therein. Just prior to entering the service, and on May 10, 1918, he was initiated in the Scottish Rite Bodies, meeting at that time in the Masonic Temple at the corner of Jefferson and Prairie Streets, but soon to occupy their beautiful temple at East and Mulberry.

Following his initiation into the Scottish Rite, or Consistory, as it is often miscalled, Edward came under the influence of Delmar D. Darrah, whose life and works form another one of the interesting phases of Bloomington history. Delmar D. Darrah was a great and inspiring leader, and he so inspired Edward Dimmett. The work of the Scottish Rite, particularly as it concerned the initiation of candidates, was performed in Degrees which in themselves were great theatrical pageants. Edward took to this work like the veteran which he already was by virtue of his technical training, and Mr. Darrah immediately made use of his technical ability by assigning him to duties with the production staff. Ed performed these duties from the time of his return in 1919 to the date of his death, spent many hours on the stages of the two temples, particularly the new Scottish Rite Temple, and assisted materially in the production of not only the Scottish Rite Degrees, but all those great plays which were making the name of Delmar D. Darrah known from coast to coast; namely, "The Passion Play", "The Other Wise Man", "The Three Wise Men", "The Eighteenth Century Lodge", and others.

To Edward Dimmett as well as to many more of its followers, Masonry was a religion, and its precepts and teachings constituted an ideal to be practiced and not just to be repeated by rote. These precepts Ed tried to live in his daily life, and without any question he was successful in doing so. Masonry teaches love of God and love for one's fellowman, and embodies in its teachings the entire Gospel of Jesus who said to the young inquirer:

"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy might, and thy neighbor as thyself."

This is a fine a statement of the religious teachings which Edward Dimmett tried to apply to his own life as could be found anywhere.

Much love for one's neighbors indicates the thoughtfulness which Edward always displayed in his dealings with his neighbors, while living in his last home at 418 East Grove Street, Bloomington, Illinois, still occupied by his mother. All of the residents of Bloomington will remember the greatest sleet storm in its history which occurred on the day before Christmas in 1924. The storm had continued all through the day and the streets were almost completely obstructed in nearly every block in the city by fallen limbs and trees. Lights were out all over the city, except in the 400 block on East Grove Street, where for some reason the electric power was still available. As the evening came on, Ed lit an adjustable light and placed it in the window of their home so as to illuminate the entire street, the street lights being off, for which thoughtful act his neighbors, in the few days that followed, thanked him, particularly those two or three who had to find their way home through the gloom and along the streets strewn with tree limbs.

One plase of Ed's experience has not yet been mentioned. It is not to be supposed that he was not conscious of the opposite sex. He was, indeed, but looked upon them with a Victorian viewpoint. He thought that a woman was the ideal creation of Nature, a person to be worshipped and looked up to, and endowed with all the ideals which characterized

the ladies of the days when "knighthood was in flower". He was always most courteous to all women, and never indicated at any time by the least word or gesture a sense of vulgar familiarity. After his return from the service, and after he had found his place in the business world, and after he had felt that his family responsibility to his mother and aunts was completely under control, Ed was open to conviction in the matter of finding a mate for life.

In the meanwhile Aunt Jennie, due to reasons which were perfectly good ones, and through no fault of her own, had been forced to leave her husband in Omaha, and had come back to live with her sisters and nephew in their home in Bloomington. As has been mentioned before, this created no problem for Ed, for he loved his aunts with an unvarying love, and was happiest when he was doing something in their service.

Ed began paying attention to a young lady in Bloomington, which attention quickly ripened into a deep and abiding affection, and in the course of a normal courtship, he proposed marriage and was accepted. The chosen lady was Miss Leona Munro, a very beautiful girl, possessed of a loving and engaging personality, and of an amiable disposition and exemplary character. Their plans were laid for marriage, and the home at 418 East Grove, already owned by Ed, was to be made over into two apartments, one of which was to be occupied by Ed and his bride, the other by his mother and two aunts. These plans, unfortunately, were not to be fulfilled.

CHAPTER 5 - THE LAST DAYS

"And the Spirit shall return unto God Who gave it."

Ecclesiastes XII, 7

At last Ed had found the work which he loved. His duties as chief clerk at the State Legion Office required him not only to keep the records of the members and the financial transactions of the State Office, but also in the early days he was subject to calls on many fronts. He was never happier than when he was trying to do something for the disabled veterans and their dependents, and a large portion of his work was given to filing claims for such veterans, and following through the red tape that was springing up even in those days, and getting their claims allowed. During all this time he did not neglect his contact with the members of his local post, and was particularly interested in the "Chow Club".

The Chow Club was an organization of local legionaires for entertainment and self-improvement. It met every two weeks with a big evening dinner, and with entertainment and nationally known and lesser known speakers. It had its own bulletin called the "Evening Bugle", which bulletin Ed assisted in producing. Much of the time he was the editor of the bulletin, and all the time he cut the stencils and ran out the mimeograph notices. Once, in the year 1924 while Ed was absent for a few days, the bulletin had to be published and printed without him, which gave Earl Bach, who edited this particular issue of January 3, 1924, the chance to say something about Ed, which Ed would not have permitted to appear in print had he been present, because he was extremely modest

and never blew his own horn or allowed anyone to do it for him when it could be prevented. On this occasion he was unable to prevent it, and Earl Bach wrote the following:

"EDDIE THE SILENT"

"There is one old boy in the Chow Club that has been doing a very great deal of work and who hasn't been getting enuf credit. Gentlemen meet Eddie Dimmett, our Treasurer. He's the Guy that cuts the stencils for the meeting notices and the Bugle and he's the guy that runs the mimeograph when they're printed. He's the guy that collects all the dues and he's the guy that pays the bills. If you think he's not one of the biggest "Kadooies" in the Chow Club, you should see him work - sometime. Now when you're passing out the flowers on this Chow Club, don't forget Ed, 'cause I'm telling you now, 'He's some Pumpkin.'"

His work with the Legion called for an eight hour day, but more often Ed made it ten, twelve, fourteen hours. It was not a job, but, aside from his family, it was his life. He entered into every phase of the Legion activites and rendered service far "above and beyond the call of duty".

In September, 1926, the state convention of the Illinois department of the Legion was held in Springfield, Illinois. Ed's duties in preparing the necessary annual reports, and in getting everything set up by way of arrangements were very heavy, and he never asked any one else to do what he should do himself, and in many instances he carried part of the burdens of others in the official family. As a result he was desperately overworked in the fall of 1926 and returned home from the meeting in Springfield quite tired. He was never physically strong but slight of build, although he never knew when to quit a task until it was done.

Almost immediately following the state meeting in Springfield, the National Convention took place in Philadelphia, and in company with his fellow officers and delegates from Bloomington and Illinois, he went to Chicago and on to Philadelphia for the National Convention. While on the train enroute to Philadelphia he suffered from a stomach ailment, and shortly after he arrived in Philadelphia, his illness increasing, he was taken to the Naval Hospital there for observation. The indications perhaps justified the diagnosis of appendicitis, but upon operating for this ailment, it was learned that he did not have appendicitis at all, and that the operation was not only unnecessary, but a great additional burden. Some sort of intestinal involvement followed, and a second operation was performed for the intestinal obstruction. The sulfas and penicillins were unknown at the time, and a severe infection resulted, and on October 16, 1926, one week after the operation had been performed, Edward passed away in Philadelphia.

His death had been expected for the last few days, but of course until his arrival as a sick man in Philadelphia, had not been even thought of. It therefore came only as a blow to his family, which would be a natural consequence, but as a tremendous shock to his co-workers and Bloomington friends who had not known of his illness. His funeral occurred in the Second Presbyterian Church on Tuesday afternoon, October 19th, with Reverend Charles T. Baillie, resident pastor, in charge. He was buried in Bloomington Cemetery with all of the military honors which the Legion could pay. Father J.H. Webber-Thompson of the Episcopalian Church was in charge of the religious ceremony at the grave. Harold

Dale Saurer and the choir of the Second Presbyterian Church sang at the service. The active pallbearers were Charles D. Havens, Floyd Thompson, Harold Ramage, Howard Stevenson, Robert Haffey and L. Earl Bach. The honorary pallbearers were Kaywin Kennedy, T. Fitch Harwood, Oscar Hoose, Charlie Poll, Dr. Harry Howell, W. C. Mundt, Edward A. Donnelly, Scott W. Lucas, Erwin Albee, Frank McFarland, Earl Greiner, Dr. E. M. Chrisman, John Sheean, and Richard Crose.

The national commander of the Legion, Mr. Howard P. Savage, sent the following message:

THE AMERICAN LEGION
National Headquarters
Indianapolis, Indiana

October 19, 1926

Mrs. Dimmett
c/o Floyd J. Heckel
Bloomington, Illinois

My Dear Mrs. Dimmett:

Let me express to you, Mrs. Dimmett, my sincerest grief at the loss that you have felt in the death of Eddie, that true, hardworking, loyal son, who has given so much toward the advancement of the American Legion that I am sure that every man and woman in Illinois will stand with head uncovered this afternoon as he is taken to his final resting place.

I believe the sense of satisfaction that you must feel in the life of your son, unselfishly giving his services, is at least some consolation to your burdened heart.

As the National Commander of the American Legion, I want to express to you our sincerest feelings, with the hope that in some way, some return can come to you for the services that your son has rendered.

Sincerely yours,

HOWARD P. SAVAGE

National Commander

Louis E. Davis Post No. 56 at it's regular meeting of November 10, 1926, and following the appointment of a committee on Resolutions consisting of L. C. Hunt, Dr. Harry L. Howell and Howard H. Stevenson, adopted the following resolutions:

RESOLUTIONS

TAPS: A soul searching, awe inspiring moment and another spirit had winged it's way down the western slope, and disappeared beyond the horizon.

With the passing of Charles Edward Dimmett the sun seems to show a little less brightly, and there is a little less of sweetness and placid serenity 'round about us.

His friends, and they were legion, were shocked beyond measure at the sudden news of his dissolution, and found it impossible to realize that they would no longer enjoy the splendid influence that he so unconsciously radiated about him.

Our departed comrade was an unusual character. With no apparent effort on his part, he attracted acquaintances, which soon ripened into deep and lasting friendships.

Quiet, courteous, efficient, he accomplished his duties with an apparent ease that was remarkable. It never seemed an effort to him to respond to the many calls that were made upon him. His word was his bond, and once given was never broken. If he agreed to accept a responsibility, or to undertake a certain duty, one could cease to worry about the matter, knowing that it would be done, and done completely and well.

His sweetness of character, his modesty of demeanor, his loyalty to his friends, and his inflexible fidelity to his duties, were the outstanding characteristics of his nature.

His patriotism and valued service to his country did not stop with cessation of hostilities, but the problems of the

government, and the problems of the ex-service man--particularly the disabled--became his problems, and he continued as good a soldier in times of peace, as he had been in times of war.

His untimely death was in line of duty, and his passing was as much a sacrifice upon the altar of his country as if he had perished on the poppy blown fields of France, or in the storm tossed, submarine infested waters of the Atlantic.

His presence is gone from us, but those who were privileged to know him will have benefitted from his influence as long as they have life, and the world will be a little better for his having abided in it.

In as much as Bloomington, the State of Illinois, and the nation has lost a useful citizen, the American Legion, a stalwart champion, and the State Department a valiant servant, let us resolve that we will endeavor to profit by his example, to emulate his sterling qualities, and to cultivate his modesty, his loyalty, his industry, and his integrity.

Be it also resolved that the Louis E. Davis Post of the American Legion, Department of Illinois, record the value of his great worth as a member, as one who went quietly about his work, asking no favors, and expecting no compensation for extra effort, but who believed thoroughly in the Legion, its principles, and the work it attempts to do.

That it remember the friendship of this trustworthy comrade, who had won his way into the hearts of, not only members of the Legion, but those of the community as well; that his friendship was prized and his cheery smile contagious; that his life was a rare example of honesty, faithfulness to duty, self-sacrifice and devotion.

In so remembering the life of Comrade Dimmett, let us also reflect, that it is through the efforts of such men that the work and aims of the American Legion, and the Louis E. Davis Post have been made outstanding in the state and community.

Be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the meeting of November 10, 1926, and that a copy also be furnished the members of his family, together with our most profound sympathy, and keenest realization of the irreparable loss they have sustained.

L. C. Hunt

Harry Lee Howell

Howard H. Stevenson

Thus, in a few brief words is written a few of the salient facts in the life of Charles Edward Dimmett. How futile are the words to portray human character. How brief the few things remembered in comparison with the many things accomplished by any ordinary individual in his lifetime. The day by day activities, the entertainment, the education, the family life, -- how varied and extensive they are, -- how few and incomplete the matters which we can say about them. The only element of value in the world is human life, and yet our standard of values are gold or silver, or in these modern times, even paper. Human life is the cheapest of all commodities and the least valued while being the most valuable.

Thus, Edward Dimmett lived, and thus he died. In the hearts of his friends he will live as long as they live; in the memory of others he will live as long as memory lives. The physical body passes away; the soul we like to believe lives on forever. In the final summary of life, the life of Edward Dimmett shines out as a bright beacon lighting a path across the sea of life.

"He touched our lives in many happy ways,
He worked and served, with no reward in view;
He never sought, though oft deserved, our praise;
His was a friendship, kind, unselfish, true.
No eagle flies so high nor yet so far
But it must sometime turn back in its flight;
Though brightly shines the glowing evening star,
Its splendors soon are clouded o'er with night.

The future years will swiftly come and pass,
And friendship's tears, shed now, will leave no trace;
For now we see but darkly through a glass,
While he has met his Maker face to face.
Eternal Goodness, may he find in Thee
A peaceful rest, throughout eternity."

'TWAS LONG AGO

By

Wylie R. Dimmett

The piggin and the noggin,
On the bench sit side by side,
"I remember," said the piggin,
"When the lad brought home his bride."

He stepped across the threshold
Wi' the lassie in his arms,
Avowin' he would love and keep
Her safe from all that harms.

He threw fresh logs upon the fire,
The tallow candles lighted;
He hung the kettle on the hob,
The cricket chirped delighted.

The lass her bonnet laid aside,
Her brown hair lightly fingered,
The while her eyes with fondest pride
On new possesions lingered.

The cherry high boy made by hand,
The chairs of rush and pine,
The pewter plates, the spinning wheel,
'All these,' she cried, 'are mine!'

"I remember," said the noggin,
"That he took you to the spring,
Filled you with its sparkling water
'Fit', he said, 'for any King.'

He dipped me in your crystal depths,
They pledged their lives together,
For health and wealth, love ever true,
In fair or stormy weather."

'Twas long ago; Where are they now,
The laddie and his bride?
Still the piggin and the noggin
On the bench sit side by side.

DR. RICHARD EDWARDS

by

ELLEN S. EDWARDS

DR. RICHARD EDWARDS

President of the Illinois State Normal University

1862 - 1875

Richard Edwards in the Family

by

Ellen S. Edwards
April 3, 1908

Father was preeminently a family man, a home lover. He had the hospitable heart and preferred always to meet his friends in his own home, rather than elsewhere. His wife and children had his confidence; they shared intimately his success. His was not a secretive nature. A triumph of his was a victory in the eyes of all the children.

In St. Louis days before the war he would take us all (there were only five then) on his lap and sing about the greedy old woman, who took more apples than she could carry, and when "Her apron string broke and she let them all fall!" the children would roll down on the floor in a heap of merry laughter. If he was merry the house was bright. When he was blue he was very blue, and the household was under a cloud.

The moral of the story stayed with us. There was always a moral to his stories, preferably stated with distinctness. In St. Louis we heard all the Shakespeare stories and became vigorous patriots, whose last bit of money or life-blood was for Abraham Lincoln on demand.

After 1862 the severe battle for the existence of I.S.N.U. monopolized his attention and excluded us somewhat. We were then a little pure democracy with mother for President, but with periodical supervisions that the shirker dreaded and the worker gloried in. The gospel of hard work and responsibility was drilled into us in those days, not so much by preaching as by living. It was then we learned that school and church and home were the three institutions, and that no duty to either of these was to be slighted. Nothing but the best service we could render was satisfactory to the heads of our family. The spirit of the Normal was ingrained in our lives.

Home was the center for us all. Little wandering away was the rule, but we had the happiest playtimes at home with all the neighbors' children in our yard. Father provided the children's magazines of the day, - "Children's Hour," "Merry's Museum," and "Our Young Folks," and many games, even when children's shoes came at seven dollars a pair, and only the farsighted could see any prospect of growth in teachers' salaries.

The pastor's life at Princeton gave father more time for association with the children than at home. He has often said this was a time of marked spiritual growth in

himself. Therefore it had to be so with us. We entered with zest into his business there, as we had always done, and it was a time of rich fruition in character forming.

Since 1876 the tie that united us all with him has strengthened with the years. It is not loosed a whit by his slipping before us over the line that separates us from the invisible world.

So far as lay in his power, he gave each child every facility for intellectual and moral development. Nine of the eleven children came to maturity. As each one entered upon his chosen occupation, father's counsel and encouragement were a strong incentive to energetic, honest work. His "optimistic enthusiasm" seemed almost to create ability in the trembler before untried experience. His interest and sympathy followed us all through every difficulty and danger. Any success of ours was his pride, as if it were his very own. All but one of his children have taught with some success. One has made teaching his life work.

In father's later years his chief joy was to have his children about him. This last year one of his great satisfactions was that one son lived so near that father could follow his course in detail.

Of the union between him and the noble woman, who stood shoulder to shoulder with him through the strenuous years, my pen can give but a faint conception. Some of you who read these lines have caught glimpses of what that relation was. But no one not of the household could know and the language is not given us that can express it.

To the last father kept in touch with current events and read the best current literature, always sharing with his family the pleasure and profit. Reading aloud alternately has been a custom always in our family. The daily morning Bible reading and prayer gave us all uplift and inspiration. The Sunday afternoon "sing" was his great pleasure. Every one within hail who could make a musical sound was drafted, and no voice rang out with more vim than his own, as the grand old hymns rose from lip and finger. Lonely hours were spent in memorizing hymns. We have a list of twenty-two he knew by heart. Many others he knew in part. No one went on the list if he hesitated over a line or word of it.

What he was to us this merely suggests. No better hope can be ours than that each of us may have a life as long, as full of service and blessing to others, as was our father's life.

-Taken from the Vidette, May 14, 1908

JAMES S. EWING

"No mean city," he said of Bloomington,
In echoing the Roman's proudest boast,
In polished phrase, as Webster might have done,
Its eulogist to an assembled host;
With silvery mustache and snow-white hair,
His large frame immaculately attired;
He carried with him a distinguished air,
An elegance by younger men admired.

Real gentleman, cultured and scholarly,
Lawyer who loved the bar's traditions well;
Suave diplomat at ease with royalty;
A wealth of reminiscence he could tell;
He walked Main street swinging a jaunty cane,
As though he were at Belgium's court again.

James Hart

A FAMILY PHYSICIAN

(In tribute to the Late
Dr. J. H. Fenelon.)

And while the time passed so differently still,
Laying the paper down with shake of head,

A feeling of sadness left trace of tears;
Our old family doctor and friend was dead,

A tireless physician for fifty years;
What vivid recollections it recalled,

How at bedside of patient gravely ill,
As life in balance hung, and dread appalled,
He came and ministered with practiced skill.

He showed more than professional concern,
His thoughtfulness, kindly words reassured;
Services surpassing fees he might earn;
Exacting demands on himself endured.

Too oft' taken for granted, they have found,
The busy doctors on their daily round.

James Hart

JOSEPH W. FIFER

One evening on his spacious porch we sat,
The governor's caller felt welcome there;
And while the time passed in informal chat,
He watched youngsters cavorting in park square;
Though feeble his once active, wiry frame,
From nonogenarian years' oppressive weight;
Alert in mind, his words clear-spoken came
Emphatically, what he chose to relate.

He talked about the public men he knew,
And fellow-towners, colleagues at the bar;
Of partisan battles he had been through,
In a long life, without leaving a scar;
Of Lincoln, always first in his regard,
To whom he listened in the courthouse yard.

James Hart

LOUIS FITZ HENRY - YEARS FROM 1900-1950

by

MILDRED FITZ HENRY JONES

LOUIS FITZHENRY

The Years from 1900 to 1935

by

Mildred FitzHenry Jones

Among those who were born in Bloomington and who lived there most of their lives there were few more loyal to this city than my father, Louis FitzHenry. He loved it. Several times it would have made his work much easier to have moved his home to another city but he preferred the inconvenience of commuter's travel to leaving Bloomington. It is true that he lived in Normal for almost fifteen years, but to him, Normal was only a suburb of Bloomington, an observation that annoyed supporters of our acquaintance.

When the twentieth century began, he was already a young man of twenty-nine, a practicing attorney with almost thirteen years of newspaper experience in his background. He had graduated from the Illinois Wesleyan University College of Law in 1897 and by 1900 he was practicing law. A short time later he and Lester H. Martin became partners with their offices in the Unity Building.

In 1909, after most of his friends had decided that he was a confirmed bachelor, my father surprised his friends by marrying my mother who was Miss Lottie Rankin of Normal. They went west via Colorado to California, Oregon and Washington on their wedding trip. At Olympia, Washington they visited my uncle, Edward Allen FitzHenry. He had left Bloomington in 1888. He became a surveyor and at this time he was Surveyor General of the State of Washington.

With the twentieth century came my father's first ventures into politics. He was elected City Attorney in 1907. In 1910

as the Democratic candidate he opposed John A. Sterling, the Republican incumbent in the race for congressman from the 17th Illinois district. As the results were tallied he lost, but the usual Republican majority was cut from 8000 to 2300. This gave him hope that he might win the next time if he engaged in an even more vigorous campaign.

As the second race was drawing to a close in 1912, I was born, in plenty of time to go to Washington with my family after my father was elected. Here he obtained much political experience. As a member of the Committee on the Judiciary of the House, he was active in preparing some of the important legislation of the Wilson administration such as the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, the Federal Trade Commission Act, the Federal Reserve Act, and the Underwood Act to strengthen the American merchant marine. He served on the sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee to investigate the charges of misconduct on the part of Judge Emory Speer, judge of the U. S. Court of the Southern District of Georgia.

In Washington my father made many new friends with whom he kept in touch for many years. One of his closest personal friends was Judge Rufus Hardy of Corsicana, Texas. Judge Hardy was a member of the Judiciary committee too, and he was particularly interested in the Underwood act.

Here, too, were two Bloomington friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Vrooman. Mr. Vrooman was Assistant Secretary of Agriculture at this time. He and Mrs. Vrooman had many Washington friends, having been there off and on since Mrs. Vrooman's uncle, Adlai E. Stevenson had been Vice-President. They did much to make Washington pleasant even for me!

Other colleagues were the Speaker, Hon. Champ Clark of Missouri, Cordell Hull of Tennessee, James N. Garner of Texas, John W. Davis of New York, and Carter Glass of Virginia. Mr. Davis later ran for vice-president with Cox after he had spent some time as Ambassador to Great Britain. All of these names were well known in our family circle but few of our Bloomington friends (except the Vroomans, the Stevensons, and the O'Donnells) seemed to know them until 1933.

The next election unseated my father so he returned to Bloomington to practice law. However, in June 1915, he was the Democratic candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois. The district, made up of sixteen counties, was normally Republican and my father lost the race although, rather surprisingly, he carried Tazewell, Macon, Moultrie, and Vermilion counties in addition to McLean.

In 1918, a vacancy occurred on the bench of the United States District Court for the Southern District of Illinois. This was caused by the death of Judge J. Otis Humphrey of Springfield. Once before President Woodrow Wilson had offered my father a federal judgeship in the Hawaiian Islands. This he refused because my grandmother, Mrs. Thomas Rankin of

Normal, was seriously ill at the time. When the judgeship in Illinois came along, he accepted and was appointed on July 1, 1918.

Our family was now composed of my father, mother, and my new baby sister, Charlotte Louise. My own memories really begin about this time. I am sorry that I cannot remember the Washington days. The court sat in Springfield, Quincy, and Peoria. The judge is supposed to choose one of these as his legal residence, so he chose Peoria, but actually continued to live in Bloomington. He was allowed to have chambers in Bloomington, too, however, and they were located on the second floor of the old Post Office at the corner of Jefferson and East street across the street from the Livingston flats and the People's Restaurant. Once you got there, these rooms were pleasant and bright but they necessitated a climb up the old winding black slate stairs.

Peoria was close and we visited the court frequently. There I saw my first defendants (and was disappointed that they weren't in chains), saw the jury, heard the witnesses, and saw the exhibits. There were often stills in the early days of Prohibition and they were frequently made of wash-boilers with a complicated series of pipes and vents that looked a great deal like one of Rube Goldberg's machines. There were jars of evil smelling mash made from potato peelings, prunes, apples, in fact most anything capable of fermenting. The hills and woods around Peoria seemed to be full of bootleggers.

Springfield was more formal and exciting to me because here the orbit of the great government of the United States seemed to touch that of the State of Illinois and here we not only went to court but also visited the State House and of equal importance, ate at Maldaner's! This was always an occasion. Archie Bowen and Sam Burnett, clerk of the court usually joined us. My father's lunch time companions also included John Ogelsby, Logan Hay, and sometimes James N. Graham. Mr. Graham had been a good friend of my father's in the Washington days too.

In Springfield, mountains of work were done because Prohibition begat mountains of work. The dockets were so crowded that finally toward the end of my father's service on this bench, a second judge was appointed to divide the load. This was Judge Charles Briggle. Violations of the Volsted Act were not the only cases in question. There were hundreds of others of all types including many patent infringement cases. I remember so well the case between the Meadows and Maytag manufacturing companies concerning an alleged infringement on a washing machine patent. The testimony filled thousands of pages and the hearings lasted late into a hot Springfield summer. However, of all types of cases, I believe my father loved these the best. Each new patent case was a challenge to his understanding and he enjoyed them thoroughly.

To finish the picture of the three seats of the court, Quincy must not be forgotten. Quincy was considered quite isolated in those years and it took hours of round-about rail travel to reach it. Once there, however, the people of Quincy did their best to make you forget the difficulties and arranged round after round of parties--breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners. Arrival of the court in Quincy opened a special little social season all its own.

There was the grim side of Quincy too. Here the trial of "Dint" Colbeck and his eight gangster companions was held. These were members of the gang known in southern Illinois and eastern Missouri as the "Eagan's Rats". Colbeck and his companions were charged and convicted of robbery of the mails. Later the three Shelton brothers--Carl, Bernie, and Earle, bootlegging gangsters were also tried. Both groups were convicted and motions for new trials denied. The Sheltons came from "Bloody Williamson" county and had been terrorizing that part of the state.

These trials were filled with much drama. An armed guard was provided for the witnesses for the prosecution. Reporters were there in full force. The St. Louis press was particularly interested and on February 27, 1927, the Globe-Democrat published a piece as the lead article in the Sunday magazine section, "What Manner of Man is Judge FitzHenry."

Louis LaCoss who wrote the story apparently was interested in his subject's newspaper background, and although the material presented deals with a period prior to 1900 I think that it is worth mention because it shows my father's relations with no less than four Bloomington newspapers. He told LaCoss that his first interest in the newspaper game came when he sold the Bulletin on the street corners as a young boy. While he was in high school he got a job as the high school correspondent for the Bulletin. Later, but while he was still in high school, the city editor of this paper wanted to go on an extended vacation to Mexico and asked my father to take over his job until he returned. When he came back, Louis FitzHenry continued his editorial pinch-hitting by going over to the Leader the rival paper to act as city editor while he went on his honeymoon. The Leader was a Republican paper, the Bulletin, Democratic.

In 1888 he went to the Sunday Eye as circulation manager. There he stayed and boosted the circulation for eighteen months. Then he went back to the Leader in the advertising department. A short time after that it was consolidated with the Bulletin.

He told LaCoss: "The Leader had been slipping in its advertising and I had to work like a Trojan but I got it back on its feet and so well regulated that I had time to branch out. I wrote a column of editorials every day. I edited the AP report received in the office. I read proof and even had time to write a few locals."

This was 1895. Here my father decided to take stock of himself. He was twenty-five years old and wanted to own a newspaper. He had no fortune except his intelligence and he decided that there was faint hope that he could ever attain his heart's desire of owning and editing a paper. So he decided to study law where a man with no capital but a fair amount of intelligence might be successful.

With the money that he had saved, he bought a labor paper the Trades Review which he published and used as his means of support until he graduated from law school in 1907. This paper was the official organ of the Trades Assembly of Bloomington during this period. The purchase and editing of this paper was significant. He was interested in the cause of labor at that time and remained so all of his life.

In the newspaper world were many of his closest friends. Here the O'Donnell family should be mentioned. There was James V. O'Donnell, editor of the Bulletin. Mr. O'Donnell was a close friend and I remember him as host to the "Saturday Night Club". Every Saturday night my father went down town to see his cronies and they met in Mr. O'Donnell's office. Once I was allowed to go along and I was very much impressed with the honor bestowed upon me. Mr. O'Donnell's brothers, Thomas and Hugh, the latter for many years on the New York Times were also good friends. Also in the same family is Marguerite, a sister who taught in the Bloomington elementary system for many years and who still lives in Bloomington and who remains a close friend to this day.

Two others who spent their lives in the newspaper world and remained intimate with each other and my father were Archie L. Bowen and Richard Henry Little. These three had grown up together in Bloomington and a good story could be written about the interweaving of these three lives. Each was completely different from the other. Archie Bowen was quiet and capable, a newspaper man always but also an almost professional figure in the field of public welfare having acted as head of the State Department of Public Welfare under Emerson and later under Horner.

Dick Little, on the other hand had been a war correspondent in the Russo-Japanese war, later in World War I. He was the first American correspondent in Berlin after it was occupied and he was on the spot in Russia as the Russian Revolution flamed into actuality. He was brilliant, witty, and full of stories, many hilariously funny, many full of pathos. He was mercurial in his emotions frequently up and as frequently down, but always kind and understanding in the end. Somewhere in the third corner of the triangle was my father, completely congenial with them both, less practical than Archie Bowen, more settled in temperament than Dick Little, but understanding them both and they, him.

Back to the judicial career of my father, I should say that from 1927 to 1933 the work continued to grow. The additional

Judge was appointed for the district. This was Judge Charles Briggle. My father took time too, to help other judges when their dockets became too heavy. One summer he went to New York to sit for Judge Learned Hand. At this time he came home delighted because he had spent the week end with Major and Mrs. Edward Bowes. Mrs. Bowes was Margaret Illington on the stage and at home in Bloomington she was Maude Light.

Frequently he went to Chicago to substitute for one of the judges on the Circuit Court of Appeals. There was talk that he might be appointed to that court if there was a vacancy. In 1933 this occurred when Judge George T. Page retired. President Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed my father to fill this vacancy on June 4, 1933. On October 3, he was sworn in in an impressive ceremony in Chicago.

There was much gratification to him in this appointment. As a court in the hierarchy of federal courts it is second only to the Supreme court. The association with the other judges was also a pleasure. First of all there was Judge Samuel Alschuler, the senior judge, who had been a warm friend for many years. It was an exciting intellectual experience to be associated with Judge Evan A. Evans, the second judge, because he possessed a brilliant legal mind. On the bench he could be bitingly sarcastic, but he was always a kind and helpful friend to my father and to me. Judge Will M. Sparks of Indiana was the third colleague and he was jolly and practical.

Service on this bench was quite different from that on the district bench. To me it was most impressive, but after a little listening it became dull unless you were a trained listener. The court sat in the old Federal building in Chicago in a beautiful oval court room. The bench backed by velvet curtains occupied one end of the oval. The judges were always robed, and my father wore one which had belonged to Dr. J. N. Elliott. When my father was appointed, the Elliott family gave it to him in remembrance of the friendship between my father and Dr. Elliott.

Since this was a court of review, the work was done chiefly with lawyers and briefs. Such paper work was good mental exercise but Louis FitzHenry missed the human element always present in the district court--juries, witnesses, and defendants. Concerning the latter we all remembered the story of my father and an old Bloomington school friend who happened to be the defendant at the unfortunate time in point. The jury had said that he was guilty and my father apologised, "Jim, I'm awfully sorry, but I have to send you to Leavenworth for ten years."

Soon after the Court of Appeals appointment, the McLean County Bar Association planned a party for him which pleased him immensely. It was a testimonial dinner held at the Illinois Hotel on November 4, 1933. William R. Bach was the Toastmaster. Frank Gillespie, Gov. Joseph W. Fifer, Judge Will M. Sparks, Hal M. Stone, Judge George T. Page, A. L. Bowen, and Lott R. Herrick all gave toasts. My father was touched by it all and said that it was the happiest day of his life next to the one when he married my mother.

In October 1933, I began to attend the graduate school of political science at the University of Chicago. This was chiefly because my father had great respect for this university and for the department of political science because of the head, Charles E. Merriam, whom he recognized as one of the great political theorists of our country. I lived at International House which had opened the year before, because my father thought that this was a remarkable institution. We spent a great deal of time together and also with the Littles and the Alschulers too. Week-ends we went to Bloomington.

As the winter of 1934-35 progressed, we knew that my father was not well. On Decoration Day, 1935, he had a slight stroke. The doctors thought that rest was important and recommended a voyage on the lakes. For this reason he and my mother went to Niagara on a freight boat. After they returned to Chicago, we went to Petoskey, Michigan, for the rest of the summer. Late in August he became terribly ill and my mother took him to Chicago to Passavant Hospital. Later, when he was some better, he was moved to Normal, but gradually he became weaker and passed away on November 18, 1935.

The funeral was larger than my mother, Charlotte and I would have liked, but we realized that there were many who should be allowed to pay tribute to him. It was interesting that, in the audience, were three former governors of Illinois, Fifer, Dunne, and Emerson, and the governor himself, Henry Horner.

With more research, an analysis of decisions could be made. There is not space for this but mention can be made of one which caused quite a stir. It was my father's interpretation of the Jones "Five and Ten" Law. He felt that under it an individual who bought boot-leg liquor was also guilty of violating the law as well as the individual who sold it and was punishable. From 1918 to 1927, only one decision of Louis FitzHenry's was reversed by a higher court.

This sketch gives only the basic events of my father's life during these years with mention of only a few of the personalities whose lives touched his. Further research could be done to good advantage.

Perhaps it is unwise to pick a characteristic in a personality which you feel to be dominant since all are inter-related. However, I do feel that the quality of loyalty was of great and often motivating importance in my father's life. This could be seen in his attitude toward so many things--toward friends and acquaintances, to his political party, to his country, to his church, to the law which he was sworn to enforce. This loyalty embraced Bloomington, his home. If he was away from it he never forgot it. He would tell his listeners whenever he felt that he had a good audience about Bloomington in the richest farming country in the world, peopled by colorful, accomplished, wonderful figures in the past and with a future which he was confident would surpass the past.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

by

Mildred FitzHenry Jones

My sister, Charlotte Louise, and a brother Louis who died in infancy are the three children of Louis FitzHenry about whom this sketch is written.

My brother was two years older than I, while I was born in 1912. I attended Franklin School in Bloomington and graduated from it in 1925. In 1929, I graduated from Illinois State Normal University High School since we had moved to Normal after my grandmother's death. At my father's wish, I went to Illinois Wesleyan University and was given my A.B. degree from this university in 1933. In 1935 I was granted an A.M. degree from the University of Chicago. Following work at the University of Chicago, I worked for the Board of Education of the City of Chicago for one year. After this I edited the house organ for the Walgreen Drug Company for more than two years. From 1939 to 1941 I worked for the American Scandinavian

Foundation as executive secretary and for the Library of International Relations doing publicity and public relations for this organization.

My sister Charlotte went into newspaper work immediately after she left college. For several years, she worked for the Daily Pantagraph as feature writer, women's page editor, and general reporter. In 1942, she went from Bloomington to the Chicago office of the Associated Press where she soon became one of the editors. In 1942, she was granted the Nieman Award for a year's study at Harvard University. This award has never been given to a woman before this year. It is given yearly to about a dozen outstanding newspaper people so that they may have a year to study whatever they wish.

I married Paul McClellan Jones in 1941. We have two children, Paul McClellan Jones, Jr. and Charlotte Fitz-Henry Jones. We have lived in Memphis, Tennessee until November 1, 1949, when we moved to White Plains, N.Y.

Charlotte Married John Stevens Robling in 1943. She has a daughter May Charlotte. She has been doing free lance writing since her marriage.

BACK WHEN IN BLOOMINGTON

by

Abe Williams

Sometimes it seems
They are only dreams,
But truly memory traces
Well known spots and familiar faces
Of Bygone years, of days that are done,
In the old home town of Bloomington.
Back in the days of the McLean County mine,
Of the Foster & Eddy Omnibus line,
Of M. L. Graham and Neil Senseney
Of Fred Ashton and Frank McKee.
Back in those long forgotten days
Of the old stove foundry and Howard Hayes.
Back in the days of the city well,
Of M. L. Popple and Thornton Snell,
Of Theodore Braley and Owen Scott,
Of Doctor Adams and Professor DeMotte,
Of R. E. Williams and Hudson Burr,
Of Judge Reeves and Clayton Herr.
Back in the days of the old south slough,
Of Ike Crawford and of Dick Blue.
Back in the days of Artie Wills,
Of Press Butler and Captain Hills.
Back in the days of Wesley Owen,
Of Dick Little and Archie Bowen.
Back in the days of the Woolen Mill,
Of Allison Hitch and Doctor Hill,
Of the livery stable of Charlie Landers,
Of Sarah Withers and of Sue Sanders.
Back in the days of Georgiana Trotter,
Of Sarah Raymond and Professor Potter.
Back in the days of Houghton's Lake,
Of Gerkin's bakery, where they made good cake.
Back in the days of Robert Loudon,
Of banker Thorpe and banker Cowden,
Of G.H. Read and of Dan Holder,
Of Pat Magirl, the iron molder.
Back in the days of New Year's calls,
Of cheap excursions to Niagara Falls.
Back in the days of the Bloomington Reds,
Of swinging hammocks and folding beds,
Of Clark Griffith and of Bill Conners,
Of "Baby" Bliss, who achieved great honors,
Of "Shorty" Thumbier and Larry Depew,
Baseball fans of the deepest hue,
Of Meno Cuthrie and Horatio Bent,
When John Holland was president

Of the baseball club in those palmy days
 Of three base hits and double plays.
Of W. H. Patterson, street railway czar,
 Of Bill Irvin and Doctor Carr.
Of Billy Meyers, the fighting bantam,
 Of R.L. Garlock and Stacy Tantum.
Back in the days of the palm-leaf fan,
 Of "Three Fingered Eph" and "Crazy Ann".
Back in the days of the skating rink,
 When we called Dave Loudon to fix the sink.
Back in the days of the hurdy-hurdy,
 Of B.F. Hoopes and Horace McGurdy.
Back in the days of Adam's Ark,
 Of Durley Hall and Doctor Parke.
Back in the days of Bailey Plumb,
 Of E. H. Rod and I. R. Krum.
Back in the days of alpaca coats,
 Of Norman horses and Fred Burr's goats.
Back in the days of the Livingston flats,
 Of Paisley shawls and picture hats,
Of Jack Maloney and of Chris Baker,
 Of Judge Tipton and Hiram Baker.
Back in the days of the cane-bottom chair,
 Of Charles Capen and Henry Behr.
Back in the days of Theron Fell,
 Of Fred Niergarth and Bert Caldwell.
Back in the days ere the Maine was sunk,
 Of C. W. Klemm and Isaac Funk.
Back in the days when life was safer,
 Of Stephen Smith and Napoleon Haefer,
Of M. L. Moore and B. S. Green,
 Back when Victoria ruled as queen.
Back in the days when we played theater
 And the dramatic club that went to Decatur,
Where the curtain rolled up and caught in the dress
 Of one of the girls, which caused distress.
Down memory's lane I love to fare,
 Back to the days more free from care,
When we had to work but had our fun
 In old time days in Bloomington.

days we talked and planned what I could contribute
to those who had been so kind to us in helping us to get
out of town. I think we made most of the time. I am
sure we were the Peppermill, the Wagon Wheel, and the Little Red
Wagon, because we were the ones who had to do the work.

MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER

MRS. A. B. FUNK

(Sophronia Josephine Van de Vender)

AND

OUR HOME AT 307 EAST GROVE STREET

by
Hazel Funk Holmes

This is my mother's story. She was born in 1856 in New York City. Her parents were German. Her father was a carpenter. They moved to Milwaukee in 1872. She was 16 years old. In 1878 she married August Ferdinand Funk, a carpenter. They had two sons, Hazel and Carl. Hazel was born in 1881. Carl died in 1885. Hazel grew up to be a teacher. She taught in the public schools of Milwaukee, Winona, Minn., and Duluth, Minn. After teaching she married Frank Holmes in 1906. They have three children, Hazel, Carl, and John. Hazel and Carl are now deceased. John is a teacher in Milwaukee.

The house where we lived in Milwaukee was built by a man named Ladd. He was a successful businessman. He had a large house with many rooms. It was a two-story house with a large front porch. The front door was made of wood and had a glass pane. The door was painted white. The house was located on a hill overlooking the city. The view from the porch was beautiful. The house was very comfortable and well-kept. The family lived there for many years. They enjoyed their time in Milwaukee. They traveled a lot and visited many places. They also enjoyed their time at home. They had a happy life.

When my father and mother returned from their honeymoon in Europe in 1870, they took up their life in Bloomington after the pattern of the young married people of their time. Father operated his farm in Funk's Grove, but from town. Unlike most of his seven brothers, he never chose to live in the country. Mother assumed her place with the other young matrons but her year abroad had whetted her appetite for the languages, the arts, and for music, and her interest in all these never waned.

The young couple lived for a few years with Mother's mother and Mother's step-father, Mr. Meshach Pike, in the Pike home on the corner of Chestnut and Clinton streets in Bloomington. Then Father bought the house at 307 East Grove street, into which they moved in 1876. The house no longer stands. It was razed in 1945 to make room for a modern auto industry, but the old Burr Oak tree has been preserved and spreads its wide-reaching branches over the modern structure. And at night brilliant Neon lights color the branches until they look like an artificial stage setting. I sometimes wish the old tree could talk, for it could tell far more than I ever could.

The house is gone but it lives on in the mind and memory of every one who ever crossed its threshold. For nearly sixty years the cousins and the uncles and the aunts, the friends and acquaintances of my mother and father, came and went, always sure of their welcome to the hospitable old home. The relatives from the country brought their babies to Mother while they went shopping in the town. Our house was conveniently near the Square!

And Aunt Fronie was always cordial about saying " Why, of course, leave the baby with me and go do what you like."

The house stood back from the street in a deep yard, with the big oak dominating the west line between us and the Gridley property. Two sister oaks stood next door in Mrs. Gridley's yard. The three trees were survivors of the original forest and our street was named Grove Street because it cut through the north edge of the grove.

The mansard roof on the house gave the rooms on the third floor as high ceilings as the rooms downstairs. Its solid stone foundation had a substantial look. In my childhood there was a narrow porch across the front of the house and the front windows came to the floor. House-cleaning time meant fun for me, for then only were those great long front windows thrown up and I could run in and out from the porch all I pleased.

As early as I can remember our house was the center of various activities. Life with Mother was never dull. She had so many interests, such enthusiasm, and such a capacity for enjoyment that all who knew her came under her spell.

If any one wanted to start something new in Bloomington he, or she, was told to "Go and see Mrs. Ab Funk, she'll help you do it."

I remember one hot June day in 1901. It was the kind of heat that only those brought up in the corn belt can understand. Mother was in the midst of making strawberry preserves. In two sauce pans on the big range the huge crimson berries boiled

furiously in a foam of fragrant sirup.

Mr. Bert Davis, editor and co-owner of the Pantagraph, strode into the kitchen sniffing and exclaimed, "Oh! How good that smells, Mrs. Funk. But can I talk to you right away about something? We want to announce it in the paper tomorrow."

Mother greeted him with her usual warmth. "Go ahead, Bert, let's talk right here. I daren't stop stirring for an instant."

What Mr. Davis wanted was her consent to take part in a Floral Parade the Pantagraph was organizing -- a parade where prizes would be given for the best flower-decorated carriage owned by Bloomington residents. It ended with her agreeing to enter our horses and carriage in the contest and Mr. Davis departing with a fervent - "Oh, Mrs. Funk, thanks ever so much. If you'll do it, others will be sure to come in."

From deep attic cupboards Mother brought boxes of white and lavender paper chrysanthemums, left-over cotillion favors of the previous winter. Our new carriage, the high stanhope, was completely covered with yards and yards of lavender and white cheesecloth; the wheel spokes were wound with strips of the same. The horses' harnesses had been wrapped with them, too. My father wore a white suit with a lavender flower in the buttonhole. Mother and I and our two house guests wore ruffled white or lavender organdie dresses and big floppy hats trimmed alike with chrysanthemums. The roan

4.

team, Nancy and Nora, had been brushed and curried until their sides gleamed.

Mother's enthusiasm spread its contagion and every one who owned a vehicle of any sort entered the contest. There was Mrs. Braley in her "spider" phaeton (decorated in red, of course), the Pattersons, looking very natty in their trap, and Mr. Stephen Smith and his sister Miss Nettie Belle Smith. There were the Harbers, the Sopers, some of the other Funks, and others too numerous to remember. It was a colorful pageant that wended its way around the streets of Bloomington back around the Square and past the judges' stand.

Three of the vehicles, ours included, were asked to drive over to the front of the Pantagraph building. And a pretty silver vase was handed to Mother and Father marked First Prize.

I am grateful that I have lived in the house and buggy age. It was a nice age, even with its limitations. We could not step in an automobile on hot nights and drive thirty or forty miles to cool off. But well do I remember long summer twilights, especially if we had house guests, when we would rise from an early supper and drive to the end of Grove street out along the straight country roads - straight roads with right-angled turns - roads that framed great fields of growing things, corn and oats and wheat and clover, or bare ploughed earth. Driving with horses gives one a different contact with the countryside than does motoring. For one thing, the horses watch the road for you. And as the dusk gathers and the dew

tempers the dry hot air, it becomes pervaded with delicious fragrances. Every month had its special perfume. In June fields of clover in bloom spread their cloying sweetness, July brought its satisfying aroma of new mown hay and in mid-August, when driving between field after field of corn in tassel, its heady odor almost anaesthetised you. We knew it was a lovely landscape, where you could see the full moon rise over one side of the horizon and watch the sun slide behind the opposite edge. But not one of us grasped the fact that this level land, with every acre in the intensive business of production, was one of the wonders of the world. Not even my father, who had seen the original prairie land rapidly change to fenced plowed fields, guessed at the tremendous capacity these acres would develop in the next fifty years.

The transformation from the horse and buggy age to the gasoline age was going to do that. My father would have jeered at the man who told him that some day a gasoline tractor would plow fifty acres in a day.

We were concerned with getting the last rays of the sunset before turning the horses' heads homeward and often on hot summer nights we were obliged to out-guess the speed of the thunder-storm whose distant muttering rumbled on the horizon. Black clouds would boil up from the edge of the landscape reddened by flashes of lightning. At a distance it was a magnificent show and Mother would always beg Father to "Wait just a little longer, Papa dear, it is so beautiful to watch." But Father used his

own judgment at these times and he invariably timed it to the split second so that we would find ourselves clattering into our driveway under the protecting branches of the big oak just as the first big drops would spatter down.

Fifty years ago an evening ride with horses was limited compared to the distance possible in an automobile today. The young people of Bloomington could not pile in a car and ride to Springfield or Peoria. There were no movies, no radio, no road houses. But they never lacked for good times. And our house was one place they knew they could always be sure would be open to them.

The telephone would ring and one of the boys, Bill Evans or Owen Reeves or Frank Aldrich, would say "Mrs. Funk, we'd like to get the crowd together for a dance tonight. May we come over and put the canvas down?" They were well aware that they would hear Mother's cordial "Why certainly boys! Come right over." And soon after they would arrive to move back the furniture and tack down the big canvas made to fit the living-room carpet. It made a surprisingly good dance floor. And after dinner they'd come trooping back with the girls carrying their dancing slippers in their slipper bags.

Playing the piano was a necessary asset for a girl then and different ones would take turns playing waltzes and polkas on the old square piano while the others danced until the chandeliers shook.

One time they held a "German" at our house. "Germans" (or cotillions) were popular then. Frank Aldrich led it.

There was always a leader at a "German", for it required some stage management and Frank was good at it. When a "figure" was called, only those couples came on the floor to dance who were invited by the leader. After a few turns the leader blew his whistle, the music stopped, the couples separated and each chose a "favor" from the assorted trinkets arranged on a table and bestowed it on a new partner--this went on until every one in the room was dancing.

I remember they had one "figure" where a huge pair of dice were used. Frank and Lyle, my brother, had made light wooden frames the size of a hat box, covered them with white cotton flannel, and painted black dots on them. The men rolled them along the floor and whoever threw the highest number had first choice of dance partners among the girls lined up at one end of the room.

I think this was the winter of the perpetual House Party. It began after New Year's and lasted for weeks, with intermittent quiet spells and much going and coming of guests. The four girls who were there most often were Florence Fifer, now Mrs. Jacob Bohrer, whose father was then Governor of Illinois, Felicita Oglesby, now Countess Cenci, whose father had been a former Governor of Illinois, Ethel Quigg, a cousin, now Mrs. Joh Porter, whose father was a brother-in-law of Leonard Swett, and another cousin Estelle Smith, from LeRoy, now Mrs. Walter Baird. These "girls" are all alive and well today.

When the Funk cousins who lived in the country, Gene, Dean, Charley, or Frank Aldrich from McLean, came to Bloomington, they

often stayed in town over night. Trains were few and it was not so easy to drive or ride horseback twelve or fifteen miles over rough roads in the winter time. In our attic storage closets there were usually three or four dress-suits left by these boys, ready for wear at the next ball.

It was a gay winter and a gay crowd. Florence Fifer bubbled over with buoyant enthusiasm. What one didn't think up, another did. One night one of the girls knocked at Mother's door saying, "Oh, Mrs. Funk would you mind telling us how to make a Welsh rarebit? We're having a terrible argument over how to make it."

So Mother dressed and went down to help them out. When she got down stairs she found the argument had progressed to the stage where no one was speaking to any one else. So she sent the boys home and the girls to bed announcing sternly that they had all been up late too many nights and they should get some sleep for once. When she went back to bed she told Father she had been "as cross as an old meat-ax" but that perhaps it had been good for them.

The house-party moved to the Governor's mansion at Springfield for a week and Mother and Father went along. "Private Joe" Fifer and my father were close friends from Civil War days, although they did not serve together, and their wives, Gertrude Lewis and Fronie Van Devender, were friends from girlhood.

There was one party at our house that surpassed all others, The Pink Domino Ball that wound up the season's gayety for

that winter. Every one of all ages was invited. The invitations requested both men and women to wear long pink dominoes over their evening clothes, and pink masques. Only pink would be acceptable.

All of the furniture was moved out from the downstairs rooms, canvas was tacked over every carpet. Mother and Father as hosts remained unmasked, but every one else wore masks. There must have been two hundred pink clad maskers and from the curving stairway the sea of whirling pink figures as they danced through the rooms was a sight to remember. Years after when ransacking an old trunk, I came across one of these dominoes, wrinkled and limp, and a pink satin mask curled up with it.

At the stroke of midnight the orchestra leader stopped the music, announcing that masks could come off and that supper would be served upstairs. The cateress served shrimp salad and slices of ham, pink strawberry ice-cream and cake with pink icing—but the coffee was black!

It was a year or two before this time that the living and dining rooms in our house were re-decorated. The walls of the living room were covered with a material called "Lin-crusta." It had a design of soft blue and gold tones on a dull gold back-ground. It was expensive but the walls remained unblemished for more than fifty years. But the fireplace in the living room was just plain ugly. It was of a nondescript yellowish wood. Above the mantle shelf were two side shelves topped by another long shelf. Two winged griffins facing each other supported this. I was so used to this that I did not realize how ugly it was until I grew up.

Our dining room had much loving care spent upon it. My father was interested in fine woods and came back from the farm one day with a board he had had sawed from a honey locust log. He was struck with its attractive grain and quality. No one had thought of using honey locust before for inside work. Oak and walnut or mahogany were the standard woods in use.

But after experimenting some, and advising with experts, he had the entire ceiling paneled in honey locust wood. There was also an interesting built-in sideboard of the same wood and a parketry floor with a design around the border of walnut. Instead of a chair rail there was sidepaneling three feet high like the paneling in the halls and along the stairway. This was of black walnut mixed with white walnut or butternut, as it is sometimes called.

In those days they believed in gilding the lily, and our fine white walnut doors and woodwork all over the downstairs were coated with layers and layers of stain and varnish and then "grained" to look like the natural wood - which of course it did not. Often have I watched the painters perform this technique of "graining" with their brushes. When I realized this, years later, I was eager to have it all scraped off and the wood restored to its natural finish, but it was never done. The honey locust ceiling in the dining room, however, was left in its natural beauty, a blond tone that would have done credit to any modernistic home.

The walls in the dining room were "frescoed" with de-

signs of plants native to Funk's Grove. There were branching blackberries, wild grape vines, among others. And around the frieze (every wall had friezes then) were round painted panels showing the game birds to be found in our prairies and woods and streams. There were paintings of quail and snipe, woodcock and prairie chickens. When my brother went hunting on the farm the delicious meat of the prairie chicken and quail were served at our table.

Over the fireplace there was to be a very special design but the decorator fell ill; and impatient with the delay, Mother decided one morning to wait no longer. So, wearing a big apron over her dress, she climbed up on the tall step-ladder and for three days came down only to eat and sleep. The result surprised every one. She had painted a scene of merry little elves drawing a cart full of tempting looking foods so well that when the decorator returned he said to her

"Mrs. Funk, that is better than I could do. Let's not touch it."

I suppose our dining room, of which we were so fond, was very very Victorian but now that it no longer exists except in memory its discrepancies fade in the soft haze of time.

Our house had long been a meeting place for art courses and French and German classes, study groups in philosophy and music. An eager student all her life, Mother would organize a class for any new teacher who came to town. And she was always the first student to enroll.

I can remember Professor and Mme. de Blumenthal.

They had escaped from Russia under the Czarist regime. They seemed like characters out of books to me. He had been exiled in Siberia at one time. How they got to Bloomington I never knew but Mother took them under her wing and got up classes for them in French and German.

had
Madame de Blumenthal, the blackest hair and the whitest skin I ever saw. She wore her hair in a high twist on top of her head and like many Russians, her English was flawless. She had come from the Ukraine and she used to say our great fields of grain in McLean county made her homesick for her girlhood home.

One of the closest friends Mother ever had was the mother of Alfred Klots. She came to Illinois back in the eighties. Some ^{one} told Mother of a new arrival in Normal from Paris, France, a Mrs. Brown. She had several children and a French valet. There was some lifting of eyebrows over the French valet by a few of the Normalites but this did not bother Mother, and losing no time she climbed in the buggy and drove to Normal to call. She found a shy attractive brown-eyed woman surrounded by several young children. She learned in the course of the conversation that Mrs. Brown had divorced her husband, a Mr. Klots, taken back her maiden name of Brown and had come to Illinois to live, where she had a cousin who owned a farm. She wanted to get as far from New York and Paris as possible. The French valet had been a family servant since her oldest child was a baby and she had brought him to help

her get settled but was sending him back east on account of her reduced income. Her husband's business had taken them to Paris half of the year and when Mother found she spoke fluent French she immediately said, "Why, Mrs. Brown, you'll have no trouble getting all the French pupils you wish here."

She invited Mrs. Brown and her little boy Alfred who was the same age as my brother Lyle, to come for lunch the next day. Mother told me that when they came in the house Mrs. Brown sat down and burst into tears, saying, "Oh, this is the first real home I've been in since I left New York. It reminds me of my Father's house."

Divorces were uncommon in those days and Aunt Libby, as I came to call her, felt that she never wanted to go back to New York and she didn't until her son Alfred grew up and had his studio there. Alfred never lost his love for the town where he spent his boyhood and he came to visit us whenever he could and the first thing he always asked for was spare-ribs and sauerkraut. He loved to tell the story of how my father dressed him up in his own dress suit to go to the reception at the home of Vice-President Stevenson on Franklin Square. Mother was away and Father was not very adept at fitting clothes. The suit was much too large for Alfred, who was only sixteen, but they pinned it with safety pins until they decided it was safe for Alfred to venture forth, although he said he dared not sit down during the whole evening for fear something would give way.

Another friend who adored my mother and who loved to come to the old Red Brick House on the corner of Grove and Gridley, was Fanny J. Slade. Her vital personality will always live for those who knew her. She had lived abroad during her whole girlhood and she spoke French and Italian as only one could who had lived for a long period in France and Italy.

She taught in Bloomington for years. I can see her now, when as a little girl I would wander into the class she was teaching in our long living room. She stood by an easel with a great copy book of blank pages two or three feet square. She would write out a French proverb clear across the sheet in a large flourishing hand, then call on some one to tell her in French what it meant! Maybe it would be Rachel Crothers or Grace Cheney or Nell Webb. She did not care how they stumbled nor how halting they were. The only thing she would not allow was a word of English spoken in class. And how she would storm at them unless they tried to talk in French even if they only managed to utter a few words! And she got results.

Some of the young men of the town, Charley Burr, Rob Williams, Melvin Dodson, and others would go to Miss Slade's to study French. They would stretch out on the rug by the fire on winter evenings and struggle with the French classics as if their careers depended on it. It was not only French her pupils learned. She had a penetrating mind and she loved nothing better than to prod and poke her pupils into heated discussions on all topics. She introduced them to those shock-

ing "modern" writers, Zola andd' Annunzio.

All who knew her loved and admired her. She had thin reddish hair, sandy freckled skin and was short and dumpy. And she had a voice as deep as a man's. There was a story often told in our house. Miss Slade was visiting us and was wakened in the night by seeing a porch-climbing burglar creeping over her window sill. She sat up in bed pointing her finger at him, roaring, "What are you doing there?" The intruder lost no time in making his escape.

Picnics in Funk's Grove were all-day affairs in the horse and buggy age. A carriage load of us, usually including my playmate, Margaret Gray, would start from the house about ten o'clock with full picnic baskets. The twelve-mile drive could be done in an hour and a half but with a full load we let the horses take an easy pace.

Frank Aldrich often joined us. If it was early May we usually stopped in the timber to look for morels-- those timber mushrooms people flock to the Grove for during the short season when they pop their heads above ground. There is no taste like this shy fruit of the forest. Its flavor is as much better than the store-bought mushroom as that of the quail's is better than the barnyard fowl's. Frank taught us their special haunts and after we had gathered a mess of the funny misshapen conical morels (they are different from the usual flat-capped mushroom and can never be mistaken for a poisonous variety) we would cook them over our open fire with butter and cream. My mother

would broil the tender chickens and Father would tend the potatoes baking in the hot ashes.

We often had our picnic in the Lake Pasture by the spring. And after lunch we children would go exploring with Frank. He seemed to know everything. He showed us the bobolinks and the meadowlarks and taught us to recognize their songs. He took us along the lake shore and showed us the turtles sunning themselves on logs. They would slide silently under the water one by one as we approached. He pointed out the frogs blowing up their little skin bellows on their throats to make their croaking noises. And there was always a solitary white heron standing in the edge of the water watching for fish in those days, for there was a big heronry in Funk's Grove.

It was Frank also who taught us that the fine old forest of Funk's Grove was a precious heritage to be preserved forever; that cities can be built in a generation but that hundreds of years are required to create a domain like the great tract of timber which we took as a matter of course.

My father realized this, too, and he taught me to recognize that the different trees native to the "grove by their bark in winter as well as by their leaves in summer. He would say, "What kind of a tree is that, Hazel?" "An oak tree, Papa." (very pleased with myself) "What kind of an oak?" he would press. "I don't know," I'd reply. "It's a Burr oak," he'd say with finality. He never explained the differences between the trees. I had to figure them out for myself but once I learned I never forgot.

I remember one picnic when we had to cross Sugar Creek. There was a gravel ford and the water was not deep, but to Margaret and me it was a real adventure to see the horses splashing into the water and the wheels disappear up to the hubs. In midstream the horses balked. They would not budge an inch. Neither coaxing nor whipping (it was very mild whipping) had any effect. We reached the other shore by wading and when we had all arrived on dry land the horses decided they had had enough fun with us and docilely walked out of the water. We drove on through the Bend Field so Father could look over the sheep he had pastured there. When he called "Sheepy! Sheepy!" they all came to the sides of the carriage and huddled so close we children could have walked across their woolly backs.

When we got to the lake pasture the white faced steers were standing near the feed troughs as we drove through the gate. Soon they would be shipped to the Chicago Stock yards by freight car, not by trucks as most of the livestock is transported today. When we drove through the lush bluegrass it was so deep our wheels disappeared to the hubs as they had done in the creek. And the horses tried to nip a few mouthfulls as we drove along but they did not balk.

In the 1900's there was no Community Fund; no drives for the various institutions, charitable or other. The Bureau of Associated Charities had been set up but operated on a slim and uncertain fund. When the first Charity Ball was contemplated, Mother was asked to be chairman of the committee for planning and carrying out the ball. It consisted of

a large unwieldy committee of both men and women. It needed the tact and ability of a diplomat to keep them from falling apart. I remember tense weeks of decisions and hard work. None of the family answered the phones those days because nine out of ten calls were for Mother anyway, so she always answered.

It was a big job. At the first meeting of the Committee she floored them with her proposal. "Ladies and Gentlemen, if this is to be a Charity Ball let us make it a Charity Ball in every sense. Let us ask and expect that every merchant, every decorator, every one who does a lick of work or furnished equipment or materials in preparation for the Ball, shall donate it. We must count on having the lease of the auditorium, the lights, the music, the food, the printing, the advertising, everything free. Then every penny we get from selling tickets will be available for charity."

No one believed this would succeed but fired by her convincing appeal the committee got to work. The idea appealed to the citizens and the newspapers helped to spread it.

The then new Coliseum was turned over to the Committee rent free, temporary boxes were built along both sides of ball room and sold for good fat prices. There was continuous dancing because the two leading orchestras had donated their services and alternated with each other in playing. The town turned itself inside out to make the ball a success and more tickets were sold than the committee ever expected.

Those were the days when we had soft music and bright lights in the ball room. Nowadays we have dim lights and loud music and I'm not sure but what the old way was pleasanter. Certainly Fred Ashton's waltzes have never been surpassed by any orchestra I have heard.

The Withers Public Library, the Bloomington Art Association, and the Amateur Musical Club were the three organizations into which my mother poured much of her energy and enthusiasm. She was a member of the Board of Directors of the Library for twenty-one years and was President of the Board in 1898 when the library was remodeled for the first time. At a reception held for the mayor and city council and general public Mother presided and told of the progress of the library since it had been taken over by the city. How "a handfull of books, scattered over some wooden shelves in a small dinnig room, has swelled to the number of 20,000 volumes neatly and systematically arranged upon shelves of the latest improved stacks in a large and well lighted building."

In a few years it became apparent that the library would need further expansion. The Bloomington Club held a long lease on the whole upper floor. When the lease expired the members did not want to be uprooted from the great airy second floor with windows on three sides, the high ceiling and pleasant fireplace. But Mother was effective in pointing out to Mr. Thomas Kerrick, then president of the Club, that it should be a case of the greatest good to the greatest

number and resignedly the club members moved out and built their own Club house nearby.

But the dances the Bloomington Club members held every winter while they occupied the library second floor were among the pleasantest events in Bloomington social life. One of my earliest memories was being allowed to go to the Bloomington Club dance and dancing the lancers with my father. In those earlier days there were quadrilles and lancers alternating on the dance programs with the waltzes and two steps. I never saw my father dance a waltz or two step. I think he really did not care for dancing and he had two excuses he invariably offered. He declared he could not hold his arm around a lady and dance at the same time, or he explained that he had one Methodist foot! But how my Mother loved to dance, and Father always encouraged her in this.

She always responded to rhythm in music of any kind. When a tiny girl, if a street band or hurdy gurdy struck up, she would be found dancing happily. In her nineties my husband would say "Come Sophronia, let us waltz." And he would hum a little tune and waltz her around the room for a few turns and she would follow as easily as she ever did, all beaming and smiling.

When the Library made its plans for incorporating the upper floor it proved to be quite a remodeling job. And at this time Mother and others pressed for a permanent room for art exhibitions. So the Russell Art gallery came into existence through the bequest left by Mrs. N. P. Perry. And Mother as one of the special committee visited the leading art galleries

ies in Chicago to learn what was the most modern lighting arrangement and most suitable wall coloring for such a room.

The Amateur Musical Club, from a beginning in 1894 of four charter members, became a great organization in a few years that acquired a national reputation in the musical world. Mother was not a charter member but she was the President of the club for nearly eleven years. Every member of the Amateur Musical Club board gave unstintingly in service and the membership grew to more than eighteen hundred season ticket holders in due time. This was even before automobiles were very common but the chain of electric interurban railways drew members from many of the neighboring smaller communities.

During Mother's administration they organized the Star Concerts, where they brought leading artists of the musical world to Bloomington audiences. One of the first of the great artists to appear for the Club was Nordica. When Mother said to the board "Let's have the best, most renowned singer we can get," some of the more conservative in the board counseled caution unless they could see the actual money to meet the huge fee. So they worked out a plan they followed for a number of years. Before each Star concert they secured enough guarantors among loyal Bloomington citizens to meet the fee in case the door receipts were insufficient. I remember Colonel D. C. Smith was one of the first to sign his name as a backer and so was Mr. Clark Stewart. But never did the Club need to call upon the civic minded friends who acted as guarantors.

acted as guarantors . And in due time as the Club grew in membership the Board was able to maintain a suitable reserve fund.

Mr. Carl Lamson told me an interesting anecdote about the first time Kreisler played for the Club. Mr. Lamson has been Kreisler's accompanist for these many years. And in the summers he was one of a group of musicians that played daily concerts often at the Lake Placid Club, where we went. Mr. Lamson said that when Kreisler and he were in Bloomington it was on a Saturday night. And when the concert was over he was asked by one of the ladies of the committee if Mr. Kreisler would mind being paid in actual cash, that they had been unable to deposit enough money in the bank to make the check for the fee. So Mr. Lamson was handed the sum of three thousand dollars in denominations no larger than five dollars and most of them were one and two dollar bills.

I would like to quote a few paragraphs from a Bloomington newspaper . It must have been printed in the early 1900's but it is not dated. It is a letter from a subscriber to the Bulletin.

The caption reads: HAILS AMATEUR MUSICAL CLUB.

"As an institution of surpassing worth- enthusiastic tribute of allayman.

To the Editor of the Bulletin.

This is one of our institutions of which Bloomington may justly be proud. Our little city has sent out into the musical world artists who have there gained international reputation but she still numbers among her citizens those who rank with the best. This was made manifest at the meeting of the Amateur Musical Club at the Unitarian church on Jan. 31. It has recently become the habit of this club to invite musicians of repute in other music centers to give its monthly program, but for sufficient reasons those who were to appear Saturday were not able to come. The president, Mrs. A.B. Funk, made known her

dilemma and Mrs. Dean Funk and Mrs. Willis S. Harwood came to her aid. The large audience has not been more highly instructed and entertained for years than by the program they gave Mrs. Funk is a brilliant pianist and when her piano blended with the matchless voice and personality of Mrs. Harwood there resulted a "concord of sweet sounds" that cannot be described."

The writer spoke truly. Right in our own midst we could well be proud of these artists and a number of others as well.

When Mrs. Dean Funk , beloved by the whole community, played, she drew an audience as big as did any imported star. I shall always remember the afternoon she played as soloist with the Chicago Symphony orchestra. The Coliseum was crammed to capacity and when she walked on the stage the whole audience gave one great gasp of pride and devotion.

Here I would like to quote from a letter from Mother to me in 1905, when I was away at school.

" yesterday was the Musical- Fern played all the afternoon. The church and gallery were full- a great ovation-- people clapped and cried; she was in white and looked like a spirit. Papa and Dean sat together, everybody was there. . .

When Mother had retired from the office of president of the Amateur Musical Club she was given the "office without time limit of President-Emeritus , the only one so honored by the Club!" On the corner stone of the Withers Public Library her name, Sophronia J. Funk, is inscribed with the names of the other members of the Library board who were serving in 1911 at the time of the remodelling of the building. But through the years of her life in Bloomington my mother will live in the hearts of all who knew her. She had a love for people and a genuine interest, not curiosity, in their lives. And she had the faculty of making and retaining many

friends. Some one once said to me, " You cannot keep all your friends in focus all the time", but Mother did, somehow. She kept up a voluminous correspondence with friends she had made away from home or those who had left Bloomington.

There is a box full of letters to her from Miss Slade either in French or Italian, answers to letters Mother had written in these languages as part of her continuous effort to perfect herself in these studies.

And in her daily life she was never too busy to listen to another person's troubles. I know there were many times when her intuitive counsel prevented rash action or hasty steps leading toward a broken home, or the final stimulus toward some decision that could insure the successfull career of some one.

Some one once called her the lady with the understanding heart. I did not know her as she was when a young woman but she never seemed old to me. She had a natural spontaneity a keen enjoyment of all things. She seemed to possess some secret spring that never exhausted itself.

I want to quote from two letters. Both are from Mrs. Theron Fell, formerly Mane Dodson, and my mother's girlhood friend. Mrs. Fell is one of the fortunate few who has reached the age of 92 without the usual infirmities that the years bring. In her first letter to Mother, dated 1913, she says, writing from Mastodon, Alaska, " I told her how near being loved to death you were by your friends- always giving so much of the strength you needed for their pleasure ---- " and " -- At one of the informal afternoon when seated a dozen of us, at a round table, I spoke of Illinois as being my

home state when a girl, a lady present remarked she once met a lady from Illinois at a resort in Michigan and though it was twentyseven years ago she had never forgotten her. Her charming personality and the devotion of her little son were the things she remembered. My dear, it was you and Lyle. I told her I had recently been your guest in Bloomington and I passed the blue stoned ring around the table for all to see...". The second letter was dated February sixth, 1950, from Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Fell wrote to me on my request to tell me any special details she could remember about my Mother. She says ..."I was younger than your mother but she always had a great attraction for me and I was delighted when your grandmother said I might come to your mother's wedding and help pass the cake. I don't remember any other young girl being present but it was a great occasion for me. I remember the big room built on for the occasion where guests danced. The bride and groom went to Europe on their honeymoon - a rare trip those days. When I was married your mother came to my wedding and brought her pearl necklace for the 'something borrowed' for me to wear. French was our great mutual interest. I remember the days when we met once a week for Miss Slade's French class before the open fire in that nice big living room of your home. I was there when the gas was replaced by electricity for the first time. I am quite sure some of my happiest girlhood days were spent in that room."

The handwriting of the two letters looks as if they were written within a few days of each other rather than nearly fifty years apart.

The handwriting of the two letters looks as if they were written within a few days of each other rather than nearly fifty years apart.

I had always wished to know what my mother was like in her youth. A few years ago I had a chance to talk with the mother of Mr. Archie Schaeffer of Bloomington. Mrs. Schaeffer (formerly Tina Neirgarth) was eighty seven years old when I met her. She told me of taking music lessons of my mother when Mother was eighteen years old. She said:

"Your mother was always so beautifully dressed, wore her clothes so well and used such a nice perfume. It was always the same kind. As a little girl I used to like to have her come to give me music lessons. She was so beautiful and so sweet to me always. One day my little brother toddled in through the door and your mother picked him up in her lap and held him while I was playing my pieces."

The letters my mother wrote to her mother when on her honeymoon in Europe reveal the girl of twenty-one more vividly than any description can. They radiate her happiness, her wonder at the places they visited and her gratitude at the opportunity for study and travel in the Old World.

My mother lived from 1848 to 1943. These ninety-five years spanned an ever changing era. She kept her interest in the life around her. Before she lost her sight entirely she committed to memory poems in French and Italian and English. On cardboard in letters two inches high I printed a few of her favorite verses from Dante, from Lamartine, from Bliss Carman and she would put herself to sleep learning them.

In 1863 at sixty years of age Emerson wrote;

".... that tremendous force of the spring which we call native bias... whose impulsion reaches through all the days, through all the years, and keeps the old man -

constant to the same pursuits as in youth!"

Nearly twenty years before, in a similar mood, he wrote,

" Men go through the world each musing on a great fable dramatically pictured... if you speak to the man he turns his eyes from his own scene ... and endeavors to comprehend what you say. When you have done speaking he returns to his private music and his private music is his self expression, the most important function in this personal hypnosis that we call life."

Mother's private music was expressed in countless variations on many themes-- themes that represented the wide range of her interests, her enthusiasms, her purposes. And even when age restricted her activities, both mental and physical, and the thickening mists clouded her powers of perception, she always responded to the same stimuli that had set in motion the different rhythms of her being.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

I was born in the Red Brick House at 307 East Grove Street May 16, 1886. Except for a few years I lived in this home until I was married.

My husband is Henry Wyman Holmes. He was Dean of the Graduate School of Education of Harvard University when we were married. Since his retirement in 1947 he has been co-director of The Civic Education Project in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

We live in Cambridge in the shadow of Harvard Yard in an old house built in 1853 which much resembles the old house on Grove street in Bloomington. It has a winding stairway that goes to the third floor and rooms on each side of a large hall both upstairs and down.

My schools were : Miss Stockman's kindergarten, Mrs. Husted's Private School, St. Joseph's Academy and the Illinois Wesleyan University. I graduated from National Park Seminary in Washington D.C. and from The Finch School in New York City. During the year 1900 we travelled in Europe from February until November and for some weeks I studied French as a day pupil in a French convent.

In Bloomington I was a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Alumnae Club, the Clio Club, the Central Illinois Branch of the League of American Penwomen. For a few years I served as a member of the Board of the Unitarian Church in Bloomington and also of the Community Players.

My chief interests have always been concerned with the study of birds, flowers, trees and stars. Although I have never become proficient in any of these fields I have received untold satisfaction from what knowledge I acquired.

The cause I am most devoted to is conservation of our natural resources. I feel this is the foundation of all advancement for the human race. Our dependence on arable land is absolute and only a small percent of those people capable of protecting what we have left realize its importance. I take great satisfaction in the recent establishment of the Funk Forest Natural Area.

Hazel Funk Holmes
(Mrs. Henry W. Holmes)

13 Kirkland Place
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

WILL GIBBONS

Poor Will's obituary sketch had read:

"He was a salesman," which described him well;

But he peddled something, it might be said,

Besides the merchandise he had to sell;

On torrid days pulling refreshment cart,

He catered to his own customer trade;

As hustling flag merchant he had his part,

When patriotism staged a big parade.

Hopelessly handicapped, in crippled state,

Against such odds he strove to make his way;

Cheerful and neat, never bemoaned his fate,

Was regular in church on the Lord's day.

From his life worthwhile lesson all can gain,

When of woes real or fancied we complain.

James Hart

The eight or nine, in an evanescent stand,

Plain-silkies, but two of the last

James Hart

THEY SAW GRANT

(Civil War Veterans Encampment
in Bloomington, September, 1881.)

Hither came thousands of Grand Army men,
Throngs such as a soldier encampment drew;
They were all middle aged and active then,
Still spry of step, and uniformed in blue;
Out at Fairgrounds a tented city rose,
And in the timbered shade of Walnut Hill;
The grand parade before reunion's close,
Gave massed onlookers life-remembered thrill.

What was it stirred enthusiasm so,
In those who marched with Sherman to the sea?
Why did their faces such elation show,
Who had followed Thomas to victory?
The sight of Grant, up on reviewing stand,
Plain citizen, but hero of the land!

James Hart

GENERAL HARBORD

(On Marker at Birthplace in
Randolph Township.)

Among Randolph's acres of waving corn,
Before farmhouse a tablet set in rock,
Marks where an eminent soldier was born,
Of early Blooming Grove pioneer stock;
His forebears in republic's wars had fought
The country lad would be an army man;
When West Point aspirations came to naught,
As private in the ranks his climb began.

Over in France at Pershing's side he stood.
Amid world conflict's sanguinary scenes,
The hero of Soissons and Belleau Wood,
He commanded the embattled marines;
Whose valor turned tide against enemy,
And spurred the Allied cause to victory.

James Hart

DR. EDSON B. HART

by

LOUIE HOWELL HART

Dr. Edson B. Hart

Edson B. Hart, born in 1868, youngest son of Allen and Martha Baldridge Hart, spent his boyhood days on the Hart farm four miles west of Kappa, Illinois, where he experienced the hardships of a country boy of that time. There were no automobiles then to jump in to go places in a hurry. Long hours of work with no vacations, no time for tennis, golf, or baseball, were the lot of the farm boy at this early date.

Because of financial troubles that had come upon the family, and the death of the father in 1879, Edson and his brother, John, stayed out of college three years to assist their mother to regain a small portion of the land that had been lost by their father in going security on notes for his friends. Edson never complained about sacrificing education and good times for his work but looked forward in happy anticipation to the time when he could enter college.

When his mother retired from the farm to make her home in Bloomington, he was able to resume his interrupted schooling. After graduating from Illinois Wesleyan University, he borrowed money to enable him to complete the medical course at Northwestern University in Chicago. From there he went to New York for internship at Bellvue Hospital and returned to Bloomington in 1901, mentally and physically equipped for the practice of medicine and surgery. Through the successful years that followed, his energy in his profession never slackened. He was made County Health Physician soon after he came back to Bloomington and this helped to get him acquainted with people here. This was before automobiles came into use but he had a buggy and two horses, Pet and Major, which were kept busy all day and lots of nights. Babies were born in the homes then and this meant lots of nights waiting mostly in kitchens for the time to come to really get busy.

In 1901, Dr. Hart was taken onto the staff at the Deaconess Hospital, now the Brokaw Hospital. At that time there were only twenty seven members on the staff and only one building for everything that had to be done. There were not the modern facilities they now have in the new large buildings which have been added.

It may be interesting to name the doctors who were on the staff at that time. They were Drs. Guthrie, Mammon, Fullwiler, Hawks, Ferd McCormick, N. K. McCormick, John and Rhoda G. Yolton, C.M. Noble and Avery Noble, Vandevort, Hall, Chapin, Fox, J. Whitefield Smith, Godfrey, Myers, Fenelon, Welch, Rhodes, Taylor and Elder. Only two of all of these good men are living today--Dr. Hawks and Dr. Rhodes.

There are now sixty one members on the staff who work with all the modern methods and equipment, which are so different from those in 1901.

In 1901, Miss Carrie S. Flatt was a most capable Superintendent who remained for six years. She organized the Training School for Nurses, which still educates fine young ladies as nurses today. Miss Flatt married Mr. L. S. Rupert soon after she resigned.

During Miss Flatt's supervision, Mr. Abraham Brokaw made a gift of thirty thousand dollars (\$30,000.00) to the Deaconess Hospital to be used as needed, and at this time, the name was changed to Brokaw Hospital. New buildings were constructed and an entire revolution in the management took place. When Mr. Brokaw died in 1905, he left \$200,000.00 and a good farm in Dale Township, to Brokaw Hospital.

In 1908, Miss Lulu Justus stepped in as head of this flourishing institution and was there until Miss Macie Knapp took over with Miss Maude Essig as Superintendent of Nurses. There is now a Board of Directors with a man as Superintendent, Mr. Herrin, who is most efficient.

Dr. Hart entered the office of Dr. Mammon in 1901 and later formed a partnership with Dr. C. E. Chapin and Dr. Hawks, known as Chapin, Hart and Hawks. After Dr. Chapin's long practice of twenty six years in Bloomington, he died and the firm continued as Drs. Hart and Hawks until the latter's retirement in January, 1939. He carried on alone until July 18, 1939, when he suddenly suffered a heart attack and collapsed in his car, in which he and his wife were sitting while watching some golfers drive balls on a practice range. Such sudden death was a fitting climax to a busy life, enjoyed to the very end. Unlike some of his colleagues called at the zenith of a useful career, or others after a longer period of retirement, Dr. Hart had spent a full and useful life up to the last minute as was always his wish.

He was not only intensely interested in his practice but was deeply concerned in the patient as an individual. He was a man of broad sympathy and profound interest. No matter how busy he was, he was not too busy to take a personal interest in his patients. You felt that you were the only patient he had because he devoted so much thought and time to your individual case. Each case was a new adventure to him and his one thought was for the welfare of the patient. Dr. Hart possessed a wonderful personality and always wore a smile which illuminated his face with strength and power and gave new hope and courage to all around him. The men with whom he worked found him to be

an indefatigable worker, sincerely devoted to his practice, his patients, his family, and his friends.

Among many of the friends he possessed, there was a group of younger medical men in whom he was always sincerely interested from the time they entered pre-medical courses until they were ready to practice, sharing his wisdom and rich experience with them.

Dr. Hart suffered one of the greatest shocks of his life and profession when in 1924, his nephew, Harlan Hart, on the staff of Brokaw Hospital then, became ill with pneumonia and after three days, passed away. He had built up such hopes for his nephew and then his hopes were so suddenly shattered. He could hardly ever speak of Harlan without tears in his eyes.

In Dr. Hart's later years of practice, he enjoyed surgery more than general medicine and devoted his time to the operating room and his office, making calls only on his old friends to whom he felt a loyalty.

On one Mother's Day, in response to a request from the Pantagraph, for a tribute to his Mother, Dr. Hart wrote in part as follows:

"One of the greatest blessings a boy can have is a good mother and that boy will never go far wrong if he seeks her counsel and heeds her advice. If every boy could have as good and noble a Mother as mine, the world would be better. The older I grow, the more I realize what a life of love, labor, and sacrifice has been that of my Mother. When I look back, I often think how she toiled and sacrificed in the old home in the country, toiled as few women do of the present. Her tasks and responsibilities were great but none too great for her children because of her love for them."

"To my Mother I owe much to be thankful for. One of the lessons she tried to teach was success in anything worthwhile depends on character, honor, and honest work. I believe for the life she lived and the lessons she taught, she was blessed with good health and has not lived for naught."

Dr. Hart was a Republican but in local affairs, was an independent voter. He was a member of the Grace Methodist Church. He honestly said the only fine ever paid by him was his income tax, which he considered a penalty imposed on thrift.

Dr. Hart married Louie Howell in 1911 and they were the parents of four children, Jane, Ruth, Edson and Harvey. Louie, the wife and writer of this, was the daughter of Vinton E. and Frances Hill Howell, the former from Ohio and the latter a native of Vermont. The home was on Fell Avenue just two blocks from Dr. Hart's Mother and he seldom missed a day of running in to say hello to her on his way home from the office.

Jane married Trimble Sawtelle, an attorney, in Washington, D. C., and has two children. Ruth married an attorney and is now living in Wilmette, Illinois, with a family of three little girls. Edson owns the moving picture theater in Delavan, Illinois. He married Mildred Trigger from Ellsworth and they have two little girls and a baby boy, Edson. Harvey married Marianne Fearheiley of Normal and they have a little girl and boy. Harvey is employed in the Peoples Bank and lives on East Grove Street in Bloomington.

The home where we raised our family I sold in 1942 for a dormitory for the Wesleyan University three years after Dr. Hart's death and I now live at 1104 Elmwood Road. With my four children and their little families, I have lots to love and be thankful for, but it is a lonely life after one loses a family and is left alone to carry on.

I am a member, as are all of my family, of the Episcopal Church.

JACOB LOUIS HASBROUCK

BIOGRAPHY

by

Mary L. Kimball

JACOB LOUIS HASBROUCK
Biographical Sketch

Jacob Louis Hasbrouck was born at Pana, Illinois April 23, 1867, son of Alpheus J. and Mary Ann (Hasbrouck) Hasbrouck. His parents moved to Effingham when he was a small child. He grew up there and graduated from high school there at the age of fifteen. He attended Wabash college for two years withdrawing because of poor health.

At odd times in his home town of Effingham he acquired knowledge of the printers trade and worked in the office of the Effingham Republican for two years. He then went to Champaign where he worked for the Times newspaper and commercial printing plant. From there he came to Bloomington and obtained work as a journeyman printer in 1891.

Mr. Hasbrouck was given his first job as a reporter for the Daily Leader, then published in a building where the Majestic stands. He was employed by a newspaper in Toledo, Ohio for a year and returned to Bloomington to work for the

Bulletin. On October 15, 1898, he was employed as telegraph editor of the Pantagraph and he continued to work in various departments until his retirement in November, 1941.

On the night of Bloomington's big fire (June 19, 1900) he was taken off the telegraph desk and made city editor, a position he held for seventeen years. He became editor March 31, 1922, and held this position until he retired and was made editor emeritus in November 1941.

During Mr. Hasbrouck's years as city editor, editorial writer and other duties he had an active influence in bringing about several major public improvements for the community, by furnishing the bulk of the factual or educational matter through the columns of The Pantagraph. These projects were mainly:

I The McLean County Tuberculosis Sanatorium. He was a member of the group of seven men who first proposed that the county do something to mitigate the ravages of tuberculosis. He served as secretary of the county tuberculosis society for more than twenty years.

II Organization of the Bloomington-Normal Sanitary District and the construction of a modern sewage treatment plant.

III Organization of the Bloomington Water Supply company and the construction of Lake Bloomington, as a water supply.

IV Movement to change the water supply from a private project to a municipal undertaking.

Throughout his years as director of the local news de-

partment, Mr. Hasbrouck wrote most of the publicity for the campaigns of the various welfare agencies.

Mr. Hasbrouck left as a byproduct of his many years of newspaper writing several books and papers. One was a history of McLean County in the First World War, this in collaboration with the late Edward E. Pierson. Another was the introductory chapters of a biographical history of McLean County. He wrote several papers on phases of the Life of Lincoln, a history of the McLean County Centennial, a history of the Second Presbyterian Church and many compositions in verse.

In 1895 he sent a poem entitled "A Christmas Ban" to the Chicago Tribune. The Tribune artists drew illustrations for the poem and so embellished it, the poem occupied a whole page in the Christmas edition.

Mr. Hasbrouck was married to Miss Caroline L. Kimball on April 7, 1896. They have two children, Theodore L. and Helen L. Hasbrouck Williamson.

HOVEY'S BIRTHPLACE

Facing the streets, on shaded Normal lawn,
A rough granite memorial boulder rests;
Passersby pause, who else might hasten on,
To read inscribed tribute its plaque attests;
Which tells that Richard Hovey was born here,
In frame house that sits back within a yard;
The young poet whom the Muses held dear,
His genius well merited their regard,
Through Vagabondia's realm roaming carefree,
Bohemian friendships his songs inspired,
That yet thrill college halls with revelry,
Tho death took him too soon, so much admired,
Faterno brothers in pilgrimage came
Years afterwards, to seal his tardy fame.

James Hart

HARRY LEE HOWELL, M.D.

by

ROSE HOWELL

BIOGRAPHY OF HARRY LEE HOWELL, M.D.

by

Rose Howell

Harry Lee Howell was born on a farm near Kouts, Indiana, June 3, 1878. His mother, Kate Bailey Howell, and his father, Lee Griggs Howell, lived on a 5500 acre ranch five miles from the village; his father being Superintendent of Grasmere Range.

Harry's childhood was lonely for he was an only child until the age of nine when his sister, Ruth, was born. The country was sparsely settled and there were few children for miles around.

His early schooling was obtained at Kouts, Indiana. The five mile distance, to and from school, was covered on horseback. He often spoke of the bitter cold of the winters and how he had to be lifted from his horse and helped into the little schoolhouse because his legs and feet were too numb from the cold to support him properly.

He graduated from High School in Valparaiso, Indiana.

He next attended Purdue University where he majored in Pharmacy and became a member of Sigma Nu Fraternity. In September, 1901, he entered Rush Medical College. In his second year, he served as orderly, or hospital attendant, for nine months in Cook County Hospital, Chicago, Illinois. He participated in athletics at Rush, as he had done at Purdue, and was initiated in the Medical Fraternity, Nu Sigma Nu.

On September 16, 1902, he married Rose Bachrach of Bloomington, Illinois. Two daughters were born to this union.

He graduated from Rush Medical College in 1904. May 29, the same year, saw him located in Bloomington, Illinois. Here he served as Physician and Surgeon for forty years with the exception of nearly three

years' service in World War I.

He enlisted in the Naval Reserve November, 1917. Having first spent four months at Great Lakes he was assigned in April, 1918, to the troop ship, Calamares, on which he served as Physician and Surgeon and made five round trips from this country to France. On his last trip on the Calamares, Spanish Influenza was raging. There were many cases among the troops, the crew and the officers. The three other doctors aboard were also very ill and unable to be on duty. It was after a gruelling passage, during which time Doctor Howell never slept longer than a half hour at a stretch, that he received high commendation from the Navy Department. His diary has this notation:

"In this Grippe Epidemic we had altogether 450 cases with only two deaths. All the ships in this convoy had more mortality than we, some as high as 92."

October, 1918, he was transferred to the Leviathan, the largest and fastest troop ship afloat; and then continuously served until September, 1919, when the Leviathan made her final trip as a transport and brought back General John J. Pershing and his staff. In all, Doctor Howell made fifteen round trips, holding the rank of Lieutenant, Senior Grade.

From September, 1919, until he received his discharge, April, 1920, he was on sick leave convalescing from a serious case of diphtheria.

He was an ardent Mason, having received his degrees in Bloomington Lodge No. 43, and was Worshipful Master in 1920. During the period of 1905 to 1913 he acquired all the degrees in Masonry in both rites. In September, 1914, he was honored by being crowned a 33 Degree Mason, Honorary member of the Supreme Council.

He was a member of the Association of Commerce for years and

active in many community projects. He performed the official duties of a Director for eleven years and was a Trustee of Western Avenue Community Center.

The American Legion was dear to his heart. He helped found it, was its first Commander under charter, and the only member to hold that post twice.

It was in November, 1940, that Doctor Howell was first elected Coroner of McLean County. It was his conviction that the office should be occupied by an M. D. Although his health was rapidly failing, he was re-elected in 1944.

Among community activities, he was instrumental in organizing the Bloomington-Normal Health Council and the Bloomington-Normal Chapter, National Aeronautic Association, of which he was Medical Examiner for 14 years.

He was a member of the Illinois and American Medical Associations and was Past President of the McLean County Medical Society. He also served on the staffs of the three Bloomington-Normal Hospitals.

Death came to him on December 16, 1944.

... than his love of祖国 greatly
His valuable services will have enabled
in furthering the art of medical practice
His noble qualities and splendid per-
Kept him up just enough
Then in a long hour with spirit broken,
He joined his Lambeth's military group

ELBERT HUBBARD

(Noted American Literary Figure,
Born in Bloomington.)

Though he affected long hair, flowing tie,
He was no visionary dreamer pale;
There was a flash of genius in his eye,
"Fra Elbertus" achieved on major scale,
Who "A Message to Garcia" could write,
As a classic in our language to rate;
His "Little Journeys" gave guiding insight
Into the lives of personages great.

His restless energies must have outlet,
In furthering the art of printed page;
His model Roycrofters new standards set,
Established him as East Aurora's Sage,
Then in a tragic hour with spirit brave,
He shared the Lusitania's watery grave.

James Hart

A BLOOMINGTON ROLL CALL

By

Abe Williams

Had the roll been called in some bygone year
All of these people would answer - "here".
In their various ways they toiled and spun
To Perform their work in Bloomington.

There was I. Root and Belle Plumb
Who would paint your house for a modest sum,
Father Burke and Rev. Jackson,
H.M. Kennedy and Bob Maxon,
Link Fleming and L. Q. Hay,
Guy Carlton and James Gray,
"Jack" Reeves and Dick Wood,
Both of them artists and both of them good,
Oscar Jackman and Sid Smith
And the drawings they pleased us with,
Doctors Waters and Doctor Ylton,
J. Y. Chisholm and Cheney Moulton,
Ed Maxwell, the wall paper man,
Jim Reeder, Charles Hassler and Bert McCann.
There was Luke Watson and John Keogh,
And Asahel Gridley, with all his dough,
Mrs. Wickizer and her famous bread,
Nellie Parham who knew the books that should be read,
Mrs. Cooper at Cooper Hall,
Who furnished food for banquet and ball.
There was Captain Sweetzer and Lieutenant Freeman,
Gallant soldier and honored seaman.
Our water was pumped and streets were lit
Under the guidance of Herman Schmidt.
There was George Hutchins of the Sunday Eye
Who wrote of our town in praises high,
Eddie Pierson who gathered the news
And Gus Edborg who mended our shoes,
J. K. Haldeman who made tomb stones,
Gordon Lillie and "Buffalo" Jones,
Frank Evans, Ed Morgan and Price Fell
And Elbert Hubbard who wrote so well,

Darius Pingree and Ezra Prince of a former day,
Professor Lackland and Louie Lampe,
W. K. Dodson, J. K. Roush and John Skelton
And the genial butcher, young Bert Pelton.
There was Captain Fitzwilliam and Colonel Reed
Who helped our country in time of need,
George Cotter and "Dad" Geiler,
The Greenlee boys, Legan and Tyler,
Doctor Mammen and Doctor Hull,
Harry Butler and F. C. Muhl,
Johnny Burns and Ike Witherspoon,
J. C. Coblenz and Bert Kuhn
Delmar Darrah and Doctor Grothers,
R. P. Smith and O'Neill Brothers
Kate Hamilton, author of many a tale,
And Johnny Ferry who carried the mail.
There was N. C. Phillips and T. M. Bates
And Mr. White, who made the gates.
There was A. B. Hoblit and Kersy Fell,
Ira Merchant and Arthur Bell,
Charlie Radbourne (the record he made was one for the book),
Charlie Kurtz, Cliff Carroll and Charlie Cook.
There was J. K. Stapleton and Professor Van Petten,
Busy with school kids and not forgettin'
The Kids they were training wouldn't let them down
But would some day be running affairs in our town.

Some lived here til their lives were done.
Others moved on from Bloomington
To seek their fortunes or gain renown,
But all once lived in our little town.

Bloomington, 1947

C. W. KLEMM - A PORTRAIT

by

CLARA KLEMM AGLE

C. W. KLEMM.

A PORTRAIT BY HIS DAUGHTER CLARA KLEMM AGLE.

I shall be strength to those who follow after
I shall be hope and star light in the West,
I shall be consolation and inspiration
Long after I'm at rest.

C. W. Klemm worked for all these qualities during his life time. He achieved them. The star and crescent was his emblem. Ad Astra Per Aspera (To the stars through difficulties) his motto. These were his incentive to forge ahead through adversity and disappointment to outstrip defeat.

Born in Germany, he rose from immigrant to become an outstanding merchant in a pioneering speck of a town in the middle West, using his unbounded energy, his everlasting determination, courtesy and square dealing to win out. He was always a kind, thoughtful, honorable gentleman, and is still remembered throughout Central Illinois all these years with great affection by a loving public.

The earliest recollection of my father was a Christmas celebration for us little youngsters when he had a tree that reached to the ceiling, all lighted with wax candles reflected in silver balls, and the magic lantern slides of Venice. These Christmas celebrations became an institution in the family until his death.

Memories both sad and gay remain through the years. He made many trips to New York City and we always awaited news of the late fashions for the ladies, when yards and yards of silk and velvet and passementerie embodied a party dress. Hats the least of which Parisian copies were enchanting - some designed and made in our own workrooms by twenty-four women as highly efficient trimmers. All these hats were graciously fitted by our beloved Lenna Clark and her organization. My father had an inherent feeling for the beautiful and the fine things. A discrimination that few are lucky to possess. We still are amused at his polite humorous remarks concisely spoken such as when a traveling man proudly showing his merchandise and my father said "And that should be pretty?" He demonstrated the thrift he wanted to impress us with when he saved string, rubber bands and parcel post wrappings.

In the home he was much the same sort of man, when we were unruly, "You remind me of Hottentots." Remember simple things are the most refined. Breakfast was served at 6:45 in the dining room always with more or less formality. We had to appear with a bright wide awake "Good Morning," shoes buttoned to the top and every button on; faces shining neat and clean. There were no kimonos nor loung-

ing robes for we never had time for such frivolous things. All of us took piano lessons, one played the violin, my patient mother standing by counting 1, 2, 3, 4, and watching the clock conscientiously. My father was a firm believer in education. He himself studied Astronomy and French in the evening. We children studied too. No novels nor jazz were allowed in the home. Louise M. Alcott, The Youth's Companion and The Literary Digest were always on the library table; A Mighty Fortress is Our God by Bach, and Liszt's Consolation familiar compositions; Etchings and Steel Engraving were hung with care. Each Sunday after church all of us drove in the fringed surrey to the woods for the rest of the day. My father loved the trees, the brooks, and the birds. Nature in all its relaxing beauty. In the home, patience, tolerance and consideration for each other prevailed under thoughtful direction.

C. W. Klemm arrived in New York City alone in 1868 following a twelve year dry goods apprenticeship in Nordhausen, Westnitz and Potsdam for at that time business training was required. His grandfather has been a coffee importer; his father a dry goods merchant. Two brothers died in 1930. Julius had been a lumber merchant in Heidelberg. Robert a lawyer in Berlin, then a Governor of one of the German Provinces under the late Kaiser with a summer home in Switzerland. Both brothers lost all their money during the World War I.

There was a cousin in Springfield, Illinois named C. A. Gehrman who took my father into his business, but C. A. Gehrman was an artist not a born business man so he could pay my father only \$5.00 a weekly salary which was hardly encouraging to an ambitious young man who wanted to go places. Consequently C. W. Klemm left and went into business for himself on the North side of the Square in Bloomington, Illinois, in 1873. The picture of William Peake of New York City who extended the first credit to my father is still hanging in its oak frame on the library wall of the old home now occupied by Julius P. Klemm and his family.

Descriptions of the great snow that covered the town in 187⁸ are still remembered. C. W. Klemm undaunted shoveled it off in front of his store, and in walked the first customer, Charles Gemehlin for three yards of crash toweling at thirty cents a yard. A sale which started the C. W. Klemm business on the way to its present day existence of 76 years.

By 1873 when C. W. Klemm came to Bloomington, the small town had grown to 1200 inhabitants. It had a wooden Indian in front of Guthrie's Cigar store, wooden side walks, mule drawn street cars, clay streets now wet and sticky, now dry and thick with dust that blew over the landscape all but blotting it out, and a corn field where the Woolworth building now stands. The Court House with its town clock was the nucleus around which big business centered. There was the early Post Office, Schroeder's Opera House, A. Livingston's Dry Goods Store and the Wilcox Dry Goods Store, The Melluish

Jewelry Store, Holder Milner Hardware Store, Harwood's Hardware Store, The Ashley House at the present site of the Illinois Hotel, Coblenz Drug Store, several Banks and others, descendants of whom are today cherished friends. In those days there were no telephones, no furnaces, no electric lights, no plumbing. Stores opened at 7 in the morning with all hands on deck, ready to go. Bundle boys delivered with faithful regularity packages that were too heavy for customers to carry. George Giering was our first bundle boy. He lived way out in Normal on North Linden Street beyond the end of the street car line. He brought his dinner pail except Saturdays when he came to my father's house for a nourishing hot meal. George was with us over fifty years when he died, having great pride as the head of the Dress Goods Department. Jesse Jones has taken George's place. He came to us in 1902; after forty-seven years of loyal and loving service is still going strong. Roy Osmun too is doing his forty-sixth year with the organization, beloved by all of us and still carrying on most efficiently. Roy has helped in every way possible to make the store work at its best.

Do you remember the Mill End Sales when the C. W. Klemm doors opened just wide enough to admit women standing in line to take their turns buying ticking, unbleached muslin, blue denim, and hundreds of skeins of yarn for socks? And the wire baskets that slid along to the cashier's desk with merchandise to be wrapped? And do you remember when corsets went by sizes and nobody tried them on - first aisle on the right near the door? And the long sleeved, long legged fine woolen underwear for the ladies also in a conspicuous place?

C. W. Klemm survived three panics, and the big depression of 1930. The store with its entire contents burned to the ground in the Big Fire of 1900. We remember still with deep appreciation the kindness of the Oberkoetter family when they offered my father the use of their building on South Main Street until he could rebuild and reestablish his business seven months later.

As my father went through his life of 85 years, he became the President of the Bloomington Loan and Homestead Association, Director of the Third and First National Banks, Trustee of the Unitarian Church, a member of the Association of Commerce, a part Owner and Director of the Consumers Heat and Light Company, a Board Member of the Withers' Library, and a Board Member of Brokaw Hospital, a Member of the Masonic Lodge, and a Charter Member of the Old Golf Club which is now the Bloomington Country Club.

Ten years before he died he was presented with a silver loving cup by his employees following the 47th Anniversary of his Establishment. Each year his faithful employees sent a huge basket of roses on his birthday, expressing their love and admiration.

C. W. Klemm married twice. First to Augusta Seibel who left three children. Then to Amelie Bender of Peoria who was the mother of Julius.

Helen Klemm married E. L. Howard. They had 6 children.

Charlotte married Wilbur Best. Their child is Barbara.

Helen married Clarence Percy. Six children all living in Champaign, Illinois.

Clara deceased married Harold Christ. Two children, Marilyn and Patricia.

Charles not married.

Marietta married Robert Jenkins. Two children.

Jane married Jack Ingham. One adopted boy.

Clara Klemm married Charles F. J. Agle. One son Charles..

Carl H. Klemm married Frances Metz. Three daughters Betty, Jeanne and Patricia.

Julius Klemm married Carita Wayne. Martha their daughter.

My father died in 1930. It was a sad time for us. We loved him very much. The family under C. W. Klemm's guidance prospered. There are now four buildings owned by the heirs. The retail Dry Goods store is still on the North side of the Square with Carl Klemm, the President; Julius Klemm, Secretary and Treasurer; Charles F. J. Agle, First Vice President; and E. L. Howard, Second Vice President.

It has been a long time since 1868. Years and days have been filled with many vicissitudes and interests. The fond memory of its founder C. W. Klemm is still enshrined, it lingers full of strength, hope, consolation and inspiration. The same high standard of honor and honesty and quality prevails.

JOE LANDIS--LIBERAL

He is direct heir of those pamphleteers,
Whose broadsides enlivened colonial days;
Nor has the burden of his ninety years,
Dampened ardor of his crusading ways;
When some public question is to the fore,
His opinions are never left in doubt;
He's busy on the street, or in a store,
Passing copies of his "Plain Speaker" out.

With the courthouse railbirds he could be seen,
In deep discussion pressing home a point;
The politicians draw his crossfire keen,
Or maybe it's the times are out of joint;
He abhors sham, but likes his fellowmen,
And says just what he thinks, with voice or pen.

James Hart

LINCOLN AT MAJOR'S HALL

(THE 'LOST SPEECH,' DELIVERED MAY 29, 1856)

BY JAMES HART

BLOOMINGTON WAS BUSTLING WITH GALA
AIR,
WITH MUCH ACTIVITY 'ROUND PUBLIC
SQUARE,
AND LITTLE GROUPS CLUSTERED UPON SIDE-
WALK
IN FRONT OF STORES, ENGAGED IN EARNEST
TALK;
THE ATMOSPHERE WAS CHARGED WITH
POLITICS,
THAT MAY MORNING IN EIGHTEEN FIFTY-
SIX.

THE SUBJECT THEN ON LIPS OF EVERYONE,
CONCERNING WHAT WAS LIKELY TO BE DONE,
AT MASS MEETING OVER IN MAJOR'S HALL,
FOR WHICH SOME EDITORS HAD ISSUED CALL
FOR DELEGATES FROM ALL OVER THE STATE,
TO CONVENE IN BLOOMINGTON ON THAT
DATE.

Congress by action unwelcome, unwise,
Had repealed a long-standing Com-
promise,
And stirred dormant issue of slavery,
Supposed to have been solved per-
manently;
New territories barred by that compact,
Now thrown open, slave owners to at-
tract;
Which aroused Northern people to
protest,
With Illinois setting page for the rest

THE NEED FOR PROMPT, VIGOROUS ACTION
CLEAR,
THESE 'ANTI-NEBRASKA' HOSTS GATHERED
HERE
WITH OBJECTIVE A NEW PARTY TO FORM,
IN FACE OF AN OMINOUS GATHERING STORM.

ABRAM BROKAW CLOSED UP HIS SHOP AT
NOON,
WITH PLOW ORDERS WAITING DELIVERY
SOON;
AND DOCTOR WAKEFIELD QUIT COMPOUND-
ING PILLS,
TO SEE WHAT COULD BE DONE FOR NATION'S
ILLS;
THE TOWN'S LEADING MAGNATE, BANKER
GRIDLEY,
LEFT DESK TO JOIN RECEPTION COMMITTEE,
INCOMING TRAINS AT BOTH DEPOTS TO MEET,
AND THE MORE PROMINENT VISITORS GREET;
AT STRAINING ANIMALS THE HACKMEN
SWORE,
AS ROUNDING THE CORNERS THEY MADLY TORE;
RACING EACH OTHER TO REACH THE HOTEL.
UNLOADING THERE, AND DASHING BACK
PELL-MELL.

LED BY "LONG JOHN" WENTWORTH, A
FORMER MAYOR,
CHICAGO'S CROWD SET OFF A BIG FANFARE;
UNHEARDED, COMING UP FROM CHAM-
PAIGN,
NO ONE HAD MET ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S
TRAIN,
WHO DROPPING COURT WORK, ARRIVED
DAY AHEAD,
TO "LOOK AROUND" AS OBSERVER, HE SAID;
HE WAS A CENTER OF INTEREST ERE LONG,
MOVING ABOUT IN PIKE HOUSE LOBBY
THRONG;
A MILLING CROWD'S INSISTENCE TO AP-
PEASE,
SOME OF THE VISITING CELEBRITIES -
LOVEJOY, PALMER AND LINCOLN EACH
BRIEFLY
ADDRESSED THEM FROM A PIKE HOUSE
BALCONY.

MAJOR'S HALL STAGE HELD NOTABLE ARRAY,
WHEN GAVEL FELL AT TEN O'CLOCK NEXT DAY;
MEN WHOSE NAMES WERE WELL KNOWN IN
ILLINOIS.

PRINCETON SENT ITS FIREBRAND, OWEN
LOVEJOY;
SENATOR TRUMBULL, SCHOLAR OF STERN WILL,
AND HANDSOME RICHARD YATES OF JACK-
SONVILLE;
DECATUR'S SPOKESMAN, SHREWD DICK
OGLESBY;
WITH ABLE ORVILLE BROWNING FROM
QUINCY;
KOERNER OF BELLEVILLE GAVE GERMANS A
VOICE;
TURNER FROM FREEPORT, SANGAMON'S
DUBOIS;
NORMAN JUDD, SMOOTH AND SUAVE CHI-
GAGOAN;
WITH JOHN M. PALMER SLATED FOR CHAIR-
MAN.

HIS KEYNOTE TALK MADE ALL GRIMLY AWARE
OF URGENT BUSINESS THAT BROUGHT THEM
THERE;
OF HIS OWN POSITION HE LEFT NO DOUBT,
WITH HIS FRIEND DOUGLAS HAVING FALLEN
OUT,
AND CAST OFF HIS DEMOCRAT ALLEGIANCE;
FROM SET OF PRINCIPLES DRAWN IN AD-
VANCE,
THE TEXT OF A PLATFORM BY BROWNING
READ
WITH ROUSING 'AYES' CHORUS WAS ADOPT-
ED;
NEXT IN ORDER WAS A FULL TICKET SLATE,
CHOSEN WITH AIM ALL FACTIONS TO PLAC-
ATE;
COLONEL BISSELL WAS NAMED FOR GOVERNOR,
WITH LAURELS EARNED IN LATE MEXICAN
WAR.

WITH THESE FORMAL PRELIMINARIES DONE,
SEVERAL SPEAKERS WERE THEN CALLED
UPON;
FIRST INTRODUCED WAS JAMES S. EMORY,
HAILED AS A 'BLEEDING KANSAS REFUGEE';
ABOUT RECENT GRUEL OUTRAGES HE TOLD,
BY LAWLESS GANGS DETERMINED TO UPHOLD
RUMP GOVERNMENT AGAINST POPULAR WILL,
SENT IN BY SLAVE POWER TO BURN AND
KILL;
HIS WORDS WORKED UP LISTENERS' SYM-
PATHY,
INDIGNANT SUCH TERRIBLE THINGS COULD
BE;

THUS MOVED BOLD CONSPIRACY TO PREVENT,
THE PROPER PITCH TO PROCEEDINGS WAS
LENT.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION WAS MUCH THE
SAME,
AS YET EVERYTHING HAD BEEN RATHER
TAME;
YET EACH SPEAKER AN IMPRESSION CON-
VEYED,
THEY WERE ENLISTING IN HOLY CRUSADE;
DICK YATES SPOKE IN DECLAMATORY VEIN;
LYMAN TRUMBULL IN LEGALISTIC STRAIN,
ADVISED OLD-LINE WHIGS WHEREIN DUTY
LAY,
NOW THAT THEIR PARTY WAS CRUMBLING
AWAY;
LOVEJOY WANTED ALL-OUT RADICAL STAND,
IN FIERY BLAST TO BACK UP HIS DEMAND;
LEST SUCH INFLAMMATORY TALK WORK
HARM,
OGLESBY WITH SAGE COUNSEL STILLED ALARM.

THESE ORATORS WERE APPLAUDED AND
CHEERED,
NO WANING OF CROWD'S INTEREST APPEARED,
ALTHO THE LONG-WINED PATIENCE MIGHT
TAX,
AS HOURS WORE ON TOWARD A GRAND
CLIMAS;
MOST OF MAIN FLOOR DELEGATES OCCUPIED,
SPECTATORS LINED THE WALLS AT EITHER
SIDE;
SOME PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY ON WINDOW
LEDGE,
REPORTERS RANGED BELOW THE PLATFORM
EDGE;
THOSE NEAR A DOOR REACTIONS PASSED
ALONG,
AND OUT INTO FRONT STREET'S EXPECTANT
THRONG;
WHO HAD JUST SPOKEN, ANY POINTS THEY
MADE,
ON THE INSTANT TO THOSE OUTSIDE RELAYED.

A RESTLESS FEELING GRIPPED THE AUDIENCE,
AS THO' SURCHARGED WITH EXPECTATION
TENSE;
'TIL "GIVE US LINCOLN!" SOMEBODY CALL-
ED OUT,
"LINCOLN! LINCOLN!" OTHERS TOOK UP THE
SHOUT;

A GAUNT FIGURE ROSE UP WELL BACK IN
REAR,
TOWARD PLATFORM PUSHING A PATHWAY
CLEAR;
STANDING BY TABLE HE SURVEYED THE
ROOM,
WHILE WAITING UNTIL QUIET COULD RE-
SUME;
RIGID, WITH HANDS ON HIPS, HIS EYES
AGLOW,
HIS FIRST FEW SENTENCES HESITANT, SLOW,
HIS SALLOW FEATURES RELAXING WITH LIGHT
HE BEGAN WITH "WATCHMAN, WHAT OF
THE NIGHT?"

'TWAS HALF PAST FIVE BY CLOCK AS HE
COMMENCED;
THAT HE BROUGHT A MESSAGE EVERYONE
SENSED;
NAUGHT THE FAMED STORY TELLER TO SUG-
GEST;
FROM HIM WHOM INSPIRATION NOW POS-
SESSED;
AS HE WENT ON, FROM DRAWLING HIGH-
PITCHED KEY,
HIS VOICE RANG OUT CLEAR AND RESO-
NANTLY,
AND THE ANGULAR FRAME IN WRINKLED
CLOTHES,
LOOMED FORTH IN CALM AND DIGNIFIED
REPOSE;
THEY HARDLY KNEW THE MAN THEY LOOKED
UPON,
HIS USUAL CARELESS, AWKWARD BEARING
GONE;
WHO AS THOUGH NEWLY CONSCIOUS OF HIS
POWER;
STOOD DOMINANT OVER THIS PREGNANT
HOUR.

THE MAIN THEME HE STRESSED SO CON-
VINCINGLY,
THAT KANSAS SHOULD REMAIN FOREVER
FREE;
BALLOTS INSTEAD OF BULLETS MUST PREVAIL;
IN SUCH A RIGHTEOUS CAUSE THEY COULD
NOT FAIL;
THEY MIGHT BE WEAK, THEIR ADVERSARIES
STRONG,
THE END WAS SURE, THO' STRUGGLE MIGHT
BE LONG;
HIS ARGUMENTS POUNDING LIKE HAMMER
BLOWS,

AS WORDS POURED FORTH, TO FULLEST
HEIGHT HE ROSE
HIS HEAD THROWN BACK, AS THO' HELD IN
A TRANCE,
ON SOMETHING FAR OFF HE FIXED PIERCING
GLANCE;
"AS FOR THE SOUTH," HIS TONE HURLED
DEFIANT,
"WE WILL NOT LEAVE THE UNION, AND YOU
SHAN'T."

IN THIS CHALLENGE, LINCOLN APPEARED TO
REACH
THE CROWNING MOMENT OF HIS DEATHLESS
SPEECH;
WHILE OF FREEDOM'S SUBLIME MISSION
HE TOLD,
HE TOOK ON GRANDEUR OF PROPHET OF OLD;
LONG SHOULDERING FIRES, LOVE FOR HU-
MANITY,
SPARKED UTTERANCE OF HIS PASSIONATE
PLEA;
COOL REASONING, WITH NO APPEALS TO HATE,
HIS WHOLE ARGUMENT SERVED TO ELEVATE;
HE BUILT HIS THESIS IN ORDERED SEQUENCE,
COLD LOGIC, PURE PATHOS, HARD COMMON
SENSE;
AND WHILE THE VERBAL LIGHTnings FLASH-
ED AROUND,
FOR HOUR AND MORE THEY SAT SILENT,
SPELLBOUND.

TO CATCH EVERY SYLLABLE EACH ONE
STRAINED,
AND FROM APPLAUSE UNTIL THE END RE-
FRAINED;
THEN PENT UP EMOTIONS BURST OUT IN
ROAR,
LIKE WAVES OF OCEAN BEATING ON THE
SHORE;
AS DAZED EXPRESSIONS AND UNASHAMED
TEARS,
GAVE WAY TO A FRENZIED VOLUME OF
CHEERS;
CHAIRS OVERTURNED WHILE PANDEMOMIUM
GREW,
CAUSING A WILD RUSH FORWARD TO ENSUE;
THEY SURROUNDED LINCOLN AT HEAD OF
AISLE,
MOPPING HIS BROW WITH A QUIZZICAL
SMILE;
TRYING THEIR COMMOTION TO UNDERSTAND.
WITH SCORES ENDEAVORING TO GRASP HIS
HAND.

WORRIED REPORTERS LINCOLN'S AID BE-
Sought,
WHO IN BAD SITUATION NOW WERE GAUHT;
FINDING TOO LATE THAT IN EXCITEMENT
TENSE,
CARRIED AWAY BY SUCH GREAT ELOQUENCE,
HAVING CAST PENCILS AND NOTEBOOKS
ASIDE,
NO TEXT FOR THEIR NEWSPAPERS COULD
PROVIDE;
THE TRIBUNE'S MEDILL IN SAME FIX AS
REST,
WHEN FOR HIS MANUSCRIPT THEY MADE
REQUEST,
LINCOLN DECLINED FOR REASONS OF HIS OWN,
HE'D WRITTEN NOTHING OUT, IT BECAME
KNOWN;
THE NEWSMEN ONLY SKETCHY COMMENT
WROTE,
CHAGRINED FOR HAVING FAILED TO TAKE
A NOTE.

AND GOOD EXCUSE THAT SUCH A THING
OCCURRED,
THEY'S WANTED NOT TO MISS A SINGLE
WORD,
NOR COULD REMOVE THEIR EYES IN ANY
CASE,
AWAY FROM THE SPEAKER'S TRANFIGURED
FACE,
WHOSE SHADES SO SWIFTLY ALTERED TO HIS
MOOD,
HIS WHOLE BEING WITH EARNESTNESS IM-
BUED;
IMRESSED BY EASY GRACE OF THE LEAN
FRAME,
THE COARSE UNRULE HAIR NO BRUSH COULD
TAME;
THE GNALEO AND KNOTTY HANDS DANG-
LING AT SIDE;
'TIL WITH EMBRACING GESTURE OUTSPREAD
WIDE,
HE LIFTED HIMSELF, LEANED FORWARD ON
TOES,
STANDING WITH ARMS EXTENDED AT THE
CLOSE.

THE SPEECH HAD ACCOMPLISHED DESIRED
OBJECT,
FAR MORE THAN LINCOLN HAD DARED TO
EXPECT;
IN STRONG COHESIVE FIGHTING FORCE TO
FUSE

THE FOES OF SLAVERY HOLDING DIVERSE
VIEWS;
WHIGS, FREE SOILERS, AND KNOW NOTH-
INGS ALLIGNED,
WITH BOLTING DEMOCRATS OF A LIKE MIND;
HE FELT ASSURED THEIR POSITION WAS
SOUND,
THOUGH HE HAD VENTURED UPON ADVANCED
GROUND;
'TIL NATIONAL SENTIMENT SHOULD CRYSTAL-
IZE,
A CAUTIOUS PRUDENT COURSE FOR HIM
WAS WISE;
IF THEY MADE A GOOD SHOWING IN THE
STATE,
HE'D RUN AGAINST DOUGLAS IN FIFTY-
EIGHT.

ALL HE SOUGHT HERE, WITHOUT TOO ACTIVE
ROLE,
THAT THE EXTREMISTS SHOULD NOT TAKE
CONTROL;
A WHIG WHOSE VIEWS WERE OF MODER-
ATE TINGE,
HE HAD SCANT USE FOR ABOLITION FRINGE;
HE CAME STILL UNDECIDED, ON THE FENCE,
DOUBTFUL IF SUCH DISCORDANT ELEMENTS,
COULD BE INDUCED REAL COHESION TO MAKE,
FOR MOMENTOUS CRISIS WITH MUCH AT
STAKE;
HERNDON HAD SIGNED HIS NAME TO SPON-
SOR LIST,
FOR OCCASION HE COULD NOT WELL HAVE
MISSSED;
THOUGH HIS MIND NEVER ENTER-
ED THE THOUGHT,
HIMSELF WOULD FORGE THE UNITY HE
SOUGHT.

AFTER THE HALL INTO MAD BEDLAM TURNED,
THE CONVENTION WAS FORMALLY ADJOURNED
WITH THE PEOPLE SHOVING THIS WAY AND
THAT,
LINCOLN HAD TROUBLE RETRIEVING HIS HAT;
WHITNEY AND OTHER FRIENDS TOOK HIM
IN TOW.
AS BODYGUARDS, THEY GOT DOWNSTAIRS
SOMEHOW;
WITH HERNDON HE WALKED AT LEISURELY
PACE,
TO SPEND THE NIGHT AT THE JUDGE DAVIS
PLACE;
HIS PARTNER'S HIGH ELATION RUNNING
STRONG,

RECOUNTED DETAILS AS THEY STROLLED
ALONG;
HOW DEBOIS HAD EXCLAIMED EXCITEDLY -
"THIS PUTS ABE ON ROAD TO PRESIDENCY!"

A NEW LINCOLN EMERGED FROM MAJOR'S
HALL,
FOR HE HAD PLAINLY HEARD DESTINY'S CALL,
BORN OF THE HOPE AND FOREBODING OF
DREAD,
WHICH IN THOSE UPTURNED FACES HE HAD
READ;
TO RESCUE THE UNION FROM DANGER
THREAT,
HIS CONSECRATED HIGH RESOLVE WAS SET;
HE HAD DECLARED HIS FAITH, ESPoused A
CAUSE,
CONCERNED UNTIL THEN WITH STATUTES
AND LAWS.
HE'D BASED HIS STAND FROM GROUNDS OF
POLICY;
HENCEFORTH ETERNAL RIGHT HIS GOAL
SHOULD BE,
THRO' DARK CRISIS BY TIME'S CURTAIN
CONCEALED.
'TIL FINAL TRIUMPH BY HIS OWN BLOOD
SEALED.

WELL SATISFIED WITH THEMSELVES AND
THEIR WORK,
RESOLVED FROM ITS COMMITMENTS NOT
TO SHIRK,
WHEN THE CONVENTION HAD SINE DIE AD-
JOURNED,
THE DELEGATES TO THEIR HOME TOWNS RE-
TURNED,
TO SPREAD THE GOSPEL OF NEW PARTY
GREED,
AND HAIL THEIR NEW PRAIRIE MOSES TO
LEAD;
WHO BACK AT HIS LAW OFFICE IN SPRING-
FIELD,
WAITED TO SEE WHAT THE FUTURE MIGHT
YIELD;
BLOOMINGTON RESUMED ITS NORMAL ROU-
TINE,
ITS GREAT DAY'S FULL IMPORT NOT YET
FORESEEN;
AMONG FORTUNATE TOWNSFOLK WHO WERE
THERE,
THE SPEECH GAVE UNFAILING TOPIC TO
SPARE.

THUS THE 'LOST SPEECH' PASSED INTO HISTORY,
UPON THOSE PRESENT STAMPED INDELIBLY;
NO ONE THE SPOKEN WORDS COULD RECOLLECT,
BUT NAUGHT ERASED THEIR MAGICAL EFFECT;
FOR THOSE WHO RELATED WHAT HAD OCCURRED,
VOWED NOTHING LIKE IT THEY HAD EVER
HEARD;
HOW IN GRIP OF INTENSE EMOTION FIRED,
LINCOLN APPEARED EXALTED AND INSPIRED;
HOW A FOOT TALLER IN STATURE HE'D GROWN,
WHILE RADIANT MAJESTY ABOUT HIM SHONE;
"AND HE LOOKED BEAUTIFUL IN THAT MOMENT,"
DECLARED JUDGE SCOTT, DESCRIBING THE EVENT.

AS THE CONVENTION HAD SET OUT TO DO,
AT ONCE A HOST AROUND ITS BANNER DREW;
WHICH FIRST 'ANTI-NEBRASKA' LABEL WORE,
AND THEN REPUBLICAN THE NAME IT BORE;
OF VARIOUS ANTI-SLAVERY GROUPS COMPRISED,
THROUGH LINCOLN'S ELOQUENCE NOW HARMONIZED;
WHOSE SO-CALLED LOST SPEECH WENT ECHOING ON;
SOON HE WOULD SIT IN CHAIR OF WASHINGTON.
OLDER AND SADDER, FACED BY PERILS GRAVE,
WHOSE TASK WAS A SUNDERED NATION TO SAVE;
THAT LIBERTY MIGHT BE SECURED FOR ALL,
AS HE HAD TOLD THEM UP IN MAJOR'S HALL.

—) —

AFTER THE "LOST SPEECH"

By

James Hart

As though unmindful ninety years have passed,
Since chance a role historic for it cast,
This building with a plaque on outside wall,
The same that formerly housed Major's Hall,
Stands modestly facing Front street today;
To the notice of those who pass that way,
From other stores in block no different,
With its commercial purpose evident,
By glided sign "Lincoln Market" displayed,
Symbol to advertise merchantile trade;
The name now forever revered world-wide,
With that corner closely identified.

Here great new party into being came,
After Lincoln had set prairies aflame,
In words burned into hearers' memory,
But which cold printed type would never see;
Never consigned among orations prized,
As the "Lost Speech" to be immortalized;
And with the inspired prophets of all time,
He who uttered those sentiments sublime,
Thereby the spokesman for a cause was made,
Leadership's mantle on his shoulders laid;
Yet none who had a share in that event,
Understood at the time how much it meant.

May twenty-nineth of Eighteen fifty-six,
This plaque enduringly the date will fix,
On bronze recorded, not to be effaced,
By Daughters of the Revolution placed;
More than convention sponsors could expect,
Was its momentous, far-reaching effect,
When movement launched by a determined few,
Discarding outworn loyalties for new,
Swept Illinois elections that same fall,
For whole ticket chosen in Major's Hall;
And the man Republicans called God-sent,
Just four years afterward was President.

If Lincoln's utterance was lost indeed,
It seemed by fate's intervention decreed;
The very spot on which he stood that day,
The room in which the echoes trailed away,
Likewise doomed to pass into empty void,
When upper portion was by flames destroyed;
One night in Seventies afire it caught,
And when repair was made of damage wrought,
Major's building, so needful to restore,
Was left without original third floor;
Historic claims they chose to disregard,
And thus we behold it altered and marred.

Because the speech that nobody took down,
Was keystone in arch of Lincoln's renown,
Thereafter with none to dispute its right
Bloomington basked in a reflected light;
The town as staunch Republican stronghold,
With the county big majorities polled,
As bound to give 'Old Abe' a handsome vote,
Whose success gave them occasion to gloat;
Prouder when Judge Davis and Ward Lamon,
Were asked to ride with him to Washington;
As trusted friends, oldtime companions both,
They stood nearby while he took solemn oath.

* * * *

While a mourned martyr as folk-hero grew
Major's building was slowly aging, too;
With Lincoln's growing universal fame,
The 'Lost Speech' our civic asset became;
And as his birthday annually recurred,
The story in graphic detail was heard
Especially on school children impressed,
Whom Fifer, Phillips or Ewing, addressed;
Along with privilege to hear and see
Old residents who 'knew him personally';
While behind them conspicuous on wall,
His framed picture calmly observed it all.

Well past the threshold of this century,
There lingered small and select company,
Major Hall's survivors still living here,
Whose recollections were distinctly clear;
Among them was Judge Reuben Benjamin,
Who as young lawyer took proceedings in;
James Fordice nothing of politics knew,
But followed crowd upstairs, as boys will do;
The lumberman used to relate with pride,
How he found a good vantage point inside,
And marveled at the speaker's towering size,
Being too young much else to realize.

Judge Benjamin, with seasoned temperament,
Matched by his looks, kindly, benevolent,
Out of a well-stored and retentive mind,
The meeting's real significance outlined;
He had observed Mister Lincoln in court,
And knew about him by hearsay report;
That day he seemed another being quite,
So inspired---'twas unforgettable sight;
"Tense drama was enacted for us there,
Wide open now to the currents of air
Where those reverberating accents rolled,
The winds pass over, and the stars enfold."

The venerable jurist with sparkling eye,
Deeply moved, reconstructing scene gone by;
In low and even voice went on "You know
They call it a 'Lost Speech'---it is not so,
Its delivery, found stage perfectly set,
Where the man, subject, and occasion met;
Its high rank as a classic time would show,
And what it did for Lincoln we all know."
He described how speaker, nearing the close,
His sentences fell like sledgehammer blows;
His emotions to such lofty pitch stirred,
Put power and magic in each spoken word.

For Charles Capen, Wesleyan law school dean,
'Twas first political gathering he'd seen;
From the family truck farm he slipped away,
Walked into town, and hung around all day;
For his eleven years built rather small,
It was no trouble to squeeze into hall;
Was only one who walked out on Lincoln,
With sudden reminder of chores undone;
Too young for further details to relate,
With time the speech he could appreciate,
"Beyond the power of words its secret lay,
The minds of men to uplift and to sway."

John Fulwiler, lawyer well past four-score,
The Grand Army's little bronze button wore;
As justice of the peace, year after year,
He dwelt in true Lincolnian atmosphere;
When questioned as 'Lost Speech' authority
On favorite theme he would talk volubly;
Reaching back into years' recesses dim
"Yes, I was there, just twenty feet from him;
For boy of thirteen I was lucky one,
We came on Alton train from Lexington;
For mere lad I took my politics strong,
And had coaxed father to bring me along.

"I heard all the speeches, much interested,
Though I cannot recall what Lincoln said,
And for that matter nobody else could,
That something had happened all understood,
A hush over the room seemed to descend,
And there was no applause until the end;
And then there was a rush forward to press;
I pushed to front with a brash eagerness
Lincoln stooped, patting me on head kindly,
Saying: 'Young man, stand by the new party.
You'll never have any cause to regret,'
Advice the awestruck boy did not forget."

Owen Reeves was another who recalled
How Lincoln held his listeners enthralled;
"Such righteous indignation did he feel,
For those plotters against national weal,
As the wrath of his verbal lightnings scored
The hotheads, and secession talk deplored,"
Reeves said that it was certainly too bad,
No copy of this great speech could be had;
For scant report found in Illinois press,
He thought the blame was anybody's guess;
Some few editors who heard Lincoln speak,
Made approving comment in following week.

* * * *

Joseph Medill, the well-known journalist,
Was one who this special assignment missed;
Sent here to write for Chicago Tribune,
Which claimed to call the editorial tune,
For anti-slavery organs in the state,
He planned a full coverage elaborate;
Ready prepared with pencil and notebook,
But only some preliminary notes he took;
For this alert reporter, strange to say,
Like his colleagues was so carried away,
On crest of the moment's delirious tide,
He tossed his writing materials aside.

When gradually the pandemonium stilled,
After the audience Lincoln had thrilled,
Still looking dazed, had begun filing out,
As those in street below took up the shout,
Medill, surprised seeing his pad was blank,
In dread of being scooped, his spirits sank;
'Til finding other newsmen in same plight
And no beat scored on him, it was all right;
Though Editor Merriam himself was there,
Pantagraph readers got but summary bare;
"Mister Lincoln on Thursday evening last,
All other speakers and himself--surpassed."

Seated with delegates from Sangamon,
With a special interest in what went on,
William Herndon started with the intent,
Of jotting down points Lincoln would present;
Whose most important addresses he'd heard,
This was greatest by far, we have his word.
"The most eloquent effort of his life,
It soared above levels of party strife;"
Faithful Herndon, who was inclined to boast
That he knew his partner better than most,
Could well admit that "After he began,"
He asked himself, "Can this be the same man?"

To preserve this speech for posterity,
Was self-imposed task of Henry Whitney,
Lincoln's lawyer associate in Champaign,
Who rode up with him on the morning train,
And from a seat in the very front row,
Had taken in the whole exciting show;
He listened intently while Lincoln spoke,
Remaining cool after the tumult broke;
And afterwards from memory, no small feat,
He reconstructed the 'Lost Speech' complete,
Which purported the exact text to be,
As he assured the world confidently.

Whitney sought to rescue, before too late,
Those winged words from oblivion's fate;
As sole reward for well-meant industry,
He got involved in fierce controversy;
His published draft started debate anew,
His critics were many, supporters few;
Medill praised it as 'a substantial text',
By such presumption others were vexed,
Who felt qualified their verdict to give,
There was no resemblance, were positive;
And long after Lincoln was beyond reach
They were still arguing over 'Lost Speech.'

Since those who had heard it so disagreed,
"Twas fated to remain 'Lost Speech' indeed,
As Lincoln probably meant it should be,
Urged to write it out, he refused bluntly
For he knew it had accomplished its end,
Much more outspoken than his usual trend,
By its principles unswerving he'd stand,
But with him caution kept the upper hand;
While events were shaping up he must wait,
Until pathway opened before him straight;
Often again the same views he'd repeat,
But not delivered under same white heat.

At century's turn to Bloomington again,
Came back a handful of venerable men,
Who in the historic meeting took part;
Giving Grand Old Party auspicious start;
Every token of respect they were shown
In the Evergreen City, now full grown;
Major's Hall, object of their pilgrimage,
Like them bearing the marks of honored age;
The stairway, and the walls of solid bricks,
Just as they were far back in Fifty-six;
The structure not as it appeared before,
With glaringly missing the upper floor.

Forty-four years had taken heavy toll,
Of those who had answered convention roll;
John M. Palmer, its distinguished chairman,
Although enfeebled in life's closing span,
In sprightly reminiscence led the rest,
And others responded with oldtime zest;
Selby, Shaw, Ruggles, Schneider, Henderson,
Recalled the absent members one by one;
Compared accounts of what had taken place,
Told how destiny shone in Lincoln's face;
They lived again in the occasion's spell,
'Til their reunion broke up in farewell.

With new times and new leaders to the fore,
To commemorate the 'Lost Speech' once more,
With Lincoln enshrined in enduring fame,
Far removed beyond mere partisan claim,
After nearly six full decades had gone,
All the participants having passed on,
As though renewed inspiration to get,
Another distinguished assemblage met,
To dedicate the plaque at Major's Hall
Now adorning corner of East street wall;
Through patriotic women's efforts due
And which daily the passerby can view.

When ninetieth anniversary rolled around,
Again they returned to this hallowed ground,
Bound lastingly with an immortal name,
Still unyielding its party birthplace claim;
With noisy traffic lulled for the moment,
They harked back to that dim, remote event;
Standing bareheaded over in Front street,
Seeking the 'Lost Speech' drama to repeat;
With vanished group in spiritual contact,
Who met there to deliberate and to act;
The air vibrant with an electric thrill,
As if upstairs Lincoln were speaking still.

ALFRED MONTGOMERY
(Central Illinois Painter of Corn and Farm Subjects.)

He was an artist with eccentric ways,
Midwest forerunner of Benton and Wood;
Critics frowned in the fashion of those days,
But common people thought his work was good;
Things akin to farm or barnyard his theme,
His boyhood had observed each dewy morn;
And autumn fields kindled his youthful dream
To paint in its ripened glory, the corn.

His yellow golden ears appeared so real,
As to deceive the birds that curious came;
Weathered fence rails, in his exuberant zeal,
The country lanes yielded for picture frame;
Then far he roamed, his canvases to sell,
And everyone who looked received him well.

James Hart

JAMES O'DONNELL OF THE BULLETIN

by

JAMES HART

JAMES F. O'DONNELL OF THE BULLETIN

by

James Hart

When as a schoolboy I decided to apply for a carrier route on the evening paper, I was advised to see "Jimmie" O'Donnell. My classmate Fred Hitch accompanied me uptown after school, and introduced me to Mr. O'Donnell in his office at the Daily Bulletin, then located where the YMCA building now stands.

We were received very graciously and I went out with the promise of the first route vacancy. Not long afterwards I was hired as a carrier. Frequently, as the paper was going to press, Mr. O'Donnell would come through the carriers' waiting room, and would invariably stop for a friendly word and handshake among the boys. This was typical of his genuine warm-hearted interest in people and their affairs, a ruling trait that made him a favorite with persons young and old, in every walk of life.

My friendship with Mr. O'Donnell was further cemented when I submitted some verses for publication in the Bulletin. He was pleased with my humble efforts in this line, and encouraged me to continue writing. He also impressed on me the fact that local subjects could furnish suitable material. His advice was especially helpful when in 1910, while residing in Atlanta, I undertook the publication of a book of poems in a subscription edition.

At various times Mr. O'Donnell had suggested that I might like newspaper work, and in January 1912 I entered the employ of The Daily Bulletin as proofreader. It was then that I came to know Mr. Theodore Braley, the editor. A few intimates may have called him "Brad", but characteristically he was reserved in manner, and always there was an air of distinction about him. A keen observer of the daily scene, Mr. Braley was noted for his crisp, concise and pithy editorials.

Having assembled what he considered a competent reportial staff, Mr. Braley left the management of the newsroom largely to the city editor. We rarely entered the editorial sanctum except to make request for passes to current theatrical shows at the Grand Opera House. An ardent follower of the drama, Mr. Braley found his chief relaxation in regular attendance at the better offerings, and afterward he would write some meaty comment on the performance.

At the time I joined the Bulletin staff the plant had been but a few years installed in its new building on North Madison street. With its morning competitor, The Pantagraph, just across the alley, the block was fittingly labeled "Newspaper Row". I doubt if the city of Bloomington ever had a more congenial partnership than that embraced in the firm of Braley and O'Donnell.

It was in 1891 that the two young men launched the newspaper venture that carried them to well-earned success. Theodore Braley had been city editor of the Daily Leader, and James F. O'Donnell was business manager of the Bulletin, under the ownership of Owen Scott. When Mr. Scott was elected to Congress, Mr. Braley and Mr. O'Donnell became owners of the Bulletin.

During the ensuing years each confined himself to his own sphere. Mr. Braley handled the editorial duties, and Mr. O'Donnell looked after the business and advertising end. Their teamwork developed a struggling four page sheet into the enlarged and improved journal that supplied the evening and Sunday morning field. Within eight years they had bought out and absorbed two of their competitors, The Leader and the Sunday Eye.

In order not to neglect these business interests Mr. O'Donnell sacrificed a promising political career. With a gift of eloquence inherent in his Celtic ancestry, as a young man he acquired a reputation as one of the finest campaign orators in Illinois. In 1894 he was elected to the state legislature, where he served two terms as an influential and useful member. In 1900 he was nominated for Secretary of State on the Democratic ticket, with his friend Samuel Alschuler, of Aurora, running for Governor.

Mr. O'Donnell declined any further political honors to give full time and attention to his newspaper. While his voice was seldom heard on the public platform thereafter, his counsel was frequently sought by party leaders including William Jennings Bryan, who always visited the Bulletin office whenever he came to town. Other occasional callers were Senator James Hamilton Lewis, Roger C. Sullivan, Clarence Darrow, and George E. Brénnan of Chicago.

Mr. O'Donnell was the trusted confidante of Bloomington's two revered elder statesmen, Former Vice President Stevenson and Former Governor Fifer. But it was among a little group of intimates where he was really in his element. Often of evenings they would gather in his commodious office to smoke

and discuss questions of the day. Leaning comfortably back in his swivel chair, Mr. O'Donnell beamed upon his friends Daniel S. Tuchy, Abe Livingston, Louis FitzHenry, P. W. Coleman, Frank Gillespie, Charles Miller, the jeweler, and Edmund Sweeney.

Each year when the Ancient Order of Hibernians staged their big St. Patrick's Day banquet, the Bulletin publisher could be relied upon to bring in a speaker of national reputation. Most notable of these celebrities were William J. Bryan and Maude Gonne, the "Irish Joan of Arc", who addressed vast crowds in the old Coliseum.

Always glad to promote a worthy local cause, Mr. O'Donnell gave invaluable help to Rev. Rupert Holloway in founding the Bloomington Forum, forerunner of the present organization. For the early programs they secured Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, and Vachel Lindsay, three celebrated Illinois poets then on the threshold of their fame.

In many respects James F. O'Donnell fitted the somewhat hackneyed expression, "a self made man". He was born in Dubuque, Iowa, on February 15, 1864, a son of John and Hannah McShane O'Donnell. He came with his parents to Bloomington at an early age, and the family home was on North Mason street near Chestnut. He attended the Fifth Ward school, and the High school on West Monroe street.

This was the extent of his formal schooling, but he was an inveterate reader, his tastes running to history and economics. He made himself familiar with the best literature, and studied the models of oratory. His favorite book was "Progress and Poverty", by Henry George, and among essayists he was partial to the writings of Emerson and Bishop John Lancaster Spalding, of Peoria.

After quitting school Mr. O'Donnell was on the point of accepting a job as fireman with the Chicago & Alton railroad. A friend tipped him off on a possible opening at the Bulletin, suggesting that he try for it. He was hired as advertising solicitor, and very thoughtfully he lined up a friend for the railroad position. Thereupon fired with youthful energy and initiative, he revamped the paper's advertising methods.

He began making the rounds of business houses to inspect their window displays. He would then write a snappy paragraph about some article, take it inside and convince the merchant that the people were only waiting to read about the exceptional bargain. His column of "business notices" soon persuaded publisher and merchant that he had hit upon the right idea. Display advertising was not developed until some time afterwards.

Even in later years he was in the habit of dropping in at the stores for friendly visits, and would cheerfully pick up an ad or news item. He kept in touch with business trends, and the welfare of the worker was close to his heart. He was frequently called upon to act as mediator in labor disputes, both sides relying upon his sound judgment and fairness. His relations with the local Typographical union were ways of the best.

Many persons brought their troubles to "Jimmie" O'Donnell, and he was always going to the front for someone. They were assured of a sympathetic hearing, and unfailingly he sought to remedy the situation. Distressed women came to him with a tale of a husband out of work, or a son in the meshes of the law. He would reach for a telephone and get in touch with C & A offices, or other local industry. He helped more than one erring lad make a fresh start and become respected citizens.

In physique he was of medium height and stocky build, well set up and erect, down to his last years. He was always flawlessly groomed in fashionably tailored blue suits, and invariably wore a black derby. When on his walks he often carried a jaunty cane.

Mr. O'Donnell was a member of Holy Trinity church, and of the Bloomington Club. He never married, and his affectionate concern was bound up in the welfare of his brothers and sisters. The memory of his sainted mother was the guiding influence of his life. Sentiment was strong in him, and occasionally at a late hour he would stroll out among the boyhood scenes and stand in reverie before the old homestead, on the West Side.

Following the sudden death of Mr. Braley in March, 1919, Mr. O'Donnell continued in the management of the Bulletin until October, 1925 when the paper was sold to W. Kee Maxwell. Unnoticed by those around him, his health was gradually failing, and while it cost him a pang to part with the Bulletin, he felt the need of retirement and rest.

Such was "Jimmie" O'Donnell, whose sudden passing from life in March, 1926 cast a pall of gloom over the entire community, and left a trail of mourning that causes his name to be spoken with affection to this day. There was none like him, and no one has ever taken his place.

JAMES MICHAEL HART

Biographical Sketch

James Michael Hart was born September 17, 1882, at Lawndale, Logan County, Illinois. His parents were Martin and Mary Casey Hart. His father was a native of county Sligo, Ireland, who emigrated to this country in the 60's. His mother was born in Springfield, Illinois, and was reared in Atlanta, Illinois. The father was employed by the Chicago & Alton railroad. Both parents died while James and his sister Catherine were at an early age.

James attended school in Atlanta, also the public and parochial schools in Bloomington after the family's removal there. He attended Bloomington High School, and for three years was a student at St. Bede College, Peru, Illinois. In 1912, he took up newspaper work with the Bloomington Daily Bulletin, where he did proofreading, reporting, and

editorial writing, until the sale of the paper in 1927, when he entered the employ of the Pantagraph. He has remained with the Pantagraph continuously since, but for the past two years has been working on a part time basis.

Since early youth he has been contributing verse to the newspapers of Bloomington and other Illinois cities. A collection of his earlier poems was published in a book "Shamrocks and Roses," which is now out of print. For several years he has been writing a series of narrative poems dealing with Abraham Lincoln's activities in the various towns of Central Illinois. These have been published in the Atlanta Argus and its associated papers.

His hobbies are keeping scrapbooks and stamp collecting. He is a member of Holy Trinity church, and in politics is affiliated with the Democratic party. He is a member of the Illinois State Historical society, and resides at 503 North Madison street.

A BLOOMINGTON REMINISCENCE

BY

Abe Williams

These people are gone but they passed this way
And Bloomington knew them in another day.
As I write they seem to be
Passing again in memory.

There was Sig Heldman and Otto Seibel
And the mender of shoes, Louis Bible.
There was "Buzz" Kinnie who ran the hummer
And Harry Woods, the popular drummer,
James Ewing and Hamilton Spencer,
A. M. Kitchel, the candy dispenser,
"Tim" Hayden and his popcorn stand,
"Con" Mueller, drum major, who led the band
There was Adam Hess and Jack Penn,
Those efficient plain clothes men,
Officer Potts and Aleck Weaver,
General McNulta, Wabash receiver.
There was J. F. Humphreys and F. Oberkotter,
J. M. Fordyce and Jim Trotter.
There was Kate Condon with the heavenly voice
And Bob Johnson and Millard Boyce,
"Gutty" Dudley who patrolled the fence at the baseball park,
And Peter Gratz and Henry Clark,
Doctor Wakefield and his blackberry balsam,
Billy McCambridge and Elmer Folsom,
Taylor Swaim and Ted Frank,
Charlie Moyer at the Corn Belt bank.
There was Lew Hawks and W. P. Bolles,
Henry Capen and "Andy" Cowles.
There was Mrs. Galliner, the loved librarian,
Lending books to cognoscenti and proletarian,
In those dim and distance days of yore
In the gloomy room over Hoopes's store.
There was Jake Lindly and Jack Barr
And Dave Law, who guided the mules on the Normal car.
There was "Stick" O'Neill and North Livingston,
Julius Herder and Dick Dunn.
There was Judge Davis and George Cox,
Judges Tipton, Weldon, and Doctor Fox.
There was A. T. Fagerburg and George Brand.
And pastors Dinsmore and Gilliland.

There was Jeff Burke who would shoe your nags
And Bert Anderson, always up on the latest gags,
Blacksmiths John Miller and Frank Blose,
E. C. Hyde, the tailor, who made fine clothes.
There was W. B. Probasco and Willard Parrett
And I. N. Phillips of sterling merit
There was Billy Peterson and Jake Kadell,
And T. J. Burns and Robert Bell.
There was Colonel Kirkpatrick the auctioneer,
Henry Wagner, Win Rogers and John Peer,
There was Tokey Welch and John Niehaus,
Harry Corman, on the door at Grand Opera House
There was May Sherwin, Jennie Milner and Mary Ward
Principal and teachers at the old sixth ward.
In those days it was known as NUMBER ONE.
Now it is Franklin, those days are done.
There was J. W. Riggs and Harry Strickle
When a good cigar would cost a nickel
And Mrs. Kates who catered for many a ball
At the brand new, elegant Cooper Hall.
There was J. W. Riggs and his New York store,
Sain Welty, George Hanna and Doctor Moore.
There was Henry Keiser and Bird Van Leer
And "Blondy" Butler, the engineer.
There was "Pop Corn" Brown and Henry Day,
Oscar Helbig and Thomas Rhea,
W. B. Carlock and Bob McCart,
Doctors Kelso, Elder and Hart.
There was Kleinau's candy and Hunter's ice cream,
Each of them seemed like a lovely dream.
There was Major's college and Major's grove
And the Empire Works if you wanted a stove.
There was Dan Daniels and Jake Stautz who sold us beef,
"Stumppy" Lowry and Tom O'Keefe.
There was Mike Morrissey and "Pinky" Dunn
Who handled freight on a highball run,
Ed Styles and Adam Dent of the C. & A.
Who handled trains in an expert way.
There was Leonard Seibert and Frank Coe
Who worked in the shops so long ago.
They could build a coach or build a diner
But they never built a stream liner.

There was A. M. Richards and William Riley
And H. F. Hawley, all thought of highly
When the C. & A. was number one
Of big business in Bloomington.
There was Professor Gray and Professor Fish,
Matt Scott, Judge Myers and Jim Melluish.
Charlie Lackey, Sherman Brown, Otto Schroeder and Tom Shea
All were barbers in a former day.
There was Will Marmon who dressed so snappy,
A. E. Elbe and Charles A. Tappe.
There was Doctor Foster and Abe Loar
And A. Washburn, the flower grower,
Dentists Campbell and Sitherwood,
Knox Taylor, who labored to make folks good.
There was George Miller the architect,
Jim Quinn, Al Loudon and Henry Knecht.
There was George Agle and Imri Dunn,
Cash Harlan and Tryner & Richardson.
There was McKee Shade & Leary
To sell you a buggy when your feet grew weary.
There was Clinto Soper and James Parker,
Captain Burnham and Jim Marker.
There was Sam Arnold and his hotel,
Tol Lawrence and Chalky Bell,
"Shine" Evans and "One-Eyed" Jones,
The teen aged darky who rolled the bones.
There was George McIntosh, I. H. Light,
Doctors Neiberger, Marsh and White,
William Schausten and "Con" Kane,
Doctor Cole and John McLean
Montel Jeter and Linus Graves, who started folks for the
Golden shore
When they had died and their work was o'er.

So they have passed along this way,
Back in a far off yesterday.
Some were humble, of lowly station,
Some were known afar in the Nation.

Bloomington, 1947

A. W.

MISS NELLIE E. PARHAM

by

ELIZABETH ABRAHAM

MISS NELLIE E. PARHAM
LIBRARIAN, WITHERS PUBLIC LIBRARY

1899 - 1940

by

Elizabeth Abraham

Nellie E. Parham was born at Pretty Prairie, Indiana, July 6, 1860 near the town of Lima, now Howe, Indiana. Her paternal grandfather and grandmother were Thomas and Anna (Bristol) Parham, who had resided in Tisbury, England, until their embarkation to the United States in 1830. Her maternal grandparents were Willard and Piany (Roberts) Doolittle whose family also came early to America. Her father, Alford Bristol Parham, was born in northern Indiana. Her mother, Arvilla Berthea Doolittle, born in New York, came to northern Indiana at eight years of age.

Miss Parham's formal education was received in the city schools and at the Indiana State Normal. But a love of literature was early inculcated through home training. She engaged in teaching for a short period, first at Elkart, Indiana, and later at Beatrice, Nebraska. Deciding to become a librarian, she entered the University of Illinois Library School in 1897, graduating in 1899. Upon graduation she went to the catalogue department of the University of Pennsylvania Library. Coming directly from that position in the fall of 1899 she began her career as city librarian, a task which she carried on so successfully for forty-one years.

The Board of Directors at that time were H.D. Spencer, President; Mrs. A.B. Funk, Vice-president; J.J. Condon, Secretary; J.M. Shackford, Treasurer; R.O. Graham, Charles F. Webb, Samuel P. Robinson, Joseph P. Holmes and Mrs. Sue A. Sanders.

A notice in the Pantagraph of September 4, 1899, speaks of the fact that library work had become quite a fad among the young ladies of Bloomington and mentions several engaged in the study of that profession. No longer was it merely an occupation for young ladies of leisure, but a definite professional career. Miss Parham's beginning salary was \$65.00 per month, and remained at that figure from 1899 to 1903 when it was increased to \$83.33.

To cover this period of growth and development over the span of forty-one years is to mark a great change in the history of libraries. Miss Parham and her contemporaries sought to make the library an integral part of our educational system and not merely an adjunct. She labored to make the community more conscious of worth while books. Speaking before the Woman's Club on March 19, 1908, she made a plea for a better grade of reading and asked the cooperation of the club to that end. "A library used to be a collection of classics where the scholar found his tried and tested friends. The modern library and its readers are very different." As early as 1903, in order to reach out to all residents, delivery stations were established at Sheridan, Lincoln, Raymond and St. Patrick's schools.

Miss Parham soon saw that the demands made upon the library were increasing beyond the quarters provided in the building, which then occupied only the first floor. The old building had long been recognized as inadequate for the growing city. Thousands of volumes were stored away for lack of space. The children's and reference departments were poorly housed. The dreams of the librarian were fulfilled in 1911 when the lease of the Bloomington Club on the second floor of the library expired, and plans were made for remodeling. This was accomplished and a remodeled building was opened to the public May 8, 1912, with a reception. Mrs. Sue Sanders, president of the library board, took occasion to thank Miss Parham for her able management, stating that "she had been at the library at all times, not always looking as pretty as she does tonight. I have seen her," said Mrs. Sanders, "all munched with paint and buried under dirt and debris and had it not been for her, much of what has been accomplished could not have been done."

In 1898, a year before Miss Parham took the position, a children's room, then a new idea, had been placed opposite the entrance in the front of the building under the direction of Miss Evva Moore, librarian. It contained a neat book case with one or two hundred books and suitable magazines. The department was made a necessity by the rapid increase in the number of school children visiting the library, who "flocked into the main reading room, where with their natural restlessness they proved a source of great annoyance to the older patrons of the reading room." Miss Parham believed that the encouragement of children's reading was more important than the housing of musty government documents; therefore a real children's room was opened in the rear of the first floor near the East Street entrance. Miss Parham placed great emphasis on the needs of the

children all through her career.

Another change was the moving of the reference department from two rooms "for heavy thinkers" on the first floor at the rear of the building, to the second floor where commodious quarters were provided, not only for the readers but for the constantly growing collection of reference books, magazines, and papers. The Perry Art Gallery was also opened on the second floor, to house the collections of art. Basement rooms were fitted up for storage space. The library staff then consisted of five persons besides Miss Parham: Mrs. C.F. Kimball, Nelle Webb, Sadie Stowell, Alma Lange and Julia Touhey.

The period between 1912 and the war was marked by efforts to interest many groups in the function and use of the library. Miss Parham spoke before men's and women's groups and emphasized the fact that the mission of the library was not to furnish women and children with fiction and the clergy with theological books, but to serve the whole community. She labored to establish closer relations between library and school, home, church and work.

Then came the World War I, when the building was adjusted to meet the needs of the community. The children's room was moved temporarily to the Art Gallery. Quarters were provided for the Red Cross, Liberty Loan Drives and various committees such as those assisting with the influenza epidemic. The library functioned as an integral part of the community as it has continued to do since that time.

Libraries were developing in new ways all over the state and nation and Miss Parham kept constantly informed on these movements by taking an active part in national and state organizations. She served as president of the Illinois Library Association in 1910; vice-president, 1908 - 09; treasurer, 1921-22; and secretary, 1923, 1924, 1925, being re-elected in 1924 at the 28th annual meeting held in Bloomington. This marked the close of Miss Parham's twenty-fifth year in this city. In honor of that occasion the Illinois Library Association presented her with a special gift. The local paper praised her as the leading woman of the city, a librarian, and a great factor in the community for the development of cultural lives.

She also sought to keep pace with the times. On request she addressed the American Library Association at Hot Springs on "As Others See Us." For many years she served on various committees of that organization. She spoke before the students of Illinois State Normal University, Illinois Wesleyan University, and other groups and was recognized as being gracious and distinguished for high literary attainments.

For a second time the Board of Directors was faced with the problem of continuing to function in a building, never built for library purposes, now outmoded and lacking in book space.

More money was needed for books, and a competent staff of educated workers. A proposition was made to the city council in 1923 for a new library but was rejected. Even the thought of a new building was quite a shock to the general public. The only alternative, therefore, was remodeling again, no work having been done on the building since 1911 - 1912. These changes, it was hoped, would answer probable requirements for twenty years. Several feet of space were added to the east side, round corners were straightened, old-fashioned windows replaced, and the interior modernized to conform to present day library practice.

During this remodeling, in 1926, at a cost of \$45,000.00, in spite of discomforts, the library continued to function. One room alone was left intact. The children's room had expected to close, but the children paid no attention to the notice, so books had to be issued in spite of unfavorable conditions. The total circulation for the month of August alone was 10,000 volumes. The children's room was enlarged, the reference room remodeled, the Russell Art Gallery modernized to make a more suitable exhibition hall, and the basement fitted for stack purposes.

Miss Parham set a new high standard of excellence in book collection and continued to reach out for new readers. In 1930 a book truck was purchased to facilitate the transportation of books to schools, hospitals and the Day Nursery. During the period of the depression, funds were necessarily restricted, but a grant of money from the state was received in 1935 of \$1546.00 and in 1936 of \$1500.00 for the purchase of books. The building was in constant use; unemployment caused a great increase in attendance, and an attempt was made to furnish material suitable for those seeking to further their education or to prepare themselves for new positions.

Miss Parham was an adviser and sympathetic counselor of her community. Her interest in East Bay Camp Association resulted in the erection in 1933 of a library at Lake Bloomington to serve the needs of residents around the lake and those registered in the various camp groups. It now bears her name and is considered as essential service in camp activities. Illinois Wesleyan University recognized Miss Parham's attainments by granting to her, on June 8, 1936, a degree of Doctor of Literature. In earlier years she had catalogued their library without remuneration, when their institution was in need of this service. One outstanding characteristic was her generosity to worthy causes. The library was not the ultimate bound of her work. She was a broadminded, helpful member of the community.

One of Miss Parham's duties was overseeing a staff, in whom she took a very personal interest. She continually emphasized the necessity of reading and study, and stressed her ideal of service to the public, a tradition carried on to this day. The staff in turn had great admiration for her wide information, her keen intellect, her pronounced sense of humor, her outstanding memory, coupled with the ability to quote fine literary passages.

Miss Parham sought to make groups aware of library service, not only in the city but also in the country. At one time there were ten active branches. Yearly book-week observances were emphasized, paid cards were issued to non-residents and old and young were encouraged to use the library. She met the opportunity of guiding the taste of thousands in their pursuit of knowledge and entertainment from the printed page. She displayed discriminatory judgement, not too narrow a viewpoint, nor an unthinking liberality which would set no standards. The Board of Directors counted on her judgement and gladly accepted her leadership.

In 1940 after forty-one years of untiring service, Miss Parham very quietly retired, with no wish for an ovation. On the occasion of her retirement the following words were part of a resolution passed by the Illinois Library Association: "Her name on the programs of the American Library Association and the Illinois Library Association had the drawing power of a magnet for all librarians who were acquainted with her sound judgement and her keen sense of humor."

Miss Parham, the fourth librarian since the inception of the institution made the library a growing influence in the community, with an enlarged building, a worthy collection of books, and a competent staff to administer it. In 1899 the staff consisted of the librarian and four assistants. today it has been augmented to six full time and six part time assistants serving three separately organized divisions; the circulation, reference and children's departments. This has been made necessary by the increased use of the facilities of the library, not only by residents of the city but of neighboring towns and villages.

The Board of Directors recognize in the death of Miss Nellie E. Parham on July 12, 1945, a very personal loss not only to themselves but also to the community. Her death marks the end of an epoch in library history, one which has witnessed the establishment of libraries as an essential part of community life. They recognize Miss Parham's contribution to that end, the high standards she maintained and their very great indebtedness to her wise leadership.

STEPPING STONES TOWARD A CAREER

by

MINNIE SALTZMAN-STEVENS

STEPPING STONES TOWARD A CAREER

by

Minnie Saltzman-Stevens

As a wanderer, who, after a long and arduous journey over hills and plains, mountains and valleys stops to look back - sees only the sunlit heights of the mountains, the rocks and chasms, dark ravines and shadowy valleys being hidden in the distance, so I, as I from time to time stop in the carving of my way "through the rock of destiny to the high place of restitution", see only the sublime moments - the heart-aches, tears, trials and tragedies are lost in the memory of heights attained.

"Who has set foot on heights and touched a star with reverend finger tips, shall know no more the valley's calm nor go in paths where strange winds singing blow unhearing music. Heights nor depths may bar his striving wing whose hand has touched a star."

When a very small child and my father, who had a lovely voice, lay on his sick-bed, I in a tiny rocker would sing over and over, "Darling, I am growing old, silver threads among the gold" - How he longed to live to have this voice trained. One day, much later, I heard a beautifully soft, sweet voice. I listened - then turned, it stopped. I asked my mother, was it she who was singing? With a shy smile and a faint blush, she said, "Yes." That was the first time I had heard my mother sing. So if there is such a thing as inheriting - then I must have inherited this voice from both my parents. For I was born with an all absorbing, most ardent desire to know how to sing.

That very year that I started to school, the teaching of music, sight-reading, was eliminated. That was my first tragedy.

When Maria Lita died, I went to her funeral in the Methodist Church. I must see her mouth - Advancing slowly in line, my heart beat faster and faster. I could barely see over the edge of the casket - her mouth was very large, mine was very small. Why my heart did not stop beating forever I don't know. That was my second tragedy.

I wanted to "make" the voice contralto. My sisters, Lillian and Louise would sing by the hour, "My life is like a little bird's" until I succeeded in improvising the alto - That was my first triumph. Later I wanted to sing in the choir, earn and save the money for lessons. I was told that contralto's were already too many. What a blow. I had "made" the voice contralto - there was no going back. That was the third tragedy.

Lottie McLean played the organ and led the singing in Wednesday night prayer meeting. I would sit in the front row and watch her mouth. At home I would lock myself in the bedroom-- stand before the glass and try to imitate her.

While the new church was being built we had services in the Opera House. One Sunday, it must have been Children's Day, I sang in the chorus. Sitting in the front row, I saw three persons enter - Dr. and Mrs. Stevens and Marie Johnson. Later I met Marie at a church supper and she became "Minnie's shadow." In reality we were "two minds with but a single thought" - the voice.

Dr. Kane, our pastor, said I ought to study. I wanted to but my mother could not afford it. He proposed I learn shorthand and become his secretary and pay him back the money he would now advance for lessons. Our mother had always said, "If you want to be happy in this world - don't make debts." My family said it would be a debt, only Louise said, "Take it, you fool" - I did. "If God gave me the chance to study, He would provide the chance to pay the debt." A Mrs. Merchant of our church sent for me. She planned to ask several wealthy ladies in the congregation to contribute so much a month so I need not work and could give all my time to study. I thanked her, said I needed no help, but promised if I ever did need it - I would take it only from her. I shall never forget her.

That was when I was singing in our choir. Dr. Kane resigned and went to Winona Lake and took me as his secretary. Marie found a position in Chicago. At the end of the summer, Dr. Kane's choice of me for general secretary was over-ruled and another girl got the position. Marie asked her employers if there was not a place for me in their office. I was paid very little but we put our earnings together and managed.

I sang for an organist, needing an alto in his choir. He

said, "a cracker-jack of a voice but the girl was too phlegmatic." I substituted in a small west side church. The contralto resigned and I was given the place. We sang four quartettes each Sunday. One day I received an anonymous letter containing a five dollar bill with the request that I sing a solo. The choir leader, most indignant, came to ask who in the church had \$5 bills to pay for solos? I, a stranger, could not know. Several weeks passed. I was unhappy, even though the letter said if I were not permitted to sing the solo to keep the bill in token of all the voice had given to the writer. I was not permitted to earn it and knew not to whom to return it. Then it was decided to sing a solo and one quartette at each service. As I was the last to come I was to be the first to sing a solo. I sang "Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him." At close of service I was standing, my back to choir-rail when a touch on my arm made me look around. It was a gentleman. He said, "Thank you." I had earned the \$5.00 and knew who had sent them.

Marie and I began to save pennies to go to Grand Opera to hear Emma Calvé in "Carmen". We had front seats in the gallery. That day, as often happened, Calvé didn't care how she sang. What a heart-ache, disappointment and what hot tears I shed. But for months before, we could not have this nor that, for we were going to the opera, and for months after - it was the same for we had gone to the opera. Dear, precious Marie -

I then married and returned to Bloomington. Many wanted me back in the choir but Mr. Henry Capen said the choir was satisfactory and harmonious - no change was to be made. Once on North Main Street I saw a girl and some one said her name - Florence Fifer. That was the first time I had seen her who was to become my very own "other self." Now, one day, she came to ask if I would sing with her in the Unitarian Choir. A very saintly member of my church said, "That's the house of the devil." I wondered. Then thought maybe God had chosen me to go there and with the voice carry to them the light and the truth. Oh, happy, blessed memories of those choir days. Florence Bohrer, soprano - I, contralto and Mabel Chisholm at the organ. What sermons we heard. What an atmosphere of Christian fellowship, brotherly love, kindness and good will to all. I shall carry those memories with me through all eternity.

One Sunday A. M. Florence became sort o' panic stricken. In the last row sat Mrs. Charlotte Harwood. She had just returned from studying abroad and was going to give a concert and wanted a contralto to sing a duette with her. She had come to hear me.

Now we went to Aurora to live. Dr. Stevens and Marie decided to send me abroad to see if some one over there could understand and satisfy that incessant yearning to know how to sing. Marie and I went for a year. The teacher with whom I was to study died a few days after our arrival. That was a blow. The next teacher played my accompaniments and said my French was abominable. How could it be otherwise? I knew no French. But I was there to learn how to sing.

In the Latin Quarter was a painter's atelier where every Sunday night was a sort of religious gathering of students. Sometimes a pianist or a violinist played or a singer sang and so on. One night a man sang. I grabbed Marie's hand and said, "I don't want to sing like he does but he has the method I want." Who was his teacher? Marie asked. "deReszke!" I wanted to shout, "Oh, he is a bass - he will understand this voice." I had heard him sing. Afterwards I said I did not want to sing for him. "It would only be another disappointment. I want to go home and I hope when we are in mid-ocean, that the ship will sink to the bottom. Life has nothing more for me." Marie went ahead, made arrangements for an audition. When we arrived I heard the name, "Jean de Reszke" Were we in the home of the tenor and not the bass? Why didn't the earth open up and swallow me? I wanted to run away. Too late!

"It is always darkest just before the dawn." I don't remember what I sang, I only know my throat was full of knots - my eyes brimming from tears held back. The master came up, put an arm around my shoulder and said, "You have the most beautiful voice I have ever heard in a human throat, but you don't know how to sing a single note." I wanted to drop to my knees and kiss his shoes. He knew, he understood. Nothing mattered now.

But my year was drawing to a close and my funds to an end. Dr. Stevens wrote what a folly it was to think I could accomplish anything in a year. I was to stay on another year. But after ten lessons I told the secretary to give my place in the class to some one else - I was going home. "It's money," he said. I made no reply and left. The next morning I received a letter saying the master would not hear of my leaving. I was to go on and when I became a great singer, I was to pay for my lessons. This time it was for Marie to say, "take it."

He would praise others but never a word to me. One day Marie came to a lesson and he said to her, "To the others I say 'fine' and it is for them, for it is the best they can do - But she - how can I get out all that is in her?"

He said, "With my method you must become dramatic soprano." A whole sea of revolt welled up in me. I said nothing. But so it came to pass. Often I had to go and sing for his royal Russian friends after lunch. They said - "a glorious voice but the woman is too wooden - she will never do anything." I knew if only some one could give my the key - my acting would equal the voice. The master sent me to Munich to a famous histrionic teacher. There I came into my own. One day all the pupils had to sing for the manager of Covent Garden, London. After singing "Brunnhilde's immolation" from "Twilight of the Gods" I sat down and cried. Mr. Higgins touched me on the shoulder and asked if I would go to London to sing for Dr. Richter. I said "Yes," if there was anyone over there who could play that music.

In all my life I had heard an orchestra but a few times, and

here I had to make the audition with the orchestra. I can only compare it to the bombardment that nearly wiped out Milan. I had been forced to know my part and hold my own against such bad accompaniments, and this must account for my having survived the ordeal. It was a case of its being impossible and that is why I did it.

One day (the second year) Dr. Richter and I were alone in a rehearsal room. I still see him sitting at the piano and the sun flooding him with it's light. He looked up and said, "Do you know in a former incarnation you were a great tragedian and this time you were born with a voice." He also knew and understood!

All the rest is more or less known. I wish to add only this. The much publicized fabulous salaries paid to singers never fell to my lot. But oh! what the audiences gave me in their appreciation of the spirituality of my "girls" - In one anonymous poem sent me with a gorgeous plant, are these lines: "Oh, beautiful inspired singer - Do you know what a God-given gift is your art? A look, a tone, a gesture and you break a strong man's heart" -

In London a musical critic said to Marie - "How did she dare to keep her own name? Had she failed it would have been ridiculed unmercifully. Now it stands for great strength and power" - These are a few pages from the life of

Minnie Saltzman-Stevens
whose greatest blessing is having been born and brought up an American in her beloved Evergreen City -
Bloomington.

MATTHEW T. SCOTT

One of the Makers of Illinois

Contributed by

Mrs. Carl Vrooman

MATTHEW T. SCOTT

One Of The Makers Of Illinois

Matthew T. Scott, one of the makers of Illinois, was graduated from Center College, Danville, Ky, in 1846, with a high reputation for scholarship. The following year at the age of 19, he went to Ohio, to take charge of large landed interests belonging to his father, Matthew T. Scott, Sr., of Lexington, Ky, President of Northern Bank of Kentucky - who at the time of his death was said to hold the record for having served as bank President longer than any other American.

After several years residence in Ohio, foreseeing the future value of the broad mid-west prairies, Mr. Scott moved to Illinois where he made extensive investments in government land for himself and other members of his family.

In 1852, he laid out on his land in McLean County, the village of Chenoa. Here in 1859, from a finishing school in New York, he brought his bride, Miss Julia Green, daughter

of the Rev. Lewis Warner Green, then President of Center College, at Danville, Kentucky, and a distinguished representative of an early colonial family of Virginia.

He took the initiative in much of the agricultural development of McLean County and other sections of Illinois and Iowa. In reply to a question as to how much ditching and fencing he had made and how much land he had broken, he said that he had made over 275 miles of hedge fence; that he had reduced to cultivation for himself and others as much as sixteen thousand acres of prairie land in Illinois and Iowa; that he had built on these lands between one hundred and sixty and two hundred houses; that he had made over two hundred and fifty miles of ditch by plows, by horse scrapers, by ditching machines and by spades, many of these ditches being very large and made by oxen, as many as forty large cattle to a team which drew the great ditching plow:- besides having made the tile drains for thoroughly tiling five thousand acres.

After spending much time and money on fences in accordance with orthodox farm methods, Mr. Scott began experimenting with the novel idea of farming without fencing. In 1855 on one of his farms at Chenoa, he made the test and demonstrated the possibility of cultivating large tracts of land without fences, except around his pasture lots, to confine his own stock. This was the first large farm in the country, ever cultivated in this way. His successful experiment encouraged others - who had been deterred by the cost of fencing in a prairie country - to follow his example, and led to the rapid settlement and improvement of that part of the country. The

passage of the "no fence" law by the Illinois legislature, was the result of his testimony before a committee of that body.*

One of his close friends wrote: "As a business man, Mr. Scott was endowed with great fertility of resource. His mathematical gifts were unusual. As evidence of his remarkable memory in some directions he repeatedly stated, that if the records should be destroyed, he could produce, from his own recollection, the exact description - section, township, range, and meridian - of every quarter section of land of the twenty thousand acres he had located for himself and others, and also the description of the lands contiguous to them. Poets have dreamed more poems than they have written. He excogitated far more business projects than her ever attempted to carry out. The play of his mind over business grounds which multitudes of men approach with anxiety, and traverse with toil and difficulty, was like the rapid and exultant race of the collegian who drives the football before him. He pursued business with the zest with which the hunter trails the deer. His soul was ever athirst for action. In handling lands and mines he found a thoroughly congenial realm for the exercise of faculties which delighted in the solution of an endless series of problems in profit and loss. Business projects came to him as easily as wood pigeons flock to their feeding grounds, or shaded roosts. The whole affair was one of spontaneous, easy

* For more details re: Mr. Scotts' contribution to the agricultural development of the mid-west, see page 167, Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, June, 1945 and The Matthew T. Scott collection of historical documents in the Library of Cornell University.

natural movement of inborn faculties. As a bird sings - as a fish swims - as a pointer beats the prairie in quest of game - with kindred ease and elasticity, did he sketch and work out the elements of a business plan. My impression is that the 'bother' which the majority of mankind find in the matter of "making a living" was to him through life, one of the mysteries of human ineptitude. He rises now before my vision, in the prime of his manhood, as one of the most robust, vitalized, brotherly and generous men, that I have known on this earth."

MRS. MATTHEW T. SCOTT

Decorated by the

French Government

Contributed by

Mrs. Carl Vroooman

MRS. SCOTT DECORATED

By

The French Government

In the autumn of 1920, at a tea given in her honor at the French Embassy, in Washington, the Ambassador, M. Jules Jusserand, presented Mrs. Matthew T. Scott with "The First Class Medal of French Gratitude".

The citation reads:

"Although eighty years of age she gave herself without stint in behalf of France, having planned and carried out through the Daughters of the American Revolution, the adoption of between three and four thousand War orphans, and collected \$50,000 for the reconstruction of a French village."

In accepting the Decoration, Mrs. Scott in this, her last public appearance, said:

"Your Excellency, I find no words to express the feeling that lies so deep in my heart as I receive from you, on behalf of your Government, this touching token of appreciation of the efforts of the Daughters of the American Revolution to express in some tangible form their reverent sympathy and affection for the Children of France, whose fathers have laid down their lives in the cause of human liberty.

Many links, since the days of Lafayette, have been forged to

us to bind our sister Republic as with hoops of steel. But during this period that our sons have fought side by side with your sons in behalf of civilization, there have been added two golden links binding us together in a friendship that must surely live as long as will live the memories of our heroic dead, and the love of Freedom for which they died.

Mr. Ambassador, your country has conferred many honors on the men and women of America who have been privileged to be associated with the French in this war. There are many families where the croix de guerre, won on some battlefield of France, will be handed down from generation to generation as a priceless heritage and there are many other families scattered over our broad land whose sacred possession is a little wooden cross "somewhere in France"--- that last supreme distinction of those triumphant ones who have "forgotten themselves into immortality."

What a harvest of love, of sympathy, of understanding must spring from these acres of our wooden crosses planted in the shell-torn soil of France, side by side with the acres and acres of her own wooden crosses and those of England and Italy and Belgium and all the rest.

And the other shining link, newly forged, that binds us to France, the link of which this medal is the symbol, is the love that has grown up in the hearts of our people, for those fatherless children, heirs of privation and suffering unspeakable, but heirs also of glory, who are the future builders and makers of the France that is to be.

Could we, Mr. Ambassador, could heaven itself forge any links that would bind the hearts of our people in a closer and more enduring friendship and understanding than those two links of pure gold, purged of all its dress, which bind us to the dead and to the living!"

MRS. MATTHEW T. SCOTT

Tribute To Her Memory

Contributed by

Mrs. Carl Vrooman

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. MATTHEW T. SCOTT

President General, National Society Daughters American Revolution

1909-1913

In the passing of Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, our beloved Honorary President General, on April 29, 1923, we, the members of the National board of management of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, at the meeting on June 12, 1923, wish to record, not so much our sorrow at the loss this society and this country has sustained, as our surpassing pride that for twenty years - since her election as Vice President General from Illinois, and on through her brilliant administrations as President General and the magnificent war relief work which she organized and directed, her last and crowning public service--it has been the privilege of this society to claim in a special way, this woman whose great intellect, high devotion and distinguished personality have made her an outstanding and inspiring figure in our national life.

Tracing her ancestry through generations of forbears, distinguished for leadership in the patriotic, military and religious life of Virginia and Kentucky, her heritage of race and of blood inspired her with a patriotism that was more than a tradition and proved a challenge to service, an incentive to carry into her manifold activities and dealings with others the spirit of the motto which was the key note of her life - "Noblesse Oblige".

We recall her commanding and beautiful presence, her queenly bearing, her ready tact and understanding sympathy, her splendid oratorical powers, her passionate idealism, her trained talent for business administration and her exceptional ability as a parliamentarian, which led a Justice of the United States Supreme Court to declare her the greatest presiding officer Washington had seen in more than a decade.

We recall, too, her unfailing sense of humor that saved so many difficult situations - how often some happy bit of repartee, from her, broke in upon and broke up, a heated argument or tiresome discussion. But most of all, we cherish those qualities of her heart, those exquisitely human traits that endeared her to all who knew her, and made her the beloved leader and inspirer of thousands of "Daughters" who rise up now and call her blessed.

In this hour tender memories crowd our minds and hearts and bring that gracious figure vividly back to us. With an unfailing interest in her friends and in all that was passing in the world, with far reaching sympathies and a breadth of outlook that was not only national but international in its scope, up to the last, her zest in life was unabated. Death can have no domain over such a spirit.

After the burden and heat of the day, full of years and full of honors, with the serene consciousness of a race well run, she paused at the turn of the road where her path diverged from ours, to take for a little, the rest she had won. The Faith that illumined her life threw a rainbow bridge across the gulf of the unknown and made even the "Valley of the Shadow" light for her as she passed on her shining way.

OLD TIME BLOOMINGTON

By

Abe Williams

Back in the days of Madison Hill,
Of the old standpipe and Cox's mill,
Miller's pasture, the forty acres,
The business college- Professor Baker's-.
Back in the days of mule drawn cars,
Of brick sidewalks and mahogany bars,
Back in the days so fair and mellow
Of Captain Riebsame and Jim Costello.
Back in the days of hitching racks,
Of John Eddy and "Adlai's axe".
Back in the days of Turner Hall,
Of the county fair held in the fall.
Back in the days of two-wheeled drays,
Of T.P. Garret and G.E. Mayes,
Of black Ab Hawkins and Mick McHugh,
Driving their hacks as they used to do
When plows were made for prairies raw
By John T. Walton and A. Brokaw.
Back in the good old days of yore
Of Thomas Ashley and Asa Moore,
Of Peter Whitmer and Lyman Ferre,
Of Adam Guthrie and C.E. Perry,
Of R.W. Murphy and J.E. Houtz,
Of Owen & Pixley and Billy Stautz,
Of Elmer Wilson and E. Wolgamot,
Of Lew Thomas and Charlie Scott,
Of W.T. Wood and Wilcox Brothers,
Of "Deak" Miller and E.K. Crothers,
Of "Shorty" O'Neill and M.X. Chuse,
Of Rudy Schroeder and Doctor Luce.
Back in the days of five cent pie,
Of the Daily Leader and Sunday Eye,
Of W.O. Davis and Jimmie O'Donnell,
Of Harry Hart and Ed O'Connell.
Back in the days of lesser mammon
Of Father Weldon and "Baggy" Sammon.
Back in the days of link and pin,
Of "Commodore" Foote and young George Linn.
Back in the days of young Jack Leach,
Of Billy Darnbrough and Peter Pietsch.
Back in the days of the high-wheeled bike,
of "Private Joe" and Ivory Pike,
Back in the days of Ike Livingston,
Of mayor Koch and Thomas Bunn,
Of Maude Light and Rachel Crothers,
Marie Von Elsner and Evans Brothers,
Of Wolf Griesheim and C.E. Dalton,
Of Willis Gray, who ran the Alton.

Back in the days of Vinton Howell,
Of General Dick and Captain Rowell.
Back in the days of B.F. Harber,
Of Ben Funk and "Doc" Funk, the barber.
Back when the high class shows were run
By Doctor Schroeder and Tede Henderson,
Of C.J. Northrup, there on Center,
Of Harney Collins and Frank Dewenter,
Of J.W. Evans and H.H. Green,
Of Lee Cheney and "Con" Deneen.
Back in the days before the fire
Of Captain Foster and Tony Meyer.
Flag draped streets and building facades,
DeMolay band leading parades,
That's how it looks in retrospect,
The old home town gaily bedecked
To welcome home some honored son
Who had brought renown to Bloomington.

EDWIN PLUMMER SLOAN, M. D.

BIOGRAPHY

EDWIN PLUMMER SLOAN, M.D. (1876 - 1935)

Biography

Edwin Plummer Sloan was born at Neosho, Missouri on February 13, 1876. He received his medical degree from the University Medical College of Kansas City, Missouri, and in 1898 took up the practice of medicine in Danvers, Illinois. He spent the years of 1902 and 1903 in study in Berlin, Germany. In his post graduate work in Europe, Dr. Sloan studied with Theodore Kocher at Berne, Switzerland, and became impressed with the need for extensive research in goiter, then a comparatively unexplored field. He worked intensively in this specialty and became a recognized specialist in goiter operations. In 1905 he located in Bloomington where he established The Sloan Clinic. When the growing need for hospital facilities made it advisable, he took the lead in the establishment of the Mennonite Hospital in Bloomington where he served as Chief Surgeon until the time of his death. He was, also, Chief Surgeon of St. Joseph's Hospital in Bloomington from 1908 to the time of his death.

In 1923, under Dr. Sloan's leadership, there was organized in Bloomington the American Association for the Study of Goiter. He served as President, and in the following year, its first three-day clinical meeting was held in Bloomington, Illinois with four hundred surgeons from the United States and European countries attending. Out of this Association was organized the International Conference on Goiter and in 1927 it held its first meeting in Berne, Switzerland with doctors from thirty-seven countries participating. He made two subsequent trips to Europe in the interest of this organization.

Since the beginning of his medical career he had been active in all organization work. In addition to his active membership in the leading medical and surgical associations both in America and Europe, he assumed his full share of executive work in professional societies. He began as President of the McLean County Medical Society. He was President of the Illinois State Medical Society in 1922-23 and for four years (1929-1933) he served Illinois as its delegate to the annual meetings of the American Medical Association. For eight years he served as President of the Advisory Board of the Illinois State Board of Health. In 1924 he was Vice-President of the Tri-State Medical Society. At the time of his death he was a member of the Judicial Council of the American Medical Association. He was, also, for a number of years a member of the faculty of the Chicago Medical School.

He published many articles on goiter, abdominal surgery and gynecology, and had practically completed the writing of a text-book on Goiter at the time of his death in 1935.

SIDNEY SMITH

A teacher vainly with her pupil fussed,
For idly drawing pictures during class;
Well meaning, at last gave up in disgust--
And warned of impending failure to pass,
Predicting he'd never amount to much,
Perhaps cartoonist, or something like that;
Not knowing his was sure artistic touch,
And before her a budding genius sat.

Fortune came thro' his pencil's craftsmanship,
Wherein amusing brain creatures had birth,
Whose antics mirrored life in comic strip,
And gave readers a seasoning of mirth,
From serious things turning to lighter fare,
Human foibles in satire, fun laid bare!

James Hart

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

The streets that night were full of cheering men,
Beneath the swaying, sputtering torches' glare;
The marchers paused, e'er moving on again,
Before a lighted house on Franklin Square;
When an erect broad-shouldered man came out,
A boy delirious in the evening's fun
Inquired "Who's that?" amidst tumultuous shout;
His father said: "That's Adlai Stevenson!"

We saw him, statesmanlike and dignified,
Oftentimes in later retirement years;
Long after that outburst of local pride -
The marching clubs with bands, red-fire and cheers;
To honor home town's national candidate,
No less than Grover Cleveland's running mate!

James Hart

STEVENSON FAMILY LETTERS

Contributed by

Elizabeth Stevenson Ives

LETTER TO W. O. DAVIS FROM DAUGHTER HELEN
(Mrs. Lewis G. Stevenson)

The Vice-President's Chamber
Washington

'94

Dear Papa:

I was delighted to receive a letter from Mama last night. The more I think of going North for the summer, the more inclined I am to go, the heat is so depressing.

We had our last reception yesterday. It was a great success. Many charming people. I get tired, but enjoy meeting the people and many are getting to be quite good friends. You will be interested to know that Mrs. Peters called yesterday. She waited for some time to see me and was overjoyed when I did at last find her. She said I was so like my father whom she had known always, etc. She is a pleasant little woman and I shall call soon. She wanted me to come at once for dinner. It will be very interesting for me to have a chat with her.

Mrs. Sen. Palmer was very charming with me, also Mrs. Ridgely of Springfield. They received with us, also Mrs. J. A. Logan and daughter.

Tomorrow night I go to a musical at Mrs. Hearsts! She is the sweetest woman I have met here and her house is a dazzling palace.

Mr. & Mrs. Hardin have arrived, well and pleased with their short trip.

Answer to Mr. Smith's letter.

Montgomery, Nov. 18, 1888.

Mira Henderson received with us yesterday and was a great addition, being beautifully dressed and very entertaining. I like her tremendously as every one does.

With love,

Helen

My dear father:

I do thank you very much for the
wonderful gift you sent me. This place would hardly
be able to make necessary additions.

I think it was covering a fine time when you sent me a
picture you could have no sooner. We both wish
to speak of particularly and now I will briefly mention
the picture we particularly liked with the exception
of Pauline. The mother especially being
well represented.

You & Mrs. Henderson were away Saturday and you
will be delighted to find you received the photo of Mrs.
Henderson and Mrs. Cleveland. I am sorry Mrs.
Henderson has passed away. I have had pleasure of
seeing and reading many of the Presidents and
Mrs. Cleveland which were I had. I am sorry. She
died at age of 80. I am sending you a copy of the photo for your
pleasure and information. I think she had a life
which was a great achievement. I should not care
to communicate with you I will.

The girls are beautiful and the young lady, the
latter I suppose may be considered.

Anterior portion of our sofa was sent us while I was
at home from Mrs. Smith which I expect to prove very
handsome & useful.

Wish you all would come up this fall per-
haps. I would particularly want the other friends to
join us and, if possible, I think she would enjoy
it and we are anxious to have as many as we can. The
days, at least in New England, are still warm and
there are hours & periods when we are very comfortable.

LETTER TO W. O. DAVIS FAMILY

FROM HELEN (MRS. LEWIS G. STEVENSON)

RE: Weddings of Julia Stevenson & Letitia Scott

WASHINGTON, D. C.

June '96

Wed. a.m.

My dear family:

I am too tired and sleepy to sit up, so am writing lying down. With these excuses you will be able to make necessary allowances.

This is the morning after the wedding and I suppose you would like my version. To begin with, it went off perfectly and was a very pretty wedding. The church was comfortably filled with the official set of Washington, the various departments being well represented.

Mr. & Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Scott, Lewis and myself occupied the first pew directly in front of the President and Mrs. Cleveland. The reception was pleasant, the rooms at first being crowded. I met a good many people - among them the President and Mrs. Cleveland with whom I had quite a chat. The latter staggered me by inviting me to come to see her today and, of course, I shall go. They all seem to think this a great compliment. I shall not try to enumerate all whom I met.

The bride was beautiful and the groom manly. The latter improves much on acquaintance.

I intended returning home this week and would like to come but Mrs. Scott thinks I ought to remain for Lettie's wedding.

Thursday! I dropped asleep at this point yesterday. I wrote yesterday noon to urge Jessie to come on and, if she is able, I think she would enjoy it and we can either go to New York or to see the boys, or spend a few days in going about here and then on home together. They seem very anxious to

have them all come and I should enjoy seeing them immensely. The boys could start a day earlier. The girls ought to come in advance if possible to get rested. Jessie must send at once a piece of cut glass, a dish or carafe - something very pretty. Of course if she is coming she can bring it.

She can just as well bring a trunk and fill it with all her good clothes and then she can have whatever she might want, but her clothes are quite nice enough, because the season is over and she won't be here long enough to display herself much.

There will be about 75 or 100 guests at the wedding and it will be made a very pretty one but nothing very swell, as it will be a house wedding and people are rapidly leaving town. Telegraph any questions you may wish to inquire.

With much love,

Helen

I think the silk mull full, over her skirt of white taffeta would be just the thing. Julia has such a dress. It falls full and plain and is comfy. The waist ought to be low just a little if possible but not absolutely necessary. Mine is high.

LATER: Have just received Jessie's dispatch. Hope she will be able to come yet for Washington is beautiful now and the wedding will be a lovely one. I think if she is able, the experience would be an attraction. We'll have a good time together and they all want her tremendously.

TO W. O. DAVIS FROM DAUGHTER HELEN

(Mrs. Lewis G. Stevenson)

1327 Sixteenth St.,

Washington, D. C.

June '96

Dear Papa:

Mrs. Scott and Lettie have just been talking over their plans for her wedding and they fell upon the idea of having Jessie come on to the wedding. They are perfectly delighted with the idea and are determined to have her. I think it would be a nice experience, although the wedding is to be small. Lewis and I are going back to the hotel and they can stay with us if they wish, but Mrs. Scott will expect them to be her guests.

They also want Grace Cheney and I think if you went to Mr. Cheney he would let her come with Jessie. When he knows it is only for two or three days and all will come home together he may consent.

All the girls need in the way of clothes are their Sunday dresses and hats for walking, a thin dress in case the weather is hot and a pretty, appropriate dress for the wedding. Nothing extravagant and very elegant would be appropriate for this season or the girls age. I am sure of this from observation and just last night at Julia's wedding I was very much in it and as you know I haven't anything very grand.

If Jessie is not able she must not make the exertion but I hope she can and think she might have a fine time. If Jessie would put the lemon colored thin material we brought from Europe over her taffeta silk skirt (white)

and used the same waist she wore with it last winter it would be lovely. Or if she wishes a fluffy waist of the thin material made similarly - it would be just right. The Dutchess lace would be lovely. She would be beautiful and I so proud. Lettie says, she is the most stylish, beautiful girl she ever saw.

Now they also want the boys**who are going abroad to come in time and I think it would be very nice. Talk to them about it and they can spend as many days as they feel like with Lewis, seeing the sights. Mrs. Scott will be delighted and we'll all be proud of them.

I write very hurriedly now. Will write again at once to Jessie. They ought to reach here the latest Wednesday evening. Would be glad to see them Tuesday. Of course the boys need only their dress suits.

In haste,

Helen

** The "boys" included L. B. Merwin, H. O. Davis and Louis Eddy.

HON. ADLAI E. STEVENSON WRITES TO HIS NEW GRAND-
DAUGHTER, ELIZABETH DAVIS STEVENSON

The Trossachs Hotel,

Loch Katrine

Scotland

Aug. 15, 1897

My Darling Grand-Daughter:
"The Good Queen Bess"

This letter is from one of your Grand-fathers - one you have never seen - but remember he has been still more unfortunate in having never seen you! But this same Grand-father and a Grand-mother and an old maid Aunt are all hoping soon to see you and to give you an affectionate kiss.

We think of you and talk of you much of the time. I have not forgotten that twenty nine years ago this very day, after a ride across the country from Metamora to Chenoa, I took a sweet little baby boy in my arms. He is no longer a baby but a full grown man and his name is Lewis Green Stevenson! It is possible you may have seen him around since you reached Illinois. Don't fail to give my love to your blessed Mother. I can only hope she is well and enjoying your visit to the fullest extent.

Your father wrote me that you are a beautiful child. I do not doubt it at all. You could not be otherwise with so beautiful and graceful a Mother.

You will see that this letter is written from "The Trossachs". It is hardly probable that there is on this earth a more beautiful or romantic place. When you read "The Lady of the Lake" the places I

now visit will come before you - "Loch Katrine", "Ben Lomond", etc. I will take great pleasure in giving you a copy of "The Lady of the Lake" and telling you of the wonders of the Scottish Highlands. It is indeed a delight to think of two precious little Grand-daughters, "Elizabeth and Letitia" one on each knee, listening to their poor old Grand-father for the hundredth time tell of his journeyings abroad. Lay up a good stock of patience, my blessed one, and tell your little Cousin to do the same.

We reached this place last night and will remain awhile and then proceed to Edinburg. Just now I am going with your Grand-mother and Aunt Letitia to sail upon Loch Katrine and visit the little place where James Fitz-James first met Ellen Douglas, when

"In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian naiad of the strand,"

Not far from Loch Katrine is the spot where the Highland Chieftan having conducted Fitz-James in safety, exclaimed:

"See, here, all vantageless I stand
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword,"

But your poor old Grand-father, like Silas Wegg, is in danger of dropping into poetry - so, with much love to all who love you, my little darling,

Good By,

Grand Pa Stevenson

LETTER TO ELIZABETH STEVENSON IVES FROM
HER GRANDFATHER, HON. ADLAI E. STEVENSON

Adlai E. Stevenson
Lawyer

Deep Haven, Minn.

July 16, 1899

Miss Elizabeth Davis Stevenson,
Charlevoix,
Michigan.

My Darling Granddaughter:

The little present I enclose will remind you that I have not forgotten that you are two years old this blessed day. It is indeed a comfort to all who love you that you are so well and at the mature age you have reached such a splendid and glorious girl.

I hope you and your dear Mother and Father will make us a visit this summer. We are now in a little "cottage by the sea" - or, rather by the lake. Our cottage is near the banks of Lake Minnetonka. We sit upon the verandah and look out upon the beautiful sheet of water and the little boats that constantly pass.

I wish you were here to play with your little Cousin Letitia upon the grass plot back of the cottage.

Give my love to your dear Mother. Tell her we arrived safely from Colorado on Friday last.

Please write me a little letter when you have time.

Remember me kindly to your Grandfather and all the family, - and don't forget "old Gawgaw"!

Most affectionately,

Grandfather Stevenson

COPY OF LETTER TO ELIZABETH STEVENSON IVES
FROM HER GRANDFATHER, HON. ADLAI E. STEVENSON

Adlai E. Stevenson
Lawyer

Bloomington, Illinois
Dec. 18, 1899

Miss Elizabeth Davis Stevenson,
Los Angeles,
California

My blessed little Granddaughter:

The enclosed will buy a little Christmas present for you from "poor old Gawgaw". Your dear Mother can help you make the selection.

You can never know how dear you are to all of us at the old home. We miss you and your dear Mother and Father sadly indeed. How I would love to hear you say, "Gawgaw". I would be willing to have you "kick Gawgaw down stairs" for the sake of hearing your sweet voice and looking into your sweet, beautiful face again.

We hope you will have a Merry Christmas and many Happy New Years to come.

Tell your Father I have just been advised of the death of our cousin, Lieutenant Brunby, Flag Officer of Admiral Dewey. I deeply regret his death.

Your Grandmother and I will spend the holidays with your little Cousin Letitia in Minneapolis. The old home is lonely indeed with all of our children and grand-children away.

Your Grandmother joins me in love to all of you.

With great affection,

"Poor old Gawgaw"

LETTER TO ADLAI E. STEVENSON FROM HIS FATHER,

LEWIS G. STEVENSON (1910)

French Lick Springs Hotel

French Lick, Indiana

My blessed Buoy:

Papa owes you a great big apology for not having wired or written you on your birthday. I enclose a dollar bill, hoping it will in a small measure heal the wound. It is for you to spend as you want and is not to be saved. I remember when I was a little boy how much more acceptable spending money was than saving money. You have been very good about saving money so you can do with this as you want.

I hope you are taking good care of "Mother dear". She deserves and needs a rest and you can do a great deal toward giving it to her by doing always just what she wants and not catching cold so she will have to care for you. Are you taking your daily cold bath? I hope so. In a lecture the other day I heard a doctor say a man would gain 30% resistance power (to prevent catching disease) if he had taken daily cold baths from childhood.

Be good to Daddy always. Run his errands and always be on the lookout to help him any way you can.

Grandmother is much better. I think she was drinking too much water at first and it made her sick.

We expect to remain here until Saturday. Then I am going to the farm for a few days and on back to Bloomington. You can write me there.

Haven't yet received the Sunday letters. Hope they will arrive today.

I miss you all greatly and want to know just how you are getting on. Tell me all the news.

With a great deal of love to you all.

Devotedly,

POP

Monday, Feb. 8, 1910

To: Master Adlai E. Stevenson
Pass Christian, Miss.
c/o W. O. Davis

COURTROOM PORTRAITS

Two portraits hang upon our courtroom wall,
The Bar's tribute to its distinguished men;
A visitor who steps in from the hall
Beholds them, and departing looks again;
Fifer and Stevenson, together still --
As they were neighbors out on Franklin Square;
Painted so lifelike by the artist's skill,
In serene contemplation sitting there.

The brush preserves the very garb they wore,
The countenance, the easy natural pose;
Solemn chambers of Justice watching o'er,
Where oft in legal tilt their voices rose.
In law, statecraft, alike each career blends,
In politics opposed, but always friends.

James Hart

AUTHOR AND SUBJECT INDEX

VOLUME II

Abraham, Elizabeth, 282
 Academy of Music, 5, 10
 Actors, Theater, 22, 23
 Actresses, Theater, 22, 23
 Aerialists, 79
 Agle, Clara Klemm, 249
 Agriculture, 297
 Aldrich, Frank, 206, 215, 216
 Amateur Musical Club, 219, 221,
 222
 American Legion, Louis E. Davis
 Post, 101, 166
 Anson, Adrian, 99
 Ashton, Fred T., 56
 Ashton's Orchestra, 56
 Austin, Francis Marion, 116
 Austin, Grace Jewett, 116
 Austin, Lois, 131
 Automobiles, early, 48
 Bailey Electric Company, 39
 Ball, college, 1854, 6
 Ball, Grand Union, 1861, 6
 Ball, New Year's eve, 1856, 5
 Ball, Pink Domino at A. B. Funk
 Home, 208, 209
 Ballard, Sylvester (poem), 134
 Band concerts, Miller Park, 56
 Band stand, Miller Park, 56
 Bands, Bloomington, 53
 Baseball
 American Legion, 1100100
 "Bloomington Pastimes Club",
 99
 Clubs, early, 100
 fields, early, 99
 history, 97
 (poem), 96
 Wesleyan University, 100
 Basketball, Bloomington, 103
 Beatty, Clyde, 84
 Benjamin, Judge, 267
 Biographical sketches
 Hall, J. Oscar, 20
 Hamand, Charles Wesley, 51
 Hart, James, 277
 Hart, Louie Howell, 236
 Holmes, Hazel Funk, 228
 Jones, Mildred Fitz Henry,
 196

Miller, Elizabeth Austin,
 131
 Stewart, Clark Emerson, 58
 Biographies
 Austin, Grace Jewett, 115
 Capen, Fred B., 137
 Dimmett, Charles Edward,
 142
 Edwards, Dr. Richard, 180
 Fitz Henry, Louis, 188
 Funk, Mrs. A. B., 200
 Hart, Dr. Edson B., 232
 Hasbrouck, Jacob Louis, 237
 Howell, Harry Lee, M. D.,
 242
 Klemm, C. W., 249
 O'Donnell, James, 272
 Parham, Nellie E., 282
 Saltzman-Stevens, Minnie,
 288
 Scott, Matthew T., 294
 Scott, Mrs. Matthew T., 299,
 302
 Sloan, Edwin Plummer, M. D.,
 307
 Birney, Mrs. T. W., 119
 Basketball, Early days, 103
 Bloomington Centennial, 108
 Bloomington circus performers,
 776
 Bloomington Club, 219, 220
 Bloomington, early description,
 251
 Bloomington High School,
 basketball, 105
 Bloomington High School,
 Commencement, 1883, 8
 Bloomington High School,
 football, 92
 Bloomington-Normal Sanitary
 District, 239
 Blumenthal, Madame de, 211, 212
 Bohrer, Florence Fifer, 291
 Bongo Park, 13
 Book Truck, Withers Public
 Library, 286
 Bowen, Archie, 193
 Braley, Theodore, 273
 Brokaw, Abram (poem), 135

- Brokaw Hospital, 233
 Brokaw Hospital, members of staff, 1901, 233
 Brown's Business college, 161
 Bryan, William Jennings, 13, 136
 Bulletin, The Dailey, 124, 273
 Cady, Prof. C. M., 2
 Capen, Charles, 267
 Capen, Frank C., 139
 Capen, Fred B., Biography, 137
 Capen, Henry W., 137
 Capen Investment Company, 139
 Carroll, Cliff, 98
 Castle Theater, 37, 158
 Centennial committee members, Bloomington, 110
 Centennial parades, Bloomington, 109
 Centennial, September 15-23, 1950, Bloomington, 108
 Charity Ball, 1900's, 217, 218
 Charlton, Frank, 34
 Chatterton Opera House, 22, 26, 160
 Chautauqua, Bloomington, 14
 Chicago Nationals (Cubs), 99
 Chisholm, Mabel, 34
 "Chow Club", The, 171
 Circus, 76
 Circus buildings, practice, 85
 Circus performers, Bloomington, 76, 86
 Circus troupes, 82
 Circus winter quarters, Bloomington, 86
 Citation, Charles Edward Dimmett, 175
 Citation, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, 300
 Collins, Harvey, 26
 Committee members, Bloomington Centennial, 110
 Concello, Art, 84
 Concerts, 2, 3, 56
 "Congress of Mothers", 119
 Connors, John, 99
 Connors, Will, 99
 Conroy, Bill, 100
 Costigan, Clem, 95
 "Cotillions" at A. B. Funk home, 206, 207
 "Crazy Hat", 55
 "Dame Fashion Smiles", 128
 Dancing class, 1869, 3
 D. A. R., National Society, 303
 Darrah, Delmar D., 167, 168
 Davis, Bert, 203
 Davis, Helen (Mrs. Lewis G. Stevenson), 313-318
 Davis house, David (poem), 141
 Davis, W. O., 313
 Day, Eldon, 85
 Deaconess Hospital, 233
 Decoration, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, 302
 DeMolay band, 54
 Dillingham, Bert, 41
 Dimmett, Charles Edward, 41, 142
 Dimmett, William, 144
 Dimmett, Wylie McCracken, 179
 Dimmett, Mrs. Wylie R., contributor, 1, 21, 25, 36, 43, 145, 179
 Dimmett's Grove, 144
 Dodge-Dickinson Mattress Company, 164
 de Reszke, Jean, 292
 Dunbar Brothers, 77
 Dunn, Joe, 100
 Durley Hall, 3, 26
 Edwards, Dr. Richard, 181
 Edwards, Ellen S. Dr. Richard Edwards, 180
 Elder, C. L., 3
 Elliott, Chalmers (Bump), 106
 Elliott, Dr. J. Norman, 90, 106
 Elliott, Peter (Pete), 106
 Embroidery, 64
 Evans, Mrs. R. F., 130
 Evergreen City Business College, Commencement, 1883, 7
 Ewing, James S. (poem), 185
 Eyer, Lloyd E., 103
 "Fads", handwork, 65
 Fagerburg, A. T., 40
 Fair grounds, Bloomington, 53, 99
 Fell, Mrs. Theron (Mane Dodson), 224
 Fenelon, Dr. J. H., 186
 Fifer, Joseph W., 187, 325
 Fisher Brothers, 78
 Fitz Henry, Charlotte Louise (Robling),
 Fitz Henry, Lottie Rankin (Mrs. Louis), 189

- Fitz Henry, Louis, 75, 189
 Fishers, Five Flying, 79
 Flower, Elbridge Watson, 63
 Flower, Roxy Ann (Childs), 61
 Football, Bloomington High School, history of, 92
 Football coaches, Bloomington High School, 93
 Football teams, early, 88
 Football, Trinity High School, 95
 Football, Wesleyan University, history of, 88
 Foreman, Harry, 80
 Fourth Ward School, 75
 Front Street Theater, 158
 Fulwiler, John, 267
 Funk, Dwight, 89
 Funk, Mrs. A. B. (Sophronia Josephine Van de Vender), 68, 201
 Funk, Mrs. Dean, 223
 Funk's Grove picnics, 215
 Galli-Curci, Mme., 128
 "Germans" at A. B. Funk home, 206, 207
 Gibbons, Will (poem), 229
 Giering, George, 252
 Goforth, George, 56
 Goiter, International conference in Bloomington, 309
 Gottschalk, Delmar, 106
 Grant, Ulysses S. (poem), 230
 Gray Electric Co., James, 39
 Green, Fred, 75
 Green, Harry, 77
 Green, Howard, 75
 Griffith, Clark C., 98
 Grove St. 307 E. (A. B. Funk Home), 201
 Hall, J. Oscar, 11, 20
 Hamand, Charles Wesley, 47, 51
 Hamilton, Chester, 57
 Handwork, 61
 Harbord, General James (poem), 231
 Harold, Frank, 79
 Hart, Dr. Harlan, 235
 Hart, Edson, 236
 Hart, Edson, B., Dr., 232
 Hart, Harvey, 236
 Hart, James, 24, 29, 96, 134, 135, 136, 141, 185, 186, 187, 229, 230, 231, 241, 246, 254, 255, 265, 271, 272, 277, 310, 311, 325
 Hart, Jane (Mrs. Trimble Sawtelle), 236
 Hart, Louie Howell, 232, 236
 Hart, Martin, 277
 Hart, Mary Casey, 277
 Hart, Ruth, 236
 Harwood, Mrs. Charlotte, 291
 Hasbrouck, Caroline Kimball (Mrs. Jacob Louis), 240
 Hasbrouck, Jacob Louis, 237
 Hasbrouck, Theodore L., 240
 Herbert, A. F., 55
 Herndon, William, 269
 High School program, 1874, 3
 Hill, Art, 95
 Holmes, Hazel Funk, 200, 228
 Home decorating, early, 210, 211
 Houghton's Lake, 1901, 13
 Hovey, Richard (poem), 241
 Howard, Del, 99
 Howard, Ivan, 99
 Howell, Harry Lee, M. D., 243
 Howell, Louie (Mrs. Edson B.), 236
 Howell, Rose, 242
 Hubbard, Elbert (poem), 246
 Hudelson, Mrs. Clyde, 130
 Humphreys, Mrs. L. B., 2
 Illington, Margaret (poem), 29
 Illini Theater, 24, 26
 Inman, Miss Grace, 157
 Insurance Agency, Capen, 139
 Insurance companies, 165, 166
 Iroilly, Vincent, 55
 Irvin, C. E. "Curly", 158
 Irvin Theater, 158
 Ives, Elizabeth Stevenson, contributor, 312
 Johnson, Freddie, 79
 Johnson, Marie, 290
 Jones, Mildred Fitz Henry, 188, 196
 Jones, Paul McClellan, 197
 Kadel's brass band, 3, 53
 Karnes, Don, 95
 Kenney Mutes (baseball), 99
 Kessler, Clara Louise, 60
 Kessler, Frances Flower, 64

- Kessler, Lewis Elbridge, 105
 Kessler, Martha Cyrene (Flower), 63
 Kimball, Mary L., 237
 Kimball, Mrs. C. F., 285
 Kiwanis Club, 18
 Klemm, Amelie Bender
 (Mrs. C. W.),
 Klemm, Augusta Seibel
 (Mrs. C. W.),
 Klemm, C. W., 250
 Klemm family, 253
 Klemm, Julius P., 251
 Klots, Alfred, portrait
 painter, 212, 213
 Knitting lace, 61
 Kreisler, Fritz, 222
 Lake Bloomington, 239
 LaMar, Harry, 79
 Landis, Joe (poem), 254
 Lange, Alma, 285
 LaVan Brothers, 76
 Law Department, Wesleyan, 5
 Law School, Wesleyan, 89
 Letters, Stevenson family,
 313
 Lincoln, Abraham (poem),
 255, 265
 Litta, Marie, 7, 71, 145, 290
 Little, Dick, 193
 Loar, James L., 14
 "Lost Speech" (poem), 255, 265
 Lyon, William R., 157
 McBarnes Memorial Building,
 166
 McKee, Frank, 55
 McLean County Centennial,
 history of, 240
 McLean County in the First
 World War, history of, 240
 McLean County Tuberculosis
 Sanatorium, 239
 McVicker's Theatre, 1878, 7
 Major's Hall, 255, 270
 Marton, George, 56, 57
 Mecherle, G. J., 166
 Medill, Joseph, 268
 Merriam, Editor, 268
 Merriman, C. P., 3
 Miller, David, 132
 Miller, Elizabeth Austin, 115,
 131
 Miller Hatcheries, 78
 Miller, Kenneth, 105
 "Miller's Daughter, The"
 (opera), 31
 Montgomery, Alfred (poem),
 271
 Moore, Evva, 284
 Morehouse, Hattie, 4
 Morrison, George R., 105
 Movie Stars, 44
 Moving picture theaters, 157, 158
 Moving Pictures, 1900's, 44
 Muhl, Fred, 87, 91, 94
 Municipal Baseball League, 101
 Music, Bloomington, 67
 Needlework, 63, 64
 Newspapers, Bloomington, 192,
 193
 Nickelodeon Theatre, 158
 Niergarth, Tina (Mrs. Karl
 Schaeffer), 3
 "No Fence" law, 296
 Noble, Charlie, 77
 Noble, Clyde, 74, 79
 Noble, Emily Vecchi, 82
 Noble, Minnie, 83
 Nordica concert, Bloomington,
 67
 North, John Ringling, 84
 O'Connell, Dick, 90
 O'Donnell, James, 193, 273
 O'Donnell, Marguerite, 193
 Opera, home talent, 33
 Orchestras, Bloomington, 55
 Pageant, Bloomington Centen-
 nial, 110
 Panharmonic Society, 1858, 2
 Pantagraph, The Daily, 128, 239
 Parade, 1901, Floral Carriage,
 203, 204
 Parades, Bloomington Centen-
 nial, 109
 Parham, Nellie, E., 283
 Parry, Marion Austin (Mrs.
 John Jay), 131
 Perry Art Gallery, 285
 Peterson, Billy, 34
 Plays, Chatterton Opera House,
 list of, 22, 23
 Poems, 24, 29, 96, 134, 135, 136,
 141, 179, 185, 186, 187, 198, 229,
 230, 231, 241, 246, 247, 254, 255,
 265, 271, 272, 277, 279, 305, 310,
 311, 325
 Powell, Jack, 98
 Professors, Wesleyan Law School,
 5

- Radbourne, Charles (Old Hoss), 98
 Reeves, Owen, 268
 Reeves, William, 55
 Residents, early Bloomington, 198, 247, 248, 279, 280, 281, 305, 306
 Ringling Brothers' Circus, 79
 Roettiger, Walter H., 107
 Rust, Adlai H., 105
 Saltzman-Stevens, Minnie, 288
 Scenic Theatre, 158
 Schaeffer, Mrs. Karl L., contributor, 9
 Schaeffer, Mrs. Karl L. (Tina Neirgarth), 226
 Schnepf, Delmar E., 37
 Schumann-Heink, Madame, 128
 Scott, Matthew T., 295
 Scott, Mrs. Matthew T., 300, 302
 Scott, Tom, 90
 Second Presbyterian Church, 140, 240
 Seibel, H. P., 54
 Shaw, James H., 13
 Sherer, Al, 100
 Simmons, A. T., 41
 Skelton, John, 54, 55
 Skinner, Mrs. O. R., 34
 Slade, Fanny J., 214
 Sleet storm, 1924, 168, 169
 Sloan clinic, 308
 Sloan, Dr. Howard, 307
 Sloan, Edwin Plummer, M. D., 308
 Smith, Col. D. C., 68
 Smith, Pacer, 99
 Smith, Sidney (poem), 310
 State Farm Insurance Company Park, 13
 Statue "Love at the Fountain", Withers Public Library, 59
 Stevenson, Adlai E. Hon., 311, 325
 Stevenson, Hon. Adlai E., Letters by, 319-322
 Stevenson, Julia, 315
 Stevenson, Letitia Scott, 315
 Stewart, Clark Emerson, 30, 52, 58, 66
 Stewart, Lucy, 34
 Stewart Music Store, 58
 Stowell, Sadie, 285
 Stubblefield, Ben, 105
 Sutherland, Walter, 105
 "Sweat", Chatterton Opera House, The, 26, 27
 Theaters, 22, 26
 Theaters, gallery, 26
 Three-eye baseball league, 99
 Touhey, Julia, 285
 Trinity High School, football, 95
 Turner Hall, 78
 Twomey, Lawrence, 105
 Valentine circus troupes, 84
 Valentine, George, 84
 Vaudeville acts, 82
 Von Elsner, Don, 54
 Von Elsner's Orchestra, 7
 Vrooman, Mrs. Carl, contributor, 294, 299, 302
 Ward Bell circus troupes, 85
 Ward, Caleb, 63
 Ward, Eddie, 79
 Ward, Jennie, 79
 Ward, Mayme, 80
 Water supply, 239
 Webb, Nelle, 285
 Wesleyan Law School, 5, 89
 Wesleyan University, football, 88
 West Side Library, 2
 West, Walter, 55
 Whitney, Henry, 269
 Will, Frank, 99
 Williams, Abe, 198, 247, 279, 305
 Williams, Louis L., 142
 Williams, Scott, 88
 Williamson, Helen Hasbrouck, 240
 Wilson, Harry, 41
 Withers Public Library, 219, 220, 283
 Withers Public Library, Board of Directors, 1899, 283
 Withers Public Library, remodeling 1911, 284
 Withers Public Library, remodeling 1926, 286
 Withers Public Library, Staff members, 1899, 285
 Woolrab, Fred, 105
 World War, I, 244, 285
 Y M C A, Bloomington, 103
 Young, Fred, 97, 102

NOTES

NOTES

NOTES

NOTES

NOTES